

THE INTELLIGENT HEART

The Story of D. H. Lawrence

by
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Preface

TRACING D. H. Lawrence across the world, I have gone to many places he lived in and have spoken with many people he knew: the geography of these voyages and the words of these men and women have contributed importantly to the present volume. I am particularly indebted to Lawrence's sister, the late Ada Lawrence Clarke, and to his lifelong friend, the late William E. Hopkin, both of whom made it possible for me to have a direct acquaintance with the Lawrence Country, with some of its people, and with documents not elsewhere available. The kindness and help of Mrs. Clarke and her husband, and of Mr. and Mrs. Hopkin, gave me what knowledge I have of English-village culture, particularly that of the industrial community of the late Victorian age whose portrait I have rather fully attempted here. This book is not one of literary criticism, though critical values inevitably play some part in it. The book is, in the fullest sense, a biography.

One of the greatest pleasures of my Lawrence research has been working with previously unpublished letters. That Lawrence was in the first rank of the world's great letter writers is now generally known: sometimes, like Rilke's, Lawrence's letters were a partial substitute for creation; oftener, like Keats's, they were an overflow of creative energy. In the present book, two hundred new letters, with occasional parts of some already published, form an integral part of the narrative. When Lawrence himself can give us a description of a place, of a person, of his own thoughts at the moment, he is called in to do so as only he can do. Some of these letters may seem less important than others, but even those which give little more than entrances and exits are the handiwork of a man who would have found it hard to write with dullness. I hope that some measure of my gratitude to Frieda Lawrence Ravagli, who has permitted me to publish these letters, will be felt by those who have the pleasure of reading them.

In this book, the raised symbol " in the preliminary description of a letter shows that the letter has never before been published in full: at least not until the time when the present volume went to press. The symbol has the same application in the case of parts of letters quoted. Its consistent use has made the text of the book smoother by obviating a great many cumbersome explanations.

The dating of the letters usually accepts Lawrence's notations, changed into the normally American style with the month listed before the day of the month.

Lawrence was, however, often incomplete or careless in his dating. Where he used only the day of the week, as "Thursday," I have added the numerical date, in brackets, wherever internal evidence made such a determination possible. Where Lawrence gave only day and month, as "12 Oct" (or "Saturday 12 Oct"), this notation is quoted, with the correct year following, in brackets; conjectured dates also appear in brackets, with question marks.

Frequently Lawrence gave wrong dates—as, "Thursday, 16 Aug" of a certain year on which August 16 fell on Wednesday or Friday. When this occurs, a bracketed number, [15] or [17], follows Lawrence's notation: we may assume that the creator of such a mistake would be more likely to be right about the day of the week than about the numerical date. Lawrence was often in transit or living in remote places where calendars were of little importance; and he would probably have chuckled exasperatedly at attempts to date his letters. But they have become important; and most of them contain clues which enable us to put them in order. When copying holographs I have generally followed Lawrence's spelling and punctuation, now and then indicating by [*sic*] an exceptional departure from usage.

In working with all these letters and studying their internal references, I have been able to correct the figures of many wrongly dated Lawrence letters already published, and to supply dates for others which lacked them. Full evidence is not supplied here for such changes and additions, or for the dating of the previously unpublished letters; once again, I have not wanted to break the continuity of the text by enticing the eyes to dash continually downstairs and find only a footnote at the door. But for scholars seriously interested in supporting data, I will gladly supply them on request.

Only one thing more needs to be said: I hope that this book will, with the help of this new research and these magnificent letters, sum up an important modern experience and point the way toward an understanding of the results of that experience, the prose and poetry of D. H. Lawrence.

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Prologue

A WOMAN who had been a schoolteacher married a coalminer, in Nottingham, two days after Christmas of 1875. She had never seen him dressed for the pits, and she knew nothing of the colliers' lives in the outlying villages. He took her to live in one of them, and on the first night he came home from the mine she thought a Negro had burst into the house.

The man grinned through his coal-mask and insisted he was her husband. When at last she was convinced, she told him to hurry and bathe himself, for supper was ready. He washed his hands and sat down at the table in the kitchen.

"But you're not clean," she said.

"Ah, lass," he said, "I weshed m' hands, didn't I? This is coal dirt—that's clean dirt."

She forced herself to eat.

Afterward, her husband asked her to heat a tub full of water. When it was ready, he stripped to the waist and said, "Come now, lass, tha's got t'wesh m'back." When the woman hesitated, the man said, "I canna wesh it mysen."

With her gorge rising, she scoured the coal dust off his back. As he felt the warm cloth rub across his flesh, he sang softly. All the miners sang, and his voice was famous among them.

It was this man and this woman who became, nearly ten years afterward, the parents of D. H. Lawrence.

PART ONE

The Nottingham Years

I

DAVID HERBERT RICHARDS LAWRENCE was born in 1885 at Eastwood, a Nottinghamshire mining village on the hills above the Erewash valley. There the natural beauty, the remaining fragments of Sherwood Forest, comes up against the industrial ugliness, those collieries that thrust their headstocks and their smoke above the farmfields.

In the second half of the twentieth century, the place looks pretty much as it did when Lawrence's young eyes first saw it. Today there are fewer blackfaced miners about, and they no longer come home singing through the dusk. The buses that lurch down the Nottingham Road and the motor-cars that nudge along the lanes certainly belong to our time, but the houses that Lawrence saw in childhood stand yet on the same thin streets. The buildings of Eastwood wear the brick uniform of the industrial revolution, though the history of the place goes far back. In the days when the Normans made a survey of their prize-lands, they listed Eastwood (then Estewic) as a manor. There, yeomen stumbled behind their ploughs, and huntsmen rode with falcons on their leathered wrists. Estewic was less than nine miles above the stronghold of Nottingham, the shire-town that centuries later was to be of great consequence in the life of the young Lawrence.

Most of the other scenes of importance to his early youth lie in the opposite direction from Nottingham, lie to the north and northeast of his native town. He knew this country inch by inch: as a frail boy he stepped lightly, day after day, through the landscapes of his future work.

But always when he went into that countryside, he was aware of the town that lay behind him as he took the roads and footpaths northward across the farmfields and toward the patches of forest. This Eastwood that had for hundreds of years been only a hamlet—with twenty-eight inhabited houses by the 1780's—was one of the villages that grew rapidly under the stimulus of the industrial revolution. The mines had been there long before the expansion: some of them dated from the sixteenth century, and a map showing "Veins of Coal as Survey'd in

Jan. 1739" places Eastwood on the western edge of a vein of coal that "ranged North.^{ly} thro'y Counties of Derby & Nottingham into Yorksh."—and shows Greasley, Brinsley, and the other nearby collieries that are still in operation.

It was in that eighteenth century that the builders of modern Eastwood, the Barbers and the Walkers, began to take control of the mines in the district. A tomb in the Greasley churchyard, a mile from Eastwood, shows that the Barber family was burying its dead there as long ago as 1710; and at Bilborough, a few miles to the southeast, coal works had been leased by 1791 "to a Mr. Walker and a Mr. Barber." By 1800, the firm of Barber, Walker and Company was officially in existence. At that time—as the twentieth-century Nottingham antiquarian, William Hopkin, has said—"farm laborers swarmed in from Lincolnshire and other counties, attracted by the higher wages."

The Erewash Canal, constructed in the 1770's, took the coal barges to the Trent, and into important commercial traffic. But in the early nineteenth century, Barber, Walker, and the other colliery proprietors in the region north of Nottingham began to lose the Leicestershire market because of competition from a railway in that county; they convened to discuss the matter at the Sun Inn at Eastwood. A plaque on the outside wall of this building commemorates the meeting of 1832 because it resulted in the founding of an Erewash Valley Railway, which later became the famous Midland line. The mine owners at that meeting subscribed £32,000 toward the establishment of the railway; of this amount, Barber, Walker and Company guaranteed £10,000.

And Eastwood grew. Spreading over its hills amid a circle of collieries and small settlements, it became the market town of the area. It showed the greatest increase of any parish in Nottinghamshire during the nineteenth century, in population per square mile: 63.50 percent. In 1801, Eastwood had 735 inhabitants, in 1881 (four years before Lawrence's birth) it had 3,566, and in 1901, 4,815. A translation of these statistics into human terms tells us much about the bias of Lawrence's writings, for the multiplication was entirely at the working-class and small-shopkeeper level; additions at the level of the Barber and Walker families were slight. And what did these minority but all-powerful industrialists do, in that century when the towns were eating into the countryside? Lawrence gave part of the answer to that in *Women in Love*, one of whose themes was the destruction of the better part of man by industrialism.

And one of Lawrence's last essays, "Nottingham and the Mining

Countryside," said that "the great crime which the moneyed classes and promoters of industry committed in the palmy Victorian days was the condemning of the workers to ugliness, ugliness, ugliness: meanness and formless and ugly surroundings, ugly ideals, ugly religion, ugly hope, ugly love, ugly clothes, ugly furniture, ugly houses, ugly relationship between workers and employers. The human soul needs actual beauty more than bread." The town "*might* have been like the lovely hill-towns of Italy, shapely and fascinating"—but no, it was one of the myriad Eastwoods, soot and drab brick.

If the company, instead of building those sordid and hideous Squares, then, when they had that lovely site to play with, there on the hill top: if they had put a tall column in the middle of the small market-place, and run three parts of a circle of arcade round the pleasant space, where people could stroll or sit, and with the handsome houses behind! If they had made big, substantial houses, in apartments of five and six rooms, and with handsome entrances. If above all, they had encouraged song and dancing—for the miners still sang and danced—and provided handsome space for these. If only they had encouraged some form of beauty in dress, some form of beauty in interior life—furniture, decoration. If they had given prizes for the handsomest chair or table, the loveliest scarf, the most charming room that the men or women could make! If only they had done this, there would never have been an industrial problem. The industrial problem arises from the base forcing of all human energy into a competition of more acquisition.

As often as he could, the boy Lawrence turned his back on the brick-and-soot ugliness and walked into that landscape to the north and northeast which readers of English literature now know as the Lawrence Country.

One of the places there which he visited from earliest childhood was Brinsley, about a mile north of Eastwood on the Mansfield Road. Here his father's parents lived, in the house where his father had been born. And it was to Brinsley colliery that this father now went to work each day: his son, seeing the surface of the earth there, and the wheels on the headstocks, the smoke rising from the high chimney, the coal wagons on the little track—his son would know that the father was far underground, toiling and grumbling in the broken darkness.

Sometimes, instead of walking north, the young Lawrence would go a mile to the east, to Greasley, where he could see the remnants of the thick walls, moat, and earthworks of a fourteenth-century castle. But

there was a more impressive ruin a mile north of Greasley, where farm buildings were wedged between the jagged, shattered walls of Beauvale Priory. This was the setting of one of Lawrence's youthful stories, eventually published as "A Fragment of Stained Glass." As an invocation of the violent medieval past of that little valley, this story shows how strongly Lawrence felt the magnetism of its history.

And in other tales he summoned up High Park Wood, that stretched north and northwest of the priory. Here Byron as a young man had come over from Newstead Abbey when he was courting Mary Chaworth, who lived at Annesley, at the north end of High Park Wood.

A body of water on the western edge of this wood, Moorgreen Reservoir, was to be another important landmark in Lawrence's work. But the most familiar landscape in his stories lay just above Moorgreen, stretching toward Underwood: the farmfields known as Greasley Hags, and the patch of woodland to the west of it, called Willey Spring. This is the true Lawrence Country, the setting of *Sons and Lovers* and of many of the early stories and poems.

This is our own still valley,
Our Eden, our home.

These places, then, are to be remembered as the essential geography of Lawrence's youth and of his early writings: brick Eastwood on its hilltop, smoking Brinsley below it, Greasley with its traces of castle, Beauvale with its broken medieval walls, High Park Wood beyond it, then the sheet of water at the western edge of the wood, and at last the little valley between High Park and Willey Spring.

Toward the end of his life, Lawrence in Italy remembered this north-of-Eastwood landscape and wrote of it, "That's the country of my heart."

In the autobiographical early chapters of *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence dramatized the conflict between his parents as something more than a conflict between two individuals: it was class warfare, bourgeoisie against proletariat. Lawrence here was putting himself between classes, and in a sense he always was in such a no-man's-land, often a position of advantage to an artist; but the "Red Herring" poem of his later life ("My father was a working man . . . My mother was a superior soul . . .") was in some respects an exaggeration. True, his father had gone into the pits in childhood, but there was no genuine, seasoned proletarian heritage, for Lawrence's father had a bourgeois background. Indeed, he came from the same family as Lawrence's "superior" mother; at

least the families had become related by marriage, for Arthur Lawrence's aunt had married Lydia Beardsall's uncle.

The Lawrences came from Nottingham. The John Lawrence who was D. H.'s grandfather was brought up in that town, was perhaps born there. He became a tailor and settled in Brinsley. He had learned the trade in Nottingham from his stepfather George Dooley, who—according to D. H.'s brother, George Lawrence—had married John's mother after her husband was killed at Waterloo.

John Lawrence was a physical giant, in his youth a famous athlete. In those days aquatic sports were popular on the Trent, particularly the four-oared races in Colwick waters, and John Lawrence was one of the great rowers of the time. But he was best known for his exploits in the ring, where his height and weight and his huge hands gave him unusual power. Indeed, it is a Lawrence-family legend that he once met Ben Caunt in an informal fight. Caunt in 1840 became "champion of England" after winning a 101-round fight, but legend says that when he fought John Lawrence unofficially, Lawrence beat him. John Lawrence moved to Brinsley in 1853 or 1854, and at first his work there was steady, for in those days the mine owners supplied the men with the clothes they wore in the pits. D. H. Lawrence remembered from childhood his grandfather's shop with its great rolls of flannels for the vests, and the "strange old sewing machine, like nothing else on earth, which sewed the massive pit trousers." The recollections of Lawrence's sister Ada, however, shed more gentility upon the scene, for she remembered chiefly that her grandfather had specialized "in making gentlemen's livery."

John Lawrence's wife, Sarah, was the daughter of Adam Parsons, a Nottingham lace and silk manufacturer. John and Sarah Lawrence became the parents of Arthur John Lawrence—D. H.'s father—on June 18, 1846. The "superior soul" he was to marry, Lydia Beardsall, was six years younger than he. She was a native of Nottingham, where her forebears on her father's side had settled after leaving Wirksworth, in Derbyshire. The Beardsalls had been tanners there, but some of them had migrated to Nottingham when the lace industry began to thrive. According to family tradition, Lydia's grandfather prospered there, but lost his fortune in a collapse of the lace market. This was probably the depression of 1837, when about one-tenth of the lace manufacturers had to close down, and when nearly one-twelfth of the local population had to go on relief.

The descent to poverty of Lydia's grandfather "bitterly galled" his son, if we can believe the statement made about the situation in *Sons*

and Lovers. This "galled" man—D. H. Lawrence's grandfather, George Beardsall—was a violently religious man, an engineer who was an admirer of St. Paul. Beardsall did not confine his interest in theology to reading; he was a noted preacher who often took over the Wesleyan pulpit. To Lawrence's brother George, the grandfather was "a grand old chap," and on a visit to Sheerness, Kent, in the 1920's, George found people who after fifty years "still remembered him and his preaching there." George Beardsall was, like his poet-grandson, also widely known for his quarrels; the most famous of these were with Jesse Boot, later Lord Trent, over governorship of a chapel, and with William Booth, whom Lawrence used to say was his grandfather's associate in founding the organization that became the Salvation Army.

As a young man George Beardsall worked in Nottingham for James Carver and John Mosley, bobbin and carriage makers at 3 and 5 Butcher Street. Before leaving to become dockyards foreman at Sheerness, Beardsall married Lydia Newton, the story of whose grandfather on her mother's side, John Newton, makes another interesting and important contribution to Lawrence's background.

This great-grandfather of D. H. Lawrence was a hymn writer, a famous one; but he should not be confused with the earlier hymn writer John Newton (1725-1807), the collaborator of Cowper. The Nottingham John Newton, who lived from 1802 to 1886, was best known in his native region, but his hymns are still sung in chapels throughout England. Indeed, his "Sovereignty" is one of the great non-conformist tunes.

D. H. Lawrence's brother George knew the old man; once during George's childhood, when his mother was ill, he stayed for a year with his great-grandfather in Sneinton. He remembers the old man as "slim and spare," physically frail in somewhat the same way as D. H. Lawrence was to be. The old man, then retired from his many years of work as what was then called a twisthand in the lacemaking industry, "was always at the piano," George Lawrence told the author of the present book in 1950.

A man who knew John Newton wrote of him, "He had nine children, and in his old age thanked God for his gift, and that he could still in imagination hear the music, for it was in his soul, and he was a most religious man." George Lawrence has recalled the devotion of one of the old man's daughters who kept house for him for many years; this great-aunt of George's, who wore her hair in long ringlets, was named Lettice; the sister of D. H. Lawrence's mother was named after her, and so was his own sister, Lettice Ada.

Lawrence knew some of these people only slightly, if he knew them at all, yet each of them must have had an influence on his childhood. He knew his father's parents well; he certainly must have seen his mother's father at least several times; and Lydia Beardsall Lawrence must have spoken frequently of her hymn-writing grandfather; she must have played his hymns on "the tinkling piano" in the Lawrences' parlor.

John Lawrence, the huge-handed athlete who became a colliery tailor—his son Arthur, who was a miner from childhood—George Beardsall, an evangelistic and quarrelsome engineer—his sensitive daughter, who was on her mother's side the granddaughter of a noted hymn writer—it was these people, amid the red-brick houses and the drifting soot of Midland industrial towns, who comprised, to use the idiom of that region, D. H. Lawrence's "come-from."

Arthur Lawrence met Lydia Beardsall at his aunt's home, which was also the home of Lydia's uncle. This may seem a bit complicated, but Alice Parsons, the sister of Arthur Lawrence's mother, had married John Newton, Jr., brother of Lydia Beardsall's mother. Thus when Arthur Lawrence and Lydia Beardsall became husband and wife, they made an intra-family marriage.

Arthur Lawrence had come over to Nottingham from Brinsley late in 1874, to help sink a mine shaft at nearby Clifton. In the evening he often went up to visit his aunt's home in Basford, at the north end of Nottingham. George Lawrence has recalled that this aunt's husband was "a clever man on lace machines" who later emigrated to America, where he died in New York State. His sister Lydia, another of those nine children of John Newton, had married George Beardsall, and her daughter who met Arthur Lawrence at the younger Newtons' was, as previously noted, also named Lydia.

Born on July 19, 1852, she had spent a good part of her life at Sheerness, where she had been a school teacher. And she had written verses. Her daughter Ada said years later that the account of the mother's youthful experiences in *Sons and Lovers* was substantially true: she had been jilted by a "refined" young man who married an older woman with money. Ada Lawrence Clarke further said that the story of the meeting of the parents was also taken from life. The collier was dashing and gay, a clever dancer, a type of man she had never met before; he made his work in the mines sound romantic. Ada Clarke said that her father had never put a razor to his face, and that he had black hair and full black beard; Lawrence says in *Sons and Lovers* that the mother "had never been 'thee'd' and 'thou'd' before" meeting him—and though

this idiom apparently amused her then, she later tried to prevent her children from using it.

On December 27, 1875, Arthur and Lydia were married at St. Stephen's, the parish church at Sneinton. They did not go immediately to Eastwood and Brinsley, but first lived at Sutton-in-Ashfield and at Old Radford. Sutton-in-Ashfield is a town with a few mines, about eight miles north of Eastwood; Old Radford is a former village now incorporated in the western districts of the city of Nottingham.

Arthur Lawrence before long returned to his old job in the pit at Brinsley. He and Lydia lived in a cottage there, in the valley below Eastwood.

Gradually she turned against him. He had taken the pledge, but he broke it and on the way home from work began stopping at the pubs for drinks with his friends. When he did arrive home, she nagged and scolded, he flared up, and they would fight. Yet Mrs. Lawrence, through all her troubles, maintained a kind of cheerfulness, even if it was often no more than the desperate cheerfulness of one determined to be optimistic. She remained a pleasant companion to the children, always joining in their activities. She was proud of her children, and fought fiercely to give them good lives: her sons would not go into the mines, her daughters would not become servants. And through the galling poverty of those years she made intense sacrifices for them, particularly in furthering the education of David Herbert—or Bert, as the family called him.

Unfortunately, this is only part of the story. The intensity of love that was in this woman's being drove itself outwardly in two directions: she hated her husband and, just as extravagantly, she loved her children. These children became a battleground in the parents' war.

Ada Lawrence Clarke said in her memoir that her mother had turned the children against the father; Ada felt in later life that they all should have shown him more sympathy. And Lawrence's friend Achsah Brewster reported that in Ceylon in 1922, ten years after Lawrence had completed *Sons and Lovers*, he told her and her husband he had done his father an injustice in that book "and felt like rewriting it." Now he could see that his father had a relish for life and that his mother with her militant self-righteousness had damaged both father and children. "Shaking his head at the memory of that beloved mother, he would add that the righteous woman martyred in her righteousness is a terrible thing and that all self-righteous women ought to be martyred."

Lydia Lawrence, early in her martyrdom, had moved with her husband into Eastwood, into that small brick house on the downslope of Victoria Street which was to be D. H. Lawrence's birthplace. There

Mrs. Lawrence set up a little shop in the front room, on the street level; she used the large square window of that room for display, and inside she sold linen and lace, the caps and aprons of the Victorian housewife.

As her family grew, Mrs. Lawrence relinquished the shop. Over a period of ten years, from 1877 to 1887, she gave birth to five children. Of these, D. H. Lawrence was the next-to-youngest, and the youngest of the three sons.

Bert Lawrence was a frail child who from the first drew much of his mother's attention and love, though he did not become the center of her life until years later. He used to say, after he had grown up, that he had nearly died of bronchitis when he was two weeks old. William Hopkin has recalled that when Bert Lawrence was a month old, "he looked like a skinned rabbit." Hopkin, then a young man of twenty-three—and destined to outlive Lawrence by twenty-one years—had met Mrs. Lawrence wheeling her newest child in a pram down the Nottingham Road, Eastwood's main thoroughfare. She shook her head sadly as she told Hopkin that she did not expect her baby to live three months. "I'm afraid I s'll never rear him."

But from the first, Lawrence showed the tenacious urge to live that, to the amazement of doctors, kept him going for forty-four and a half years. People who knew him in childhood have said he was the thinnest little boy they ever saw. His older brother George, with whom he quarreled in later life, remembered him affectionately as a child: "Oh, Bert was a grand little lad—he was always delicate—it was a source of grief to him that he wasn't able to enter the boys' games—he used to gather the girls together to go blackberrying—he was so delicate that I've carried him on my shoulder for miles. We all petted and spoiled him from the time he was born—my mother poured her very soul into him."

D. H. Lawrence wrote, toward the end of his life—in a sentence that emphasizes both his frailness and the frequency of the colds to which he was subject—that he had been "a delicate brat with a snuffy nose, whom most people treated quite gently as just an ordinary delicate little lad." All the reports coming from the time of his childhood speak of his gentleness and the eager friendliness that made people like him.

Since he recorded nothing of the Victoria Street house except by way of mentioning it as his birthplace, he possibly had no clear remembrance of the life there. The family moved from that house when he was two. But he certainly remembered with great thoroughness the place they next moved to, in the lowlands north of town known as the Breach. It was an old landmark, listed in medieval records as *le Breche*.

Some years before the Lawrences moved to the Breach, the colliery

owners had constructed there six tenement blocks—two rows of three blocks of twelve houses each—for the miners' families. The Lawrences paid sixpence extra rent every week in order to live at the end of one of these blocks, and although this gave Mrs. Lawrence a house with an extra strip of garden, she hated the place. For by custom all the families spent most of their indoor time in the kitchens at the back, looking out on the ash pits and on the alley that separated the two rows of houses—a noisy circuit of the community's life, where men and women strolled and talked, and children ran and screamed.

Lawrence remembered that place well; he wrote of it most fully in *Sons and Lovers*, where the Breach is called the Bottoms. He lived there four years, until his family moved away when he was six: four years of the alleys of ash pits, with the brook beyond, its hawthorn hedges and willows, and the adjoining farmlands.

Lawrence could look over all this from the new home, which was on Walker Street at the north edge of Eastwood, at the top of the slope going down to the Breach. "Go to Walker Street," he wrote to a friend many years later, "—and stand in front of the third house—and look across at Crich on the left, Underwood in front—High Park woods and Annesley on the right: I lived in that house from the age of 6 to 18, I know that view better than any in the world."

The Walker Street house was never a house of peace, for the parental quarrels continued there. The children cowered in their beds at night as the parents battled in the kitchen. Sometimes their voices rose even above the wind as it roared through the ash tree that then stood across the street; Lawrence described this in *Sons and Lovers* and in one of his poems, "Discord in Childhood": the scars of those early experiences glow vividly all through his writings.

His childhood, however, was not all misery. He had not yet run into the cruelty of the schoolyard, where he was to meet with the traditional fate of the delicate boy who dislikes cricket and football. From the first, he loved the land that lay all about him, and he took a deep pleasure in that, long before he knew why. In the spirit of the nineteenth century, landscape became to him a form of worship.

The little boy who recognized the terribleness of nature in the ash tree across from the Walker Street house and connected it with the terribleness of humanity also responded to the beauty of nature he could see from that house, spread out before him like a picture book: "It was still the old England of the forest and the agricultural past; there were no motor-cars, the mines were, in a sense, an accident in the landscape, and Robin Hood and his merry men were not very far away."

The part of this landscape Lawrence knew best in early childhood spread between Eastwood and Brinsley: on most Saturdays, he and his sisters Emily and Ada walked over the fields to visit their grandparents. Their grandfather, then in his eighties, invariably had snuff powdered over the front of his waistcoat. In apple season he always asked the children, "Would you like some apples, my duckies?"—and at their eager nods he would go into the yard and pick Keswicks for them from his tree. The older Mrs. Lawrence had become querulous; her husband's deafness protected him from her scoldings.

At Brinsley the children also used to visit their three aunts, two of them Arthur Lawrence's sisters and the third his brother James's widow. Their Aunt Sarah (or Aunt Sally), Mrs. Jem Swain, was rarely cordial; her widowed sister, Emma Saxton, was always friendlier to the children. Her house was not so neat as Aunt Sarah Swain's, and she did not mind if her nieces and her nephew tracked in mud—when they arrived she immediately sat them down and fed them.

The aunt by marriage was Aunt Polly, who some years after the children's uncle, James Lawrence, had been killed in a mining accident, married James Allum. Years later Lawrence used this aunt as the leading character in his story, "Odour of Chrysanthemums," and in its dramatization as *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*. Her daughter by her first marriage, Alvina Lawrence—D. H. Lawrence's first cousin—was one day to marry one of his closest friends, Alan Chambers. But that was much later: Lawrence did not even know the Chambers family until he was fifteen and used to walk north of Brinsley to their farm above the Greasley Hags, the Willey Farm of *Sons and Lovers*.

II

Lawrence, having lived so deeply in one village, wrote always of a kind of universal village. Cities never figured importantly in his writing, and he never lived in them for long. The settings of his stories are occasionally suburban, but mostly they are rural. And the colony he several times tried earnestly to establish was an idealized village.

The Eastwood in which he had grown up was hardly that. Of course the families of the mine owners, with their splendid estates, had certain advantages in that best-of-all-times-to-be-a-squire, but the mass of people in those cheap red-brick houses found life somewhat less enjoyable. Yet, like all people at all times, they made their own pleasures.

There were, for example, the fairs (or feasts) held twice a year, for three days at a time, in September and November. The first of these, the Hill-Top Wakes, took place in the east end of the town, Hill Top. The Wakes ground then was a cleared space before the Three Tuns Inn

(the Moon and Stars of *Sons and Lovers*), Arthur Lawrence's favorite drinking place. In the first chapter of *Sons and Lovers*, the children go excitedly to the Wakes; the father, coming home late at night, says he has been working at the Moon and Stars, though he has been paid "nowt b'r a lousy hac'f-crown," and when the wife says he has "made the rest up in beer," he asks, "Eh, tha mucky little 'ussy, who's drunk, I sh'd like ter know?"

The rival of the Hill-Top Wakes, the Statutes and Fair, held in November, dated from the time when farm labor came to town for hiring: the employer in the old days would engage a man by giving him a "fasten penny" to seal a contract for a year's work. These annual gatherings survived their origin; the "feast" aspect of them remained, and people still came into town for the fair that had always accompanied the hiring process. This fair was held at the west end of Eastwood, near the parish church of St. Mary's, just south of the Nottingham Road.

On his last visit to Eastwood, in September 1926, Lawrence insisted on going to the Wakes and stayed till he was weary. But he enjoyed it, the pale, red-bearded man living over the scenes of that far past.

In his childhood, he had also seen the performances of the strolling theatrical troupes that occasionally visited Eastwood. The most popular among these was Teddy Rayner's company that acted under a huge tent. Several times they found business in the Eastwood district so good that they remained for months, playing everything from *Shakespeare* to *Sweeney Todd*, *the Demon Barber of Fleet Street* and *Maria Martin*, or *Murder in the Red Barn*. Lawrence once wrote of having seen *Hamlet* at "the tupenny travelling theatre" and having "sat in pale transport" while the armored Ghost chanted, "'Amblet, 'Amblet, I am thy father's ghost."

One cultural activity of Lawrence's childhood has not survived: the "penny readings." These took place at the British School on Albert Street, where at eighteen Lawrence began his career as a teacher. The "penny readings," named for their entrance fee, were well attended. Local people provided the entertainment, which was often musical, with vocal or instrumental solos. The principal feature, however, was the readings, frequently from Dickens: one of the men of the town would read aloud from a platform, as Dickens himself had done on his tours.

When the Scots minister, Robert Reid, came to take over the pulpit of the Congregational chapel in 1898, he formed a literary society that also met at the British School, next to the chapel. This is where the

Lawrences went to church, although the mother had come from a Wesleyan Methodist family. The Reverend Mr. Reid became a good friend of hers and enjoyed having tea with his cultivated parishioner. As William Hopkin has said, "Mrs. Lawrence loved to have a parson in the house." An amusing scene in *Sons and Lovers* shows the father coming home from the pit to find the minister there in a theological discussion with the mother, who has set out the finest tablecloth and the best tea cups. The father's behavior on this occasion is probably a fair representation of what happened more than once. (" 'Why, look yer 'ere,' said the miner, showing the shoulders of his singlet. 'It's a bit dry now, but it's wet as a clout with sweat even yet. Feel it.' ")

The Reverend Mr. Reid's chapel had been constructed in 1868 of stone from nearby Bulwell; it is in an imitation-Gothic style with a high spire; Lawrence liked this chapel and remembered it as "tall and full of light, and yet still; and colour-washed pale green and blue, with a bit of a lotus pattern. And over the organ-loft, 'O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,' in big letters."

The young Lawrence and his brothers and sisters became well acquainted with that chapel. He recalled years later, in the essays he intended as introduction to Frederick Carter's *Apocalypse*, that he had been brought up on the Bible and had it in his bones: "From early childhood I have been familiar with Apocalyptic language and Apocalyptic image: not because I spent my time reading Revelation, but because I was sent to Sunday school and to Chapel, to Band of Hope and to Christian Endeavour, and was always having the Bible read at me or to me." And even though he did not often pay close attention, or could not always understand, the language and symbols penetrated his consciousness.

Lawrence in his essay "Hymns in a Man's Life" said, "I think it was good to be brought up a Protestant: and among Protestants, a Nonconformist, and among Nonconformists, a Congregationalist." He was glad that the Congregationalists "avoided the personal emotionalism which one found among the Methodists when I was a boy." He was glad, too, that the Reverend Robert Reid "on the whole avoided sentimental messes such as 'Lead, Kindly Light,' or even 'Abide With Me.' He had a healthy preference for healthy hymns." And white-bearded Mr. Rimmington, the Sunday school superintendent, earned Lawrence's gratitude by making the children sing the militant hymns, "Sound the Battle-Cry," "Hold the Fort, For I Am Coming," and "Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus." The martial rather than the mawkish was always Lawrence's taste in such matters:

The ghastly sentimentalism that came like a leprosy over religion had not yet got hold of our colliery village. I remember when I was in Class II in the Sunday School, a woman teacher trying to harrow us about the Crucifixion. And she kept saying: 'And aren't you sorry for Jesus? Aren't you sorry?' And most of the children wept. I believe I shed a crocodile tear or two, but very vivid is my memory of saying to myself: 'I don't *really* care a bit.' And I could never go back on it. I never *cared* about the Crucifixion, one way or another. Yet the *wonder* of it penetrated very deep in me.

And it was the *wonder* that he felt in the hymns. He confessed, in his essay on them, that the poems which had meant the most to him, such as Wordsworth's "Immortality" Ode, Keats's Odes, certain lyrics of Goethe and Verlaine, and parts of Shakespeare—"all these lovely poems which after all give the ultimate shape to one's life; all these lovely poems woven deep into a man's consciousness, are still not woven so deep in me as the rather banal Nonconformist hymns that penetrated through and through my childhood."

For the title of one of the volumes of poetry he wrote in later life, Lawrence adapted a line—"Birds and beasts and flowers"—from "Now the Day is Over," a hymn Sabine Baring-Gould had written in 1865. But among all Lawrence's works, *The Plumed Serpent* owes the greatest debt to the hymns of the miners' bethel; in the plaza of a village in far-off Mexico, the dark-faced men on the streets—a projection of the singing miners of Eastwood coming home at night—stand in the glare of ocote torches that light up the bougainvillea and the pepper trees, to chant the Hymns of Quetzalcoatl:

But the Morning Star and the Evening Star
Pitch tents of flame
Where we foregather like gypsies, none knowing
How the other came.

I ask for nothing except to slip
In the tent of the Holy Ghost
And be there in the house of the cloven flame,
Guest of the Host.

There is, of course, more in the Quetzalcoatl chants and in the *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* poems than the emotional overflow of a man remembering the hymns of his childhood. In all his observations of nature and in all his portraits of animals, Lawrence wrote as one to whom close

observation of his subject was an ingrained faculty, part of his "gift." Lawrence did not realize, until he was about eighteen years old, precisely what his gift was, what form it would take, and how he could develop it; yet it had been with him all the while, preparing itself in darkness and silence.

In childhood, when Lawrence saw people and landscapes and animals, they struck upon his sensitivity more sharply than upon the sensitivities of others; but he was then only receiving, as a quiet child, the hints of what he would one day transmit so plangently.

His childhood experiences with pet animals were in many respects unfortunate. Mrs. Lawrence never wanted her children to have pets: the world of animals, like that of colliers, was an unclean area that existed beyond the range of her ideal of refinement. That she did yield at least twice to her children's craving for pets, Lawrence showed in his comic sketches "Adolf" and "Rex." The first of these is the story of a rabbit the children tried to tame, the second of a puppy they attempted to rear. The sketches are lively portraits not only of these animals but also of the Lawrence family, the children full of love and concern for the animals, the father in each case a friendly ally, the mother an implacable opponent, barely tolerating the pets and rejoicing when they must leave.

When Adolf the rabbit grew too wild to keep in the house, the children gravely turned him over to their father, who put him into the pocket of his miner's jacket and promised to release him in the woods. Before leaving, Arthur Lawrence had his little joke: "'Best pop him i' the pot,' said my father, who enjoyed raising the wind of indignation." Afterward, Bert Lawrence often yearned after that rabbit, and thought of its whisking tail in flight as its cry of "*Merde!*" to the world, as its signal of defiance, the insolence of the meek.

As Mrs. Lawrence had disliked the rabbit, she disliked the puppy, Rex, and apparently allowed the children to have it only because her brother requested them to keep it for a while. This brother Herbert was a favorite of hers, despite the fact that he was the black sheep of the Beardsalls; he even kept a public house in Nottingham, the Lord Belper, which still stands on the northeast corner of Robin Hood and Lamartine Streets, Sneinton, at the bottom of that Blue Bell Hill which Lawrence used for some of the important scenes in *Sons and Lovers*.

Lawrence portrayed his Uncle Herbert as Daniel Sutton in the story "The Primrose Path." There Lawrence told of the man's unhappiness in marriage, of his journey to Australia with a woman he accused of trying to poison him, of his managing a taxi business in Nottingham,

and of his working for a sporting paper there, all actual experiences of Herbert Beardsall. In "Rex," when the uncle appeared suddenly one day to take the dog back to Nottingham, he was furious: "Why, what ha' you done wi' the dog—you've made a fool of him. He's softer than grease." He drove away with Rex, who cried hideously, to the children's distress: "Black tears, and a little wound which is still alive in our hearts."

Lawrence eventually wrote poems or stories about almost every kind of animal, from whales and elephants to porcupines and bats. In his wandering later life he had three pets, in New Mexico the cat Timsey and the dog Bibbles, in southern France the cat Mickey. (The cow Susan, the "mystic" friend of Lawrence at his New Mexico ranch, was perhaps too large to qualify as a pet.)

Ada Lawrence has told of her brother's becoming sick at school one day when he had to cut up a frog: sick not because of a delicate stomach but because dissection was cruel. Ada had in many ways a similar temperament. One day when she and her husband were showing an American visitor through the grounds of Newstead Abbey, they saw some fish caught in a trap in the weir. Ada bent over to release them, but her husband stopped her by pointing out that the keepers would make trouble. To the visitor, Ada Lawrence's face at that moment looked as her brother Bert's must often have looked. Thwarted, she stood there suffering as she watched the fish struggle in their iron trap.

A picture of the Lawrences has come down from the early 90's, the parents and the four children in their Sunday clothes, in a family group at a photographer's studio. It is a provincial, Victorian, melancholy souvenir, valuable for both its inward and its outward view of these six individuals.

The father, lower right, catches the eye at once, as he sits, rather ill at ease, with watch chain, boutonnière, and gleaming shoes, his fists in his lap. His face, however, has a pleased expression above the full beard, as if he is proud of the family.

The photographer placed little Bert, standing, between his father and mother; the three of them form the dominant triangle. The mother is seated, with one hand in her lap nervously holding the other. Her face is difficult to describe, for it is so worn with fatigue that neither the lines of determination nor the suggestion of kindness in the features predominates: a woman of barely forty, she looks nearly twenty years older, with an air of malady about her.

Beside her mother, in the far corner of the picture, little Let-

tice Ada sits in a white dress with a light-colored sash. Ringlets come down each side of her face and below the shoulders, and she looks toward the camera, in a kind of dazed surprise, her mouth hanging open. Ada was the youngest member of the family (born June 16, 1887); the closest to Bert in years, she was his closest friend among the children.

Emily Una, nine years older, stands above her, a tall girl in a white dress with a narrow dark sash. Her lips are slightly parted, and her face looks toward the camera in a kind of adolescent perplexity. Her hair, which was red like her brother Bert's, falls across her shoulders. In her childhood, the family called her Injun Top-Knot, and later Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded.

In this family portrait we see the oldest child, George, standing in the center at the rear; indeed, he is no longer a child, this "most handsome member of the family"—the picture substantiates Ada's praise—this clear-eyed young man with a high collar and white tie. George Arthur Lawrence, born on September 26, 1876, had lived with the family only sporadically: as previously noted, he had spent a year in childhood in the household of his great-grandfather John Newton the hymn writer, and he had in his tenth year moved permanently to Nottingham. He had first been apprenticed to an uncle who made picture frames, work which the boy disliked; he eventually became an engineer like his grandfather.

William Ernest Lawrence, standing in the right rear of the picture, was then the pride of the family. Here he is an animal-looking young man, with flat cheekbones and strong, outthrust jaw. Ernest—born June 22, 1878—is in the picture half a head above George: Ada described him as "tall, well built, with thick brown hair with reddish tints and twinkling blue eyes." He was an excellent athlete, winner of many prizes at swimming, and he was a hurdler, too, who when he came to a gate would usually jump over rather than walk through it.

Ernest had gone to work at about twelve, after an impressive career at Beauvale Board School. He worked first as a clerk in the colliery offices at Shipley, just across the Derbyshire border, then at the Co-operative Society at Langley Mill, the town in the lowlands west of Eastwood. He kept up his schooling at night and learned shorthand and typewriting. Later, he taught himself French and German. He worked at Coventry for a time, and then went into the London business world, when he was twenty-one.

It was this vigorous, swift, brilliant older brother with whom Bert Lawrence, seven years younger, had to compete—as a student at a

school that remembered his brother's record, and at home as a candidate for the mother's love.

The school the Lawrence children attended, Beauvale Board School, is a series of red brick Gothic style buildings with turrets, high, gabled roofs, and tall, factory-like chimneys. D. H. Lawrence attended classes there for five years.

For the most part, he was unhappy at Beauvale. He would have had a more casual attitude toward schoolwork but for his mother: Ernest's scholastic efforts there had delighted her. The youngest son must match them. George Lawrence recalled in 1850 that the enforced studying gave Bert headaches, "and but for my mother he would have given it all up—she nursed him along."

Bert himself looked back with envy on his father's escape from the educational process. His father's generation, Lawrence wrote in 1829, in his "Enslaved by Civilization" essay, "was still wild." Arthur Lawrence "had never been to anything more serious than a dame's school," Mrs. Eite's—in that essay wrongly called Miss Hight's—at Brinsley. She never succeeded in making his father "a good little boy. She had barely succeeded in making him write his name." Above all, his feelings "had escaped her clutches entirely: as they escaped the clutches of his mother. The country was still open. He fled away from the women and rackapelted with his own gang."

There was no such escape for Lawrence's generation, the first to be "captured." Most of the boys, miners' sons expecting to go into the pits, felt that school was prison and that the masters were their jailers. Lawrence himself wept with anguish the first day of school: he wept because he felt he "was roped in." And he soon got into trouble with authority. He disliked his name of David and refused to answer to it, though the schoolmaster raged at the stubborn child: "David is the name of a great and good man!" That fierce old teacher, W. W. Whitehead, eventually helped Lawrence obtain an important scholarship. But that was several years and many thrashings later. Meanwhile, the bearded old Whitehead—whom the boys called Gaffer, the colliery idiom for boss—"gradually got us under." He had the backing of all the parents, and he persuaded and beat much of the savagery out of the colliers' sons during the years he had them under his influence. And when at last they got away from him and went into the pit, they found it was tame and mechanized, no longer "the happy subterranean warren" their fathers had known.

At school, these tough lads found a tender lad in their midst, the frail Bert Lawrence. His elder brothers had been able to fight their

...cles, and Ernest had even been an athletic hero: but here was Bert, who hated games, Bert whom the small boys with their crow-like ability to discover and pick away at a wound in one of their number, soon found out. As William Hopkin said, "I well remember the day when I was passing the school as the scholars were leaving for their dinner. He was walking between two girls, and a number of Breach boys walked behind him, monotonously chanting 'Dicky Dicky Denches plays with the wenches.' That charge branded him as effeminate—the local term is 'mardarse.' Bert's chin was in the air as though he cared not a jot, but his eyes were full of anger and mortification."

Lawrence eventually learned to defend himself, in a way, by his sharpness of phrase; he began to make use of some of the talents which in the first place helped differentiate him from the crowd. As one of Lawrence's old schoolmates told William Hopkin years later, "We were a bit hard on him for, after all, he couldn't help his constitution . . . He wor a bit to blame, for he wor rayther stuck up, and when Gaffer gin him a bit o'praise we didn' like it." But: "When he got nigh fourteen he began hittin' back wi' his tongue an' he could get at us wheer it hurt."

The worst assault upon Lawrence's sensitivity in childhood, however, was the jeering he had to take from the men who paid the miners' wages. As nothing else, this accented the family humiliation and the personal humiliation of the small boy. The jeering would take place on Friday afternoons in the offices of Barber, Walker, where the colliers frequently sent their wives or children to collect the pay. The offices were located on the Mansfield Road at the corner of Greenhill Road, in the lowlands directly north of the west end of Eastwood and across from Squire Walker's vast estate, Eastwood Hall. In *Sons and Lovers* Lawrence gave several pages to one of Paul Morel's painful experiences in going down to those offices to collect his father's wages. Paul "suffered the tortures of the damned on these occasions" when, amid the lines of colliers in the pay room, he had to submit to the jibes of the supervising company official, Mr. Braithwaite, large and patriarchal-looking and white-bearded. Small boys were fair game to Braithwaite, who had a "large and magisterial voice" that would humiliate the children for the sins of their fathers. Mr. Braithwaite was in life Alfred Woolston Brentnall, cashier for Barber, Walker and Company until two years before his death at the age of ninety, in February 1924, eleven years after Lawrence had put him into *Sons and Lovers*. Brentnall's father had worked for the mining company before him, for forty years, and had also been cashier. The son, a particular

favorite of Squire Walker, had been a drunkard—as William Hopkin told the author of this book, “the beer used to run out of his mouth”—but in his later years this Brentnall became a pillar of temperance. He was, Squire Walker felt, a good example for the miners. Bert Lawrence’s older brothers, in their time collecting the father’s pay, could answer him back, but poor little Bert went all to pieces when, amid the laughter and jeers of the colliers, the bearded old man would lean over the edge of the counter and roar, “Ho, lad, wheer’s your Pa—too drunk to come and collect the pay hissen?” To have to put up with that every Friday afternoon was not worth sixpence to Bert Lawrence.

He was able to escape from some of the tormenting features of Eastwood life when, at the age of twelve, he won a scholarship to Nottingham High School. This was a County Council scholarship for which the fierce old “Gaffer” Whitehead had coached him. Lawrence’s friend George Neville, whom Whitehead also coached, has said he was a fine disciplinarian and a good teacher: “That school *prepared* students.”

The institution which now invited Lawrence was very old and locally famous. Nottingham High School, which up to thirty years before had been the Grammar School, was in existence as far back as 1289; it was refounded in 1513 by a woman whose endowment still helps toward its upkeep—Dame Agnes Mellers, whose husband Richard had been a mayor of Nottingham.

The records of that ancient school show that David Herbert Lawrence of 3 Walker Street, Eastwood, enrolled on September 14, 1898, three days after his thirteenth birthday. Yet he had come near missing attendance altogether, for the scholarship paid only fifteen pounds a year, and this barely took care of the tuition fees and the railway transportation between Eastwood and Nottingham. But Lawrence’s mother, by squeezing down family expenses and making other readjustments, crushed all difficulties. She rejoiced in her sacrifices and pushed Bert to school.

His County scholarship was of the greatest importance to Lawrence’s future, though in later life he used to suggest that it harmed him. He felt that it had seriously damaged his health. And it is true that for three years he had to go to Nottingham and back daily, in all kinds of weather, through the damp Midland autumns and springs, and the chill winters. Wearing the student’s uniform—the little blue cap, the knee breeches, the high socks—he left home each morning at seven, returning at the same hour at night. George Neville has reported that

already, at that time of their daily train rides between Newthorpe and Nottingham, "Lawrence had that little troublesome, hacking cough that used to bring his left hand so sharply to his mouth—a cough and an action that he never lost."

The headmaster of the school, Dr. James Gow, Neville recalled as "a wonderful chap, a great educator," though Neville and Lawrence, as out-of-town boys always hurrying for the evening train, never came to know him personally. But they were good friends of his son, their schoolmate James Gow, Jr., later to be killed at Jutland. The elder Gow had in 1901 become headmaster of the Westminster School at London.

George Neville believed that the school's teaching staff had been an excellent one, and among its members he particularly recalled Samuel Corner, the senior master; the huge "Jumbo" Royle and his thin brother, "Nipper" Royle; S. A. Stanley, the Arts master; S. R. Trotman, the Chemistry and Physics teacher, and T. B. Hardy, the Classics instructor and Chaplain, who was to receive the Victoria Cross in the First World War.

It was good for Lawrence, disciplined in the cane-application school of Whitehead at Eastwood, to attend an institution directed by so tolerant, versatile, and talented a man as the Reverend James Gow. Lawrence between his fourteenth and seventeenth years probably received as fine a general education as he would have received almost anywhere else at the time. Those who have dismissed him as "uneducated," as T. S. Eliot and others have so facily done, should scrutinize the facts of his schooling at Nottingham High School and at the institutions he attended later. In speaking of Lawrence's education, both in school and in all his young life in the Midlands, F. R. Leavis—who suggests that as an Englishman in the tradition he knows far more about such matters as working-class educations than T. S. Eliot could possibly know—says that Lawrence "had a better education, one better calculated to develop his genius for its most fruitful use, than any other he could have got."

For what it is worth, here is the résumé of Lawrence's last years at Nottingham High School, as provided by the present headmaster, C. V. Reynolds:

At Easter 1900 he was awarded the prize for the Upper Modern 4th form, and, in the list for July 1900 he holds the 10th place out of 21 boys; in the Modern 5th form and takes the Mathematical

Prize for set 4. In this form he was placed 13th in English, 13th in German and 19th in French. Our last record shows that he was 15th out of 19 in the modern 6th form in July 1901.

In extenuation of Lawrence's apparently poor showing in his last year, Mr. Reynolds has said: "In this form he was competing with a number of able boys, most of whom were probably older than himself." Indeed, it is surprising that Bert Lawrence, with his incipient illness, his general fatigue, and the competition of his brother's career, did not collapse altogether. His record in mathematics is perhaps the most surprising part of his early school career. His standing as thirteenth out of twenty-one in English can only cause smiles: the story of writers who do poorly at composition in school is an old and familiar one.

July 1901: and that is the end of it all, or so it seemed then. As C. V. Reynolds has explained, the education of most boys in those days came to an end in their seventeenth year, "so Lawrence's career may be regarded as normal." But what of the ambitious mother harassing the boy to do his utmost all those years, fighting to get him the money for those seven a.m. to seven p.m. ordeals—and then how does it all end? There can be no more schooling, apparently; no money for that. The mother has kept the boy out of the mines, but now she sees that, after all, modern industrialism still confronts him. His fate is to become clerk in a factory.

During those years of his weekday trips to Nottingham High School, Lawrence did not lose contact with his native village. One of his best friends at this time, one who helped him with his eternal and fatiguing lessons, was a woman to whom he paid a quiet tribute in his novel *The Lost Girl*. There, his friend Miss Wright became Miss Frost, governess of the "lost" girl. Knowing Miss Wright and the family she worked for was an important experience for Lawrence: it gave him the background and leading characters for that book of his which, next to *Sons and Lovers*, deals most exclusively with Eastwood. *The Lost Girl* is a comedy, full of caricatures, among which Miss Wright's employer is the most prominent.

The James Houghton—pronounced Huffton—of the novel was in life George Henry Cullen, merchant, dandy, and promoter. William Hopkin remembered him as "a man who fancied himself," an elegantly dressed gentleman with Dundreary sidewhiskers. He was best known for his ownership of the London House—the Manchester House ("lovely fabrics") of *The Lost Girl*—on the Nottingham Road, just around the

corner from Lawrence's Victoria Street birthplace. The once independent London House is now, with a new front at the pavement level, one of the famous "Burtons—the leading grocers" shops, 19 Nottingham Road.

Like Cullen, Houghton failed in his attempt to bring better standards of dress and decoration to the colliers' wives. And Houghton's further speculations paralleled very closely those of the actual George Cullen. In the novel as in life, Houghton-Cullen attempted to operate a mine in the Hill-Top district of Eastwood, just below the south side of the Nottingham Road. This "rickety, amateurish" affair served only to arouse the scorn of the miners, who called it Throttle Ha'penny (in the book as in life) and referred to its product as dirt: "I'm sure I shan't burn that muck, and smother myself with white ash." After the mine failed, the entrepreneur began to make other plans: he set up a cinema in Langley Mill—Lumley in the novel—and for a while had another activity; then that, too, failed.

Meanwhile, Lawrence's friend and tutor, Miss Wright, kept the household together, with the somewhat sullen co-operation of Cullen's chief assistant at the shop, Miss Pidsley, whom Lawrence put into *The Lost Girl* as Miss Pinnegar. The Alvina Houghton of the novel, the "lost" girl herself, was also taken from life: at least the outward circumstances of her existence were. Like Alvina, Flossie Cullen became a nurse. But, Lawrence's sister Ada has insisted, the character of Alvina was Lawrence's "own creation." Flossie did not run away and later marry a young Italian strolling player from one of the companies that played at her father's theater. Rather she married a local collier's son, George Hodgkinson, who was the doorman at the theater, and they went to the north of England to live.

An examination of the Cullens and their associates shows us how closely Lawrence drew upon the life about him, and it also demonstrates how well he knew his native village. In *The Lost Girl*, as in most of his other fiction, Lawrence took actual places and people, and described them with physical accuracy, but in working out the stories he would often put the people through entirely different experiences from what they had known in life. Their remarkably rendered counterparts would follow the behavior of the originals in some details, but in larger matters they would obey the laws of Lawrence's vision—as Alvina Houghton, in *The Lost Girl*, was taken to a place the real Flossie Cullen did not know, the cold Abruzzi region of the impressive Lawrencean finale of that novel, where Alvina goes to live in the

settlement which is at once so similar to and different from her native village.

A further illustration of Lawrence's use of local materials for the stuff of fiction may be taken from another social class. A man whose appearance and circumstances Lawrence several times used importantly in his fiction is Major Thomas Philip Barber of the mine-owning family of Barber, Walker and Company. Lawrence knew Major Barber only distantly, and yet he drew upon him for the physical base of several of his major characters.

Lawrence in his youth often saw the Barber estate, and from his seventeenth year until he left Eastwood at twenty-three, he walked or cycled past it on the trips he made to Hags farm on the average of several times a week. He must often have seen the young squire, the nine-years-old Thomas Philip Barber, riding on horseback about the property, perhaps—like his counterpart Gerald of *Women in Love*—"on a red Arab mare." He and Lawrence met and spoke at least once, according to George Neville's recollection. Neville and Lawrence were crossing the Barber property when the young squire—already a Justice of the Peace and at thirty-one to become High Sheriff of Nottinghamshire—rode up and ordered them off. The thin, red-headed young trespasser, instead of answering in the educated speech he had learned from his mother and his schoolmasters, replied impudently in the dialect of the colliers. Squire Barber said, "I remind you that I am a J. P." Lawrence muttered to Neville, "He sounds to me like a b. f."

Lawrence has given no indication that he was ever inside Lamb Close House, though one of his Eastwood schoolmates, Mrs. Mary Thurlby Collishaw, has said (in a memoir written for Edward Nehls) that Major Barber's father used to invite the miners' children out during Christmas week and give them pennies and oranges. On one occasion when Lawrence was too shy to collect his trophies, Mrs. Collishaw says she defied the butler's glare and went forward to get an extra portion for little Bert. On the way home he announced that he would present his penny and orange to his mother, then outrageously proposed that they spend Mary's penny for sweets, which they would divide. Mrs. Collishaw has not reported whether or not she yielded to this suggestion by the future author of *The Captain's Doll*.

Whether or not Lawrence was really very familiar with the Lamb Close House, it frequently appears in his imaginative writings. It was a house of fairly recent growth, originally a farmhouse—parts of which still exist at the rear of the new mansion—that the owner (Matthew Lamb) turned into a shooting box in the eighteenth century, before

the Barber family bought and rebuilt it. The place appeared in Lawrence's first novel, *The White Peacock*, as Highclose, a "proud house . . . on a hill beyond the farthest corner of the lake"—Moorgreen Reservoir, the Nethermere of this novel. In *Women in Love*, Lamb Close was Shortlands, "a long, low old house, a sort of manor farm, that spread along the top of a slope just beyond the narrow little lake of Willey Water"—again Moorgreen, which is also an important part of that book. Also, in the play *Touch and Go*, which duplicated several of the characters and incidents of *Women in Love*, some of the scenes took place at Lilley Close, home of the mine-owning Barlows. Even the portrait of Wragby Hall in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—of which some notable country houses have claimed the honor of being the subject—looks strangely like Lamb Close: "Wragby was a long, low old house in brown stone, begun about the middle of the eighteenth century, and added on to, till it was a warren of a place without much distinction." The house "stood on an eminence in a rather fine old park of trees," and from there the smoke and steam of the nearest colliery could be seen—as well as "the raw straggles of Tevershall village," or Eastwood. (Locally, Lamb Close is often spelled Lambclose.)

Most of the male members of the family that has for so long owned this Lamb Close have had the Christian name of Thomas, from Thomas P. F. H. Barber (1778-1857) through two other Thomas Barbers (1805-1874 and 1843-1893) and on to the Thomas Philip Barber (born 1876) whom Lawrence used to see. His father, who died in 1893 at the comparatively young age of fifty, carried on his own father's charitable activity among the colliers' families: here we have the paternal, sentimental days of the magnate-miner relationship that Lawrence so often mentioned.

This Thomas Barber knew great personal grief. His first wife died in 1870 at the age of twenty-five, and shortly before his own death he lost two of his children in accidents. His second son, Kenneth Forbes Barber, was inadvertently killed by his brother, in 1890, in his thirteenth year, an incident Lawrence refers to in *Women in Love*. (The local newspaper reported that "the jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental death,' and expressed their sympathy with parents and relatives of the deceased.") And, in 1892—in the year before the death of the father—the little girl of the family, Cecily, died in her seventh year. She drowned in Moorgreen Reservoir as the girl in *Women in Love* drowned in Willey Water, in the chapter called "Water-Party." In the novel as in life, the girl fell into the water from her father's steam houseboat; the young Dr. Brindell who in the novel dived after her in

an attempt to save her was actually the young son of Dr. Bingham of Alfreton; like his prototype, he drowned when the girl seized him around the neck and pulled him under.

Lawrence's fictional account of all this is one of his most striking pieces of narrative: the moving colors of the gay crowd in the afternoon, the descent of darkness and the lighting of the lanterns on the boats, the music over the water, all of it woven into the story, into the developing relationship of the characters, and then the scream of a child who has seen her sister slip into the black water, and then all the confusion, the desperate diving, the smash of the water being let out through the sluice, later the raw clay banks emerging in the bleak dawn, and at last the two bodies, the girl still with her arms around the young man's neck. Lawrence must have seen part of all this; the whole village would have gone out to Moorgreen, the six-year-old Bert Lawrence and his sister probably in the crowd. In *Women in Love*, the disaster affects the whole district: "The colliery people felt as if this catastrophe had happened directly to themselves, indeed they were more shocked and frightened than if their own men had been killed." They discussed it on the streets, and at their Sunday dinners, as if the angel of death hovered over them all. "The men had excited, startled faces, the women looked solemn, some of them had been crying. The children enjoyed the excitement at first. There was an intensity in the air, almost magical." Certainly all this, presented with a concreteness that makes it almost as real as something that has actually happened in the life of the reader, comes out of Lawrence's own experience. And in this novel he uses all the actual circumstances as a background for some important psychological phases in the lives of his characters. This "Water-Party" chapter also helps along the development of the central themes of love and death in *Women in Love*: Gerald, diving after his drowning sister, discovers "a whole universe under there," in the cold—a foreshadowing of his own icy death in the Alps.

In a hundred other ways, Lawrence used local settings and local people for his stories, always depicting them with a sharp surface reality and, as in the examples just provided, usually giving them an important imaginative heightening.

III

Lawrence met Jessie Chambers in the summer of 1901, at her family's farm, while he was still attending high school in Nottingham and not long before he went to work in a factory there. Jessie, a year

younger than Lawrence, was the second daughter of the large family at Haggs Farm, about two miles north of Eastwood. The tormenting relationship of Lawrence and Jessie, which was to last for about a dozen years, became one of the principal themes of *Sons and Lovers*, with Lawrence as Paul Morel and Jessie as Miriam Leivers.

Jessie's grandfather, Jonathan Chambers, was a resident of Brinsley, where he had a "beer-off" license. Jessie's father, Edmund Chambers, had grown up there and had gone away to be married. He returned in the 90's with his wife and children and for three years lived in a cottage in the Breach, where he had a "milk round."

About three years before Lawrence met Jessie, Edmund Chambers became tenant farmer at the Haggs. He was out in all weathers, in his milk float or about the farm, despite his severe rheumatism. As his sons grew up, they began to help with the farm work.

William Hopkin had gone to school with the father of this family, some thirty years before. The mischievous Willie Hopkin and the "quiet and earnest" Edmund Chambers became close friends in one of those schoolyard alliances of opposites. Hopkin remembered, about eighty years afterward, that Edmund Chambers was a painstaking student whom "the teacher never had to call out for the cane." In out-of-school hours, Edmund Chambers and Willie Hopkin "buttied" at marbles, which meant, in pit language, that if one of them gambled away all his marbles, the other "staked him up" till he could recover them. In 1850, Hopkin spoke of his old schoolmate as "a steady, plodding, reliable man with a particularly nice disposition"; he and his wife had been "a quiet, admirable pair, old-fashioned, harmonious—as nice a couple as anyone could know."

Jessie Chambers first clearly remembered seeing Bert Lawrence during a Sunday-school session at the Congregational chapel, but she might never have become acquainted with this boy if at about this time their mothers had not met. Lydia Lawrence found, in Mrs. Chambers, a comparative newcomer to the mining country who would listen to her twenty years' grievance against it. She promised to visit the Chamberses, but some three years passed before she went out to the farm, escorted by her son Bert. Mr. Chambers had told him how to cross the fields to reach the Haggs and how to find the short cut—a path that no longer exists—through the lower end of Willey Spring Wood.

That and similar routes to the Haggs, Lawrence came to know well in the years ahead, when the Chamberses were his second family. In *Sons and Lovers* Lawrence memorialized that first walk out there, on

a summer day when "on the fallow land the young wheat shone silkily" and one of the neighboring collieries "waved its plumes of white steam, coughed, and rattled hoarsely." When mother and son arrived at the farmyard and went into the little garden beside the house, "in the doorway suddenly appeared a girl in a dirty apron. She was about fourteen years old, had a rosy dark face, a bunch of short black curls, very fine and free, and dark eyes; shy, questioning, a little resentful of strangers, she disappeared. In a minute another figure appeared, a small, frail woman, rosy, with great dark brown eyes." This, in the novel, is Paul Morel's first sight of Miriam and her mother. Jessie Chambers, writing of the event in her reminiscence of Lawrence, did not show herself as disappearing in shy resentment from the doorway, but merely reported that her mother went out to greet the visitors and bring them into the parlor, where "Mrs. Lawrence, complaining of the heat, said in her crisp way" that she was glad "you haven't got a fire in here."

Mrs. Lawrence seems never to have gone back to the Hags. But Bert became a regular visitor, often bringing a magazine for the family. He and the father got on well, though the brothers remained a little aloof at first, as if afraid Lawrence would give himself airs. Jessie had no special recollection of him "during that first summer except as a quiet presence coming suddenly out of the sunshine into the kitchen, warm with the fragrance of baking bread." After his school ended and he became a clerk in Nottingham, they "saw rather less of him" for a while.

Lawrence obtained work in that summer of 1901 after his brother Ernest, home for a few days from his increasingly successful business career in London, helped him compose an application. Ernest could fill the letter with the appropriate business phraseology he used constantly in his position with the shipping underwriters, John Holroyd and Company, of Lime Street, E. C. 1.

The love between Ernest and his mother continued to be intense. The bond between them was so strong that, in his younger brother's view, Ernest's attempt to break it broke Ernest himself. Mrs. Lawrence kept this son in her orbit as long as he remained at home, for the provincial girls who came to the house looking for Ernest were easy to frighten away. But it was a different matter when he brought his London girl, Gypsy Dennis, up to Eastwood for a visit.

Mrs. Lawrence did what she could to be polite to this dark, lively girl, but privately she condemned Gypsy's shallowness. Gypsy (the

Louisa Lily Denys Western of *Sons and Lovers*) was a stenographer who lived only for parties, who thought and spoke only of waltzes, tasseled dancing cards, and silver slippers.

In her memoir of Lawrence, Jessie Chambers spoke of one of Gypsy's visits having lasted for "a fortnight's holiday" that "had proved something of a strain," apparently in the summer of 1901. It was probably at this time that Ernest wrote the draft of that business letter which his younger brother copied and sent off to an employer who had advertised for a junior clerk in the *Nottinghamshire Guardian*. Soon Bert Lawrence received instructions to call at the business establishment of J. H. Haywood at 9 Castle Gate, Nottingham. The house of Haywood, "manufacturer of surgical appliances and wholesale dealer in druggists' sundries (Est. since 1830)," had notepaper headed by drawings of elastic stockings and wooden legs. Paul, in *Sons and Lovers*, "felt alarmed" at the pictures he saw on the stationery of Jordan's, as Haywood's was called in the novel: "He had not known that elastic stockings existed. And he seemed to feel the business world, with its regulated system of values, and its impersonality, and he dreaded it. It seemed monstrous also that a business could be run on wooden legs."

And it is ironic that D. H. Lawrence, of all men, should have gone to work for dealers in artificial limbs. But he did, at a salary of thirteen shillings a week, once again taking that early train to the city, six mornings out of seven. There was no half holiday at midweek, as in his school days: the factory did not close until eight at night, even on Saturdays, though sometimes work finished about two hours earlier on Thursdays and Fridays.

From the boy's first caustic interview with the owner, the experience at Haywood's appears at great length in *Sons and Lovers*: indeed, at far greater length than in actual life, for Lawrence made his hero work there for a number of years. His own stay was rather brief. Yet, while he was there, the sensitive boy absorbed every phase of the factory activity, for the man to use later in his writings.

His life now centered about a different part of Nottingham than he had known before. He was nearly a mile to the south of that region of park and woodland which surrounded the high school; he was in an industrial quarter, working in a tiny dark old street whose quaintness was being sullied by the factories and offices that were either replacing or taking over the stately Georgian houses there. Lawrence in *Sons and Lovers* gave Castle Gate the name of an actual nearby street, Spaniel Row. He described it as "gloomy and old-fashioned, having low

dark shops and dark green house-doors with brass knockers, yellow-ochred doorsteps projecting onto the pavement, then another old shop whose small window looked like a cunning, half-shut eye."

Lawrence had altogether three careers in the city of Nottingham: as a schoolboy, as a clerk and, years later, as a college student—and of these three he chose to memorialize in his work that brief period of his employment at Haywood's. He was there only a few months, as against his three years at high school and his subsequent two years at Nottingham University College, yet in *Sons and Lovers* it is the clerkship rather than the studentship that he dramatized. It is the young clerk rather than the student who wanders in that novel through the castle ground at lunchtime or walks through the old squares or by the canal which between the high factory walls seemed, to an imaginative youth, "just like Venice." In *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence of course drew upon his student experiences, but he kept them within the range of a young man working at Haywood's.

As clerk in the spiral department, which made the elastic hose and the suspensory bandages, Lawrence sat on a high stool and read letters, some of them in French or German, which he had studied at the high school. He translated and copied them, with those in English, into the entry book from which the work orders were made out. And he worked at checking and invoicing during those twelve-hour days.

He also became acquainted with the girls in the factory, those who made the trusses and artificial limbs, and those who worked on the spiral machines. The latter were specialists who felt that they were refined and gave themselves airs. Lawrence in *Sons and Lovers* painted tender and friendly portraits of the girls, particularly of the hunchback, Fannie, with her beautiful hair and her rich singing voice. George Neville says, however, that the girls in the factory were not refined or tender, and that Lawrence sentimentalized them in *Sons and Lovers*.

In 1850, the director of Haywood's—which after being bombed in the Second World War moved to Warser Gate, near St. Mary's Church—recalled those days and said that "in *Sons and Lovers* the surroundings are based on our warehouse, although the names mentioned are fictitious." This director of Haywood's, Mr. A. E. Gill, remembered the boy Lawrence "quite well, but did not associate with him out of business hours, as he had to travel by train home. To me at that time he was a very quiet and reserved young man. Tall and dark-haired, very little to say in conversation, both in work time and outside." (Various people have remembered Lawrence as dark-haired in youth; his hair became more obviously red as he grew older.)

Lawrence had been at Haywood's only a short while when his brother Ernest returned home from London for a few days, just before his death at the age of twenty-three. He came home at the time of the Goose Fair held in Nottingham for the last three days of the first week in October. He stayed first at Eastwood with the family and then visited his brother George and his wife in Nottingham.

The physical cause of Ernest's death was a combination of pneumonia and erysipelas. In the weeks before his visit to Eastwood and Nottingham, Ernest had been so obviously ill that the son of his employer, Captain Tom Holroyd, had invited him to sail aboard his ship for a voyage to the Mediterranean, but Ernest had refused because he did not want to go so far away from his mother.

On Sunday night October 6, 1901, George Lawrence put Ernest on the train at Victoria Station, Nottingham, for his return trip to London. George noticed how ill Ernest was, and told him to see a doctor when he got back, and to stay in bed for a few days. Ernest's cold was worse, and his face was inflamed with fever. But the next morning he went to his office, where he was so plainly ill that his employer sent him back to his lodging. There his landlady told him to take some Seidlitz powders and go to bed. She forgot him, George Lawrence has said, for two days, until she looked into his room and saw him lying unconscious on the floor. She telegraphed his mother.

Mrs. Lawrence arrived at Ernest's lodgings, after strenuous difficulties in making her way through the maze of South London, to find him dying. He was in a coma and never recognized her. Arthur Lawrence, fetched from the pit (" 'E's niver gone, child?"), was dazed as he set out for London for the second time in his life. "He was no help," Mrs. Lawrence told Jessie Chambers later: the grieving little mother had to deal with officials and undertakers and handle all the practical matters. The body was brought home to Eastwood at the end of the week, and the huge coffin was placed across some chairs in the parlor of the Walker Street house, which the Lawrence children had long ago nicknamed Bleak House.

Ernest was buried in the cemetery at New Eastwood, on Monday, October 14.

In Lawrence's synopsis of *Sons and Lovers*, he said the older brother "gives his sex to a fribble, and his mother holds his soul. But the split kills him. . . ." In Lawrence's later story, "The Lovely Lady," the elder son fell in love with an actress, and "his mother had humorously despised him" because of this. "So he had caught some ordinary disease, but the poison had gone to his brain and killed him. . . . It was

clear murder: a mother murdering her sensitive sons, who were fascinated by her: the Circe!"

After Ernest's death, Mrs. Lawrence lost the gaiety that used to come through her grimness; now she sat and grieved. Again, *Sons and Lovers* provides a sharply remembered picture of the time: the mother, greeted by her younger son on her return from London, "let him kiss her, but she seemed unaware of him"; after the burial, "she remained shut off"; and in the weeks to come, when he returned home at night from Nottingham and tried to tell her of his day, "his mother sat blankly looking in front of her, her mouth shut tight." And this continued: "He was cut off and wretched through October, November, and December. His mother tried, but she could not rouse herself. She could only brood on her dead son; he had been let to die so cruelly."

At last, as if in imitation of his older brother, Bert Lawrence came down with pneumonia. He nearly died; but his mother's nursing saved his life. A member of the family is reported to have remarked that it saved Lydia's as well. Her youngest son lived: and for the remaining nine years of his mother's life, he was to be almost the only recipient of her crushing love.

"After leaving school I was a clerk for three months," Lawrence wrote many years later, "then had a very serious pneumonia illness, in my seventeenth year, that damaged my health for life." He never went back to Haywood's.

A possible cause of this "damaging" illness has been suggested. That is, the neglected boy may have unconsciously engaged in a kind of mimesis of his brother's illness in an effort to attract his mother's love. George Neville, who knew Lawrence so well at the time, has expressed a somewhat different theory. Neville has indeed made various comments on Lawrence's experiences at Haywood's, which he has always seen as crucial in Lawrence's development.

In 1831, Neville wrote that Lawrence's "cynical attitude toward some women dates from an incident that occurred shortly after the death of his brother, 'Ern'. . . . This attitude was further 'burnt' into him by the 'blistering' his young soul received when he was working as foreign correspondent to a firm of manufacturers in Nottingham." In an interview (1850) with the author of this book, George Neville explained that the first of these statements referred to the letter Gypsy Dennis wrote Mrs. Lawrence soon after Ernest's death. Gypsy protested overmuch that she could never again love anyone else so much, that she would never marry—at which Mrs. Lawrence remarked bitterly, "She's thinking of *that* already."

In 1831, Neville had amplified his statement about the "blistering" of Lawrence's "young soul" by saying, "The girls at the factory appear to have taken a sheer delight in searing his youthful innocence. You may be of the opinion that such a remark is a queer one to be made in respect of D. H. Lawrence. It is; but believe me, it is a true one." Exactly what he meant, he explained in conversation nearly twenty years later: the girls at Haywood's were not the decent girls of *Sons and Lovers*, but a rather rough gang who continually pelted the village boy with coarse jests. They seem indeed to have resembled the savage girl tram conductors of Lawrence's wartime story, "Tickets Please," who knock down an irritating superintendent and rip the clothes off him. The girls at Haywood's once cornered young Bert Lawrence in a downstairs storeroom, pounced on him, and tried to expose his sex. He fought free of them, but was left breathless and disgusted and retching. George Neville said he believed that this shock and exertion brought on Lawrence's attack of pneumonia in that winter of 1901-02.

Lawrence's belief that his illness at sixteen "damaged" his health for life is not shared by the tuberculosis specialist who attended him shortly before his death. At least Dr. Andrew Morland does not think that it developed into the fatal tuberculosis. In a letter of September 12, 1852 he wrote, "It is very hard to say when his tuberculosis began. I do not think the childhood illnesses or the pneumonia at sixteen had any bearing on his tuberculosis. The onset of this probably predated his first attack of haemorrhage by at least a few months or possibly considerably longer." And Lawrence's first haemorrhage did not occur till the middle 1820's.

But that illness in his seventeenth year did help to change his attitude to life. If, during his convalescence, he absorbed much of his mother's love, he must have also absorbed much of her bitterness.

On mild days that winter, Lawrence sat in a chair in the back garden, wrapped in blankets and trying to drink in the thin Midland sunlight. His illness had distressed his new friends at the Hags—he called the Chambers family the Haggites—and he began to exchange messages with them, carried by the father, whose dairyman's round took him to Eastwood daily. And one day in spring, Jessie's father brought him to the farm in the milk-float. He was "frail and eager," happy to be with them all again. The elder Chamberses welcomed him as if he were their own son, and even the boys' gruffness toward him began to wear off.

The illness may have affected Lawrence's vocal chords: William Hopkin recalled that it left Lawrence with the high-pitched voice that so many of the memoirists have noted.

Mrs. Lawrence sent Bert to spend a month of convalescence with her sister on the Lincolnshire coast. Mrs. Lawrence's daughter Lettice Ada, it will be recalled, was named after this sister, who was now Mrs. John Berry. She had earlier been engaged to a young Congregational minister who had died suddenly, and in his memory Lydia Lawrence had given her youngest son Bert that third name he never used, Richards. Now, when David Herbert Richards Lawrence was sixteen and recuperating from pneumonia, he went to visit his aunt at her "select" boarding house, in flat, red-roofed Skegness.

It was a place of enchantment to the boy from Eastwood, who wrote frequent letters to the Chamberses about it. And when he returned to Eastwood he began revisiting the farm. At this time Jessie was not Lawrence's special friend among the Haggites—he gave far more attention to the parents and to the two oldest Chambers boys, Alan and Hubert—but he was aware of her. And things he said had awakened in her a desire for more education. Because this seemed impossible, she became discontented. But at last Jessie's mother, perhaps at Lawrence's instigation, permitted her to go back to school, as a pupil-teacher.

Lawrence continued to enter into the family activities, teaching the children whist, cleaning the hearth for Mrs. Chambers, and peeling vegetables. He found none of the household tasks boring, and at harvest time he joined Mr. Chambers and his sons at their hay fields, four miles from the farm, opposite Greasley church: these fields were part of the setting of *Sons and Lovers*, and they supplied the background for the story "Love Among the Haystacks." Jessie heard her father say, "Work goes like fun when Bert's there." Another time, Mrs. Chambers said, "I should like to be next to Bert in heaven."

Many years later (in 1828), Lawrence wrote Jessie's youngest brother, David Chambers, a letter flavored with memories of the place and its people, and of Flower, the horse, and Trip, the bull terrier: "Whatever I forget, I shall never forget the Hags—I loved it so. I loved to come to you all, it was really a new life began in me there. . . . Oh, I'd love to be nineteen again, and coming up through the Warren and catching the first glimpse of the buildings. Then I'd sit on the sofa under the window, and we'd crowd round the little table to tea, in that tiny little kitchen I was so at home in. . . . Whatever else I am, I am somewhere still the same Bert who rushed with such joy to the Hags."

Ada Lawrence Clarke said in her memoir that Jessie Chambers first attracted Lawrence because her seriousness, her interest in schoolwork and in books, set her apart from the thoughtless, gayer girls around

Eastwood. Unlike the others, Jessie cared nothing about sweethearts or new clothes. Misunderstood by her brothers, who used all the little vulgarities of farm life to embarrass and torment her, she welcomed Lawrence as her first friend. She listened to him, shared his interests, and helped him develop his theories about life and literature.

Jessie at first refused to visit Lawrence's home. He accused her of being afraid to meet his father, and although she had from childhood a terror of drunken men, she assured Lawrence that his father had nothing to do with her reluctance. As if not fully believing her, Lawrence said, "There's nothing for you to be afraid of. You'd never see him—he's hardly ever in." And she found this to be true. Yet there was "a curious atmosphere" in that hill-top house in Walker Street, "a tightness in the air." Jessie found this both terrifying and exciting. She thought it was made up of the mother's grief over Ernest, of her antagonism against her husband, and of her tense love for her son Bert.

At this time, Mrs. Lawrence frequently organized touring parties of the young people. Escorted by Mrs. Lawrence and a friend, they would go by brake to Matlock, the popular watering place in the Peak District in Derbyshire, with its High Tor, its caves, its imitation medieval castle, and its "Heights of Abraham." On such trips Lawrence would gaily take over direction of the party, pointing out all the sights and naming the different kinds of birds and flowers. Jessie of course liked the occasions best when they were unchaperoned by the older people, for then Lawrence could pay more attention to her, although still commanding the party.

Jessie Chambers in her book on Lawrence recalled with special sharpness an incident that occurred during one of the trips in their own county (apparently on Good Friday, 1903). She "had a sudden flash of insight which made me see Lawrence in a totally new light. . . . I turned and saw Lawrence in the middle of the road, bending over an umbrella. There was something in his attitude that arrested me. His stooping figure had a look of intensity, almost of anguish. For a moment I saw him as a symbolic figure. I was deeply moved and walked back to him." She asked what was the matter, and he replied, "It was Ern's umbrella, and mother will be wild if I take it home broken." They walked on together, but she "did not tell him what I had seen. This was perhaps the beginning of our awareness of sympathy for one another."

This important episode also appears in *Sons and Lovers*, somewhat differently. Indeed, an examination of it as it occurs in that novel will show not only the divergence of outlook of Lawrence and Jessie, but

also how Lawrence adapted material from life for *Sons and Lovers*.

Jessie's version is probably "true" enough; possibly, like Miriam in *Sons and Lovers*, she kept a journal, for by most tests her reminiscences are generally accurate. She had apparently written an earlier version of this episode, about ten years after it happened, when she was supplying Lawrence with suggestions for *Sons and Lovers* in the early stages of its composition; regrettably, her original account of this episode, if indeed there was one, has apparently not survived with the scraps of her contributions which have. Fortunately, however, one of the remaining fragments of one of Lawrence's early versions of the novel preserves that passage. Like much of the rest of this fragment it probably came over almost directly from Jessie's original account of it. Certainly other parts of the fragment match closely the surviving bits of her own contribution; Lawrence often took the very sentences from her manuscript, though he usually enlivened an incident by adding a stroke of color here and there or shifting the narrative point of view. Anyhow, one of his earlier versions of the incident has come down to us, along with Jessie's comment on it. In Lawrence's account, he puts the blame for the breaking of the umbrella upon the girl's brother (Geoffrey, the second son in Miriam's family in *Sons and Lovers*). Lawrence wrote, on manuscript pages 218 and 219 of what was either the second draft of his novel or a variant of that, about 1912:

. . . Paul was left so entirely alone on the empty road, and the sunset light showed him up so distinctly, that, suddenly, it revealed him to her. He did not see her, but continued to mend the umbrella. What there was in him at that moment made clear to her, something for which she loved him passionately, with all the strength of her nature, she did not know. But she walked down slowly, and stood still, until he looked up.

"Why," he said, "have you waited for me?" She treasured his grateful tone [Jessie drew a line under this sentence and wrote above: *His tone was grateful*]. They walked on together.

She was hurt that he, who never worried over trifles, or over property at all, should seem so put out because the spring of an umbrella was broken.

"It's only an old umbrella, isn't it?" she said reproachfully.

"Yes, but it was William's [Ernest's]—and Mother will be sure to know."

Miriam was silenced. She understood. They walked on together.

Jessie's comment on this, on another sheet, was: "The revelation over the broken umbrella was a spiritual awakening. Miriam [she

originally wrote, then crossed out, I] had a glimpse of the inner Paul, and it set her wondering and eternally seeking." This was probably the moment she fell in love.

The two treatments of the situation that have just been quoted are fairly pedestrian: they are statements about the experience rather than dramatizations of it. Even Lawrence's early version of it is circumstantial and dull, and hobbled by unnecessary commas. But in the final draft of *Sons and Lovers* he presented the scene strongly. He took the "revelation" aspect of it rather lightly, using quotation marks to make Miriam's response more of a minor subjective matter than a really transfiguring experience; and, except for the addition of the trite phrase about mountains and mole hills, he sharpened, colored, and improved the passage in every way:

He remained concentrated in the middle of the road. Beyond, one rift of rich gold in that colourless grey evening made him stand out in dark relief. She saw him, slender and firm, as if the setting sun had given him to her. A deep pain took hold of her, and she knew she must love him. And she had discovered him, discovered in him a rare potentiality, discovered his loneliness. Quivering as at some "annunciation," she went slowly forward. . . .

"It's only an old umbrella, isn't it?" she asked.

She wondered why he, who did not usually trouble over trifles, made such a mountain of this molehill.

"But it was William's, an' my mother can't help but know," he said quietly, still patiently working at the umbrella.

The words went through Miriam like a blade. This, then, was the confirmation of her vision of him! She looked at him. But there was about him a certain reserve, and she dared not comfort him, not even speak softly to him.

"Come on," he said. "I can't do it"; and they went in silence along the road.

Here the drama concentrates on Miriam, who has been drifting along, in a kind of rapport with the scenery in the late-afternoon glow; but with the appearance of Paul in the roadway, the reader is brought up sharp and taken immediately inside Miriam's consciousness. When at last the characters speak, the phrase from the earlier version about the gratefulness of Paul's tone is now neatly reduced to an adverb. Lawrence adds a few effective bits of circumstantial detail, including some conversation; then the emotional importance of the umbrella is intensified when it is described as *injured*. Here, Miriam's brother has not only done the damage, but Miriam feels shame because of this. And

Paul's concern over what his mother will think gives Miriam a realization of irony that further increases the range of the entire experience.

Now such skillful composition lay in Lawrence's future: still it dealt with the important phases of the Lawrence-Jessie relationship. The deepest irony of all is that the difference in quality between the two last-quoted versions came after what was probably only a matter of months: the improvement was caused mostly by the rapturous state in which Lawrence wrote the last draft of that novel, after meeting the woman who, in the most literal sense, took him away from Jessie. But that too was something that waited in Lawrence's future. (Perhaps at this point a statement of the relationship of the various manuscripts and notes mentioned previously, and to be mentioned in future passages, is necessary. After some two years' work on *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence completed it in 1912; it came out in 1913. For this book, Jessie Chambers had in 1911-12 written some narrative sections which Lawrence revised and incorporated into the novel. He sent her part of one of the later manuscript versions of the novel; she wrote comments in the margins of this and between the lines, and then added several pages of notes. Twenty-three years later, in 1835, Jessie brought out her carefully selected reminiscences of Lawrence.)

Another episode, a very brief one, further shows the difference between the two versions of *Sons and Lovers*. In the earlier draft which Jessie corrected, this paragraph—again probably written from Jessie's original notes—occurs in a description of the young people's visit to Wingfield Manor on an Easter Monday (again probably 1903):

There was one very tall tower, out of which they believed Mary of Scots to have looked for help, when she was prisoner at Wingfield. Miriam would climb the massive stone steps of the ruin, as the Queen had done. She was first, Paul next. A high wind blowing through the loopholes, filled the girl's skirts like a balloon, so that she was ashamed, until Paul laid hold of the hem of her dress, and held it down for her, chatting naturally all the time.

Jessie scratched out the last phrase and wrote after it: "There was no need to chat. It was an act of the purest intimacy. Do not degrade it." In his final revision, Lawrence expanded the passage somewhat, removing awkward constructions (such as "believed Mary of Scots to have looked"), and livening it with a bit of dialogue in which Paul and Miriam discussed the Queen. Then:

They continued to mount the winding staircase. A high wind, blowing through the loopholes, went rushing up the shaft, and

filled the girl's skirts like a balloon, so that she was ashamed, until he took the hem of her dress and held it down for her. He did it perfectly simply, as he would have picked up her glove. She remembered this always.

The citing of these passages shows—once again—not only how Jessie's notes and comments helped Lawrence in writing *Sons and Lovers*, but also how closely Lawrence attempted to reproduce actual happenings, at least in the first parts of the book. After Lawrence's death, Jessie Chambers said that the earliest draft of the novel had been flat and tepid, insufficiently life-like. After she had told Lawrence this, at the time he had written it, he asked her to write down her memories of the early days, which were "so much clearer than his." When Lawrence showed her the next draft of the novel, she felt that he was at last writing more vividly and exactly, though she gradually realized that "the treatment of Miriam" differed from her own. Lawrence failed to show, she felt, how important a rôle the girl had played in the development of the young man as an artist. "It was his old inability to face his problem squarely. His mother had to be supreme, and for the sake of that supremacy every disloyalty was permissible."

Jessie's *D. H. Lawrence: A Personal Record* (by "E.T.") and Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* often have a close resemblance in their reporting of facts; they frequently differ in interpretation. Jessie accused Lawrence of having a bias; her own bias is obvious. Lawrence was the great event of her life: she was obsessed with him and wrote of him obsessively. Jessie was merely a part of Lawrence's life: an important part of his early development, as he often acknowledged, but by the time of the final writing of *Sons and Lovers* he was already growing beyond her, as he was growing beyond the influence of his mother. In that novel, however closely he was reflecting life, he was after all writing imaginatively, and he had no obligation to be completely literal. Yet he wrote with self-critical candor and without self-pity: however much he may have illuminated his material by imaginative additions, his book gives ultimately the effect of essential truth. Jessie's *Personal Record*, for all its persuasive lyricism and circumstantial reality, is ultimately a disclosure of frustration and resentment. To say this is not to deny that Lawrence and the situation in which the girl at last found herself were both frequently cruel, or to deny the intensity of Jessie's suffering.

In 1902, after twelve years at the Walker Street house, the Lawrence family moved. They did not go far, actually the new place was only

around the corner, but took a house amid the brick regularity of Lynn Croft Road, which ran uphill past the eastern end of Walker Street to the Hill-Top district.

George Neville wrote in 1831: "The 'Little Woman' had never appeared quite comfortable in the Walker Street house after the death of 'Ern,' and a move was next made to the Lynn Croft house, chiefly owing to the influence of 'Franky' and 'Grit' of the 'Pagans,' whose father owned the property."

The Pagans was a name subsequently given to a group of Lawrence's friends; Franky and Grit were Frances and Gertrude Cooper, who lived next door at Lynn Croft, in the house that was to serve Lawrence as a model for Aaron's residence in *Aaron's Rod*. Indeed, the girls' father, Thomas Cooper, was to serve as the model for at least the outward aspects of Aaron in that novel. Like Aaron, Tom Cooper was a sensitive musician, a flautist and piccolo player; and like Aaron he was a checkweighman, that is, a man employed by the miners (later it was a government requirement) to oversee the masters' weighing. Thomas Cooper had taken up this line of work because it paid more than his teaching job at the National School. Lawrence, when he first moved to what now is No. 97 Lynn Croft Road, would at night hear Tom Cooper's flute piping away from next door; twenty years later, Lawrence had his Aaron Sisson take his flute and leave that plain little house for a life of adventurous wanderings.

Jessie Chambers recalled that when she first visited the Lynn Croft house, Lawrence took her around it "with quiet pride." She and Lawrence at this time read and studied together constantly. She used to walk into Eastwood one evening a week, to the library of the Mechanics' Institute, one of the town's little pockets of culture, which was open only on Thursday evenings, for two hours; Jessie and Lawrence invariably went there together and Lawrence would select the books for each of their families to read during the following week. Jessie would usually stop for Lawrence, though his home in Lynn Croft was at the opposite end of Eastwood from the library. In one of the surviving narrative sections she prepared for his use, years later, when he was working on *Sons and Lovers*, Jessie wrote: "She announced to Paul one evening that she would call for him no more: if he wished to go with her to the library, he could meet her somewhere. To this Paul would not agree, so the Thursday evenings at the library were dropped."

Lawrence drew this into his novel, taking it over from Jessie's notes, but making it sharper and crueller with terse dialogue; and the brief

introduction of his mother at the end of his version of the episode adds further to its dramatic force.

Some readers unfamiliar with the richness, complexity, and variety of Lawrence's work might at this point have the idea that Jessie was a major collaborator in *Sons and Lovers*. For them an additional explanation must be made. Lawrence, although he had from the feminine elements in his own nature a remarkable intuitive understanding of women, would sometimes ask the women he knew to write down what they had felt or possibly would feel in certain situations: he was simply using them as one of his "sources." His wife has said that when *Sons and Lovers* was in its last phases, "I wrote bits of it when he would ask me: 'What do you think my mother felt like then?'" In later life Lawrence attempted to collaborate on novels with Mabel Dodge Luhan and Catherine Carswell, and he rewrote the novel of a third woman, M. L. Skinner, which he published under their combined names as *The Boy in the Bush*. Women were always part of his source material, like his experiences as a boy in the mining country, his later readings in anthropology, his travels: if a writer used what women said and did as a basis of his knowledge of them, why not also use what they might write?

All this has taken the present story, at one level, years ahead, into a discussion of Lawrence's methods of writing fiction. It was a necessary jump, for at this point Jessie's own revelations, written in her youth while she was still close to the experience, give us the first full and authentic account of her own feelings at the time. Yet these revelations require some qualification, since they might seem to subtract from Lawrence's originality. But the difference between Jessie's contribution and Lawrence's achievement has already been abundantly demonstrated, in the consideration of the passages quoted: she as a recorder gave him a sequence of remembered facts; he as an imaginative artist dramatically intensified them and made them into literature.

But the main interest, here and now, in Jessie's contribution to the novel is biographical rather than critical. These fragments of her notes—which have been called "the Miriam Papers"—give an insight into the situation which nothing else could give. (Once again, it is necessary to keep in mind that Jessie's narrative offerings, and her marginal notes on Lawrence's manuscript, and her sheets of commentary upon it, were probably all written early in 1912.)

The first of her marginal notes, in the fragment of Lawrence's manuscript containing pages 204 to 226 of that draft of his novel previously quoted from, was the episode of Paul and Miriam and the swing, which appeared in Chapter VII of the book, "Lad-and-Girl Love." Here,

Miriam dreaded being pushed too high in the swing; she wondered how Paul could be so enthusiastic about it. "However," Lawrence wrote, on page 204 of this manuscript, "as he liked it so much, she let him have longer turns, which he did not notice. This seemed to her to establish between them a degree of harmony she prized very much. He never noticed such things, always taking his own life for what it was, without bothering to consider it." Jessie scratched out the second of these three sentences and wrote above it: "This she unconsciously registered as an indication of Paul's inner self: it led her to discover his capacity for being absorbed in things. Gradually a sense of understanding grew between them—a rare poss[ession?] for Miriam." In the published version of the novel this became: "She could never lose herself, so, nor could her brothers. It roused a warmth in her. It were almost as if he were a flame that had lit a warmth in her whilst he swung in the middle air." Lawrence made this into another "revelation," turning Jessie's intellectual statements into a dramatization through simile.

On page 208 of his manuscript, Lawrence had written that Paul and Miriam "would fumble wildly with philosophy. They read together Schopenhauer and Herbert Spencer and Nietzsche, authors who hurt her inexpressibly, and delighted him," Jessie underlined the names of the philosophers and wrote above them, "At the age of 16 and seventeen?" And in one of her appended notes, she said, "You write 'First Love' from the standpoint of twenty-six instead of that of seventeen. For instance Schopenhauer, Herbert Spencer—Nietzsche are hard stuff for a boy and girl of seventeen and sixteen!" After this, Lawrence penciled a huge *No*, closely resembling the *No*'s he was later (1915) to scratch indignantly across a manuscript of Bertrand Russell's.

Also on page 208 of his *Sons and Lovers* manuscript, Lawrence had written: "Mrs. Morel soon began to perceive the power that Miriam had over her beloved son, as Miriam well knew it herself." Jessie crossed out the last four words and wrote, "Quite false." And after Lawrence's next sentence—"Then began a struggle between the mother and the girl for possession of the boy" (originally, *of the boy's soul*)—Jessie protested, "Not yet, please!"

Another of Jessie's significant protests occurred on manuscript page 214, in Lawrence's account of Miriam's showing Paul a wild-rose bush in the long English twilight—an episode that also appears in the "Lad-and-Girl Love" chapter of the novel. Lawrence had written:

. . . He did not wish to kiss her, as she wished, almost for the first time, to be kissed. Passion was sealed in him [originally, *The doors of passion were sealed in him*] with a kind of fervour of soul. His

mood was abstract, purely religious. A touch of lips would have been a spiritual agony to him. He could not kiss cool kisses.

So, when Miriam had made it impossible for him to kiss her, she wanted his mouth. She had taken him to his [God's, apparently, blotted out] holy of holies, and wanted him there to clasp her body. That was her tragedy: she purified his love too much. For it was pain even to touch her, then.

Jessie wrote after this, "Astonishing misconception. Miriam was six-

agony to him. He could not kiss cool kisses.

-So, when Miriam had made it impossible for him to kiss her, she wanted his mouth. She had taken him to ~~his~~ holy of holies, and wanted him there to clasp her body. That was her tragedy: she purified his love too much. For it was pain to him even to touch her, then. Astonishing misconception. Miriam was not - as pure and fierce in virginity as Paul. Paul went home running, knitting his brow

teen—as pure and fierce in virginity as Paul." In the next paragraph, in Lawrence's sentence—"Miriam wanted him, even more than he gave: and his mother, all that part of him which belonged to his mother, strained against Miriam"—Jessie put a wavering underline of objection as far as the word *gave*. In one of her later notes, Jessie commented on the "rose-tree" incident: "At that time no instinct of sex was awake in either. To suggest it in Miriam destroys the purity of the whole incident: it was all spiritual for Miriam as well as for Paul." And Lawrence heeded this: as the episode developed in *Sons and Lovers*, it contained no erotic suggestions.

On page 215 of the manuscript, Jessie noted, beneath a paragraph saying that Paul's being at everybody's beck and call angered Miriam, "Miriam revered Paul's love for his mother—In this chapter Paul and Miriam are *each* unconscious, undesiring even of love." On the following page, Jessie crossed out the first paragraph, which ended with the statement that Miriam thought Paul "marvelous," but often "just an unmanageable, tiresome child." Jessie noted: "Not until twenty-one."

On page 220 of Lawrence's manuscript, Paul and Miriam discussed reciprocity in love. In both manuscript and book, Miriam quoted her mother as saying "Love begets love," and in both versions Paul agreed that love must be like that. In the manuscript account, Paul spoke with a hesitancy that "hurt" Miriam; this did not appear in the novel, though in both places Miriam's next speech was almost word-for-word the same: "I hope so—because, if not, love might be very terrible." Paul's

answer was exactly the same in both manuscript and printed text: "Yes, but it *is*—at least with most people." The manuscript had contained the explanation, "And, not reading his reservation aright, she was assured." Jessie wrote after this: "Nay—Miriam knew that Paul spoke for his own assurance." In the published version, Lawrence changed his sentence to read, "And Miriam, thinking he had assured himself, felt strong in herself."

In the fuller notes Jessie appended to this chapter, she added:

A sad misinterpretation. This was of the spirit of God, as I lived it and as I gave it to you in my writing. You make of it such a trivial thing: rather pitiful. If it had not been a fine rare robust thing would it ever have lasted till now? You shared in it, at the time. On page 220 Paul stands aloof—in reality he was part of it.

On page 223 Jessie made another, and particularly revealing, objection and explanation. The passage that finally appeared in *Sons and Lovers* describing Paul's weariness at the end of the hike, ended with "Miriam understood, and kept close to him, and he left himself in her hands." In the manuscript, this had read: "But though Miriam's heart was sore for him, she dare say nothing. He would have turned with his imperious: 'I am not more tired than necessary.'" Jessie scratched this out and wrote, "Not true of that time. Miriam, not yet unbalanced by strife, acted in a natural harmonious fashion. It was the incomprehensible conflict that jarred and set her out of tune—throwing her life into extravaganza etc."

Poor Jessie: no wonder that in one of the sections she wrote out at length for Lawrence's use, describing her feelings at about this time, she included the prayer: "O Lord, let me not love Paul Morel: keep me from loving him, O Lord, if I ought not to love him." And after some reflection, she went on: "But, O Lord, if its [*sic*] thy will I should love Paul make me love him—like Christ would. Make me love him splendidly,—because he is thy son." Lawrence incorporated those prayers almost without change (he capitalized the *t* in *Thy* and made a few phrasal and punctuative changes) into the text of *Sons and Lovers*.

In her comments on his manuscript, at least among those which have been preserved, Jessie did not give Lawrence a single word of praise. There are no marginal exclamations of approval, no little notes of reassurance. Perhaps Lawrence understood that the passages Jessie left unmarked she considered good indeed, but all the tangible evidence in the matter is negative. Supposedly, she was encouraging him; his tolerance of criticism must at this time have been enormous in that he received her dissensions apparently without grumbling, and in that he accepted so many of her emendations.

It was not only the love scenes that distressed her as she read his manuscript. She complained of Lawrence's description of a dinner at Miriam's farm, a passage missing from the surviving parts of his manuscript; it appears early in the "Lad-and-Girl Love" chapter of *Sons and Lovers*. There, Lawrence said that Paul loved "the sack-bag that formed the hearth-rug" in the kitchen, and all "the old and battered" furniture. The description made Jessie feel humiliated, as if the novelist's invading eye had discovered a hidden family shame which would be exposed.

Jessie's final comment on the manuscript draft of Chapter IX, "First Love"—in *Sons and Lovers* Chapter VII, "Lad-and-Girl Love"—came at the end of her notes:

A second reading of this chapter confirms my first impression that it is inadequately conceived. Something surely is lacking. It is a sympathetic conception of the situation that is wanted. The facts are there but without interpretation.

If Miriam was able to love so completely [,] that in itself was a miracle: complete love is the final wonder of life. Here it seems to be indulged, laughed at a little as if you were convinced that love, after all, is only weakness. The key-note to this chapter must be an impersonal quality in Miriam. She let herself go with entire freedom into an absorbing love: and therein lies supreme strength—or the capacity for it. The people who cannot love are the people who dare not.

At this stage Paul and Miriam were in sympathy: giving and taking unconsciously. There was no thought of the distinction between body and spirit because each was perfectly pure.

That note of purity must dominate. Miriam never thought of kisses. It was her pride that no constraint of sex came between her and Paul: that was one great delight. *Paul was not more virgin than Miriam.*

This chapter must be white: not smudged with a thought of sex: because at seventeen such things are bound to be rather smudgy.

All that was forced on us from outside—mostly from the strife of your people; because my folk were generous to a fault. Constraint and misery only came with interference from outside; [*dragged in at the back of* crossed out] with all the inexplicable things of sex dragged in train.

Chapter IX stands or falls on Miriam's absolute purity of motive.

Jessie Chambers continually confused life and art. Yet, because she did, she has provided an unusual view of this difficult relationship, of

which her notes and comments give a significant picture—in detail of its important early stages, with some important general comments on the entire course of it.

It was on page 220 of Lawrence's manuscript that Jessie made one of her profoundest comments on the relationship. From behind the mask of "Miriam," in sentences meant for Lawrence's eyes only, she spoke with far greater candor than she did in the book about him she published under disguising initials after his death. But that book was written long after the events, perhaps nearly thirty years after. The note that follows was written only about ten years later than the incidents it refers to; and it was written at a time when Jessie Chambers must have at last realized that she would never really be able to hold the volatile young man she had loved for so long. This increases the poignancy of what she scratched across the lovers' discussion, in the manuscript, about the reciprocity of love:

You see, at that time the balance of strength was on the side of Miriam, so that she had great reserve strength. At this time her love for Paul had not grown beyond herself—not beyond her control. It was not until it became invested with holiness like religion and had behind it the whole force of the "will to live" that the denial of it was terrible to her.

IV

In the autumn of 1902 Lawrence began his career as a teacher. The British School at Eastwood had a vacancy for a pupil-teacher, and the Rev. Robert Reid recommended Lawrence for the post after consulting with his mother. The British School was on Albert Street, in the building where penny readings and concerts were held, adjoining the Congregational chapel.

The pupil-teacher system, which had been in operation since 1846, provided stipends for apprenticed pupil-teachers who acted as instructors in the lower forms and received tutoring themselves from the head of the school. The experiences of Ursula in *The Rainbow* reflect many of Lawrence's own during his time as a pupil-teacher, when he had to control a class which met with other classes in a huge room, with much battling between the groups. Lawrence spoke of his "three years' savage teaching of collier lads," but this was a slip of memory, as if he unconsciously wanted to minimize the ordeal. Actually, at both Eastwood and at Ilkeston, Derbyshire, he spent four school years at this "savage teaching," from the autumn of 1902 to the summer of 1906.

William Hopkin, who first came to know Lawrence well at this period, says that the head of the British School who instructed Lawrence

in that first year, George Holderness, was "just an ordinary school-master." Lawrence was unhappy as a collier's son teaching collier's sons. It was a mistake, Hopkin thought, for Lawrence to teach in Eastwood, where he could not win the respect of his students' parents.

The Education Act of 1902 brought a change in that it centralized teacher training: Lawrence and other apprentices in the Eastwood region, including Jessie Chambers, were in the fall of 1903 drafted to the Pupil-Teacher Centre at Ilkeston. The young people usually went three days a week to this municipal borough about three miles south of Eastwood, just across the Erewash Canal in Derbyshire. They took the train in the morning and often walked back across the fields in the late afternoon. George Neville, who had been teaching in the Greasley Gilt School, joined this group, which was the one now known as the Pagans.

Lawrence and his friends at Ilkeston in 1903 received their training at the Wilmot Street Schoolroom. This was in a Methodist chapel just off Bath Street, the steep main thoroughfare that goes uphill from the railway station to the wide marketplace.

Jessie Chambers spoke of Lawrence's years at Ilkeston, 1903 to 1905, as "very happy" ones, but George Neville has recalled that they were not; Lawrence was merely going through the paces then. His own subsequent statements on the subject do not indicate happiness, particularly his projection of that phase of his life in *The Rainbow*, in which he gave Ursula Brangwen many of his own experiences and reactions. Now it is true that Lawrence based the character of Ursula partly upon a girl he knew at Ilkeston, Louisa Burrows, and that he gave many of her adventures to Ursula; but essentially the Ilkeston chapters of that novel reflect his own vision of the place, of the time, and of the events that took place there.

In *The Rainbow* Lawrence described Ilkeston as "a black, extensive mount"; and the school as "grimy." But the most unpleasant object of all was the headmaster, Thomas Beacroft. Lawrence caricatured him in *The Rainbow* as Mr. Harby, bully and tyrant. Jessie Chambers, determined to take an optimistic view of Lawrence's Ilkeston years, said that he and Beacroft "got on extremely well together," but the evidence of *The Rainbow* is against this, as is the testimony of George Neville, who has said that the teachers at Ilkeston all disliked Beacroft, who was "not a nice character at all." Lawrence, Neville said, "was not happy with him."

He was happier among the Pagans, as they all traveled together, back and forth between Eastwood and Ilkeston. Besides Lawrence and Ada, Richard Pogmore, and the lively Neville (whom Ernest Lawrence had

nicknamed Teufel), and Jessie Chambers and occasionally her brother Alan, the group included the Cooper girls from Lynn Croft, Alice Hall (the Beatrice Wyld of *Sons and Lovers*), and Edith (Kitty) Holderness, daughter of Lawrence's former supervisor at the Eastwood British School. Eventually another girl became a member of the Pagans, one who was some years later to stand for a while between Lawrence and Jessie Chambers. This was the Louisa (Louie) Burrows previously mentioned, who lived at Cossall, a village just outside Ilkeston.

Louisa Burrows, already indicated as one of the prototypes of Ursula in *The Rainbow*, was to be the subject of some of Lawrence's intensest love poems, such as the flagrantly phallic "Snap-Dragon." She was two and a half years younger than Lawrence, having been born in Ilkeston on February 13, 1888. By 1895 her father Alfred Burrows had formed a village carving class which produced the oak reredos in St. Catherine's church at Cossall. Alfred Burrows was the original of Ursula's father in *The Rainbow*, the dreamy, Ruskinized young man who loves Gothic carvings. He and his family lived next to St. Catherine's, in Church Cottage, the honeymoon house in what Lawrence called Cossethay (from another town in the region) in *The Rainbow*. Alfred Burrows had married a Louisa Wheatley of Cossall, who as late as 1847 erected with him a thanksgiving stained-glass window in the south aisle. A further window, of 1849, is dedicated to the memory of Alfred Burrows.

The farm which in *The Rainbow* was the home of most of the Brangwens was Marsh Farm, about half a mile east of Ilkeston and not quite that far north of Cossall. In Lawrence's time it was tenanted by the Fritchleys, a family which had held it for two centuries; Lawrence and Louie Burrows used to visit the old stone farm, which today is derelict save for a few sheds used by an Ilkeston butcher.

At the Burrowses' home, Lawrence became acquainted with a quite different kind of family from his own or Jessie's. His emotional relationship with Louie did not bloom, however, until some years later, after he had left the Pupil-Teacher Centre. In that 1903-1905 period, it was Jessie who primarily claimed his personal attention, along with her brother Alan. The matter may be summed up in three sentences quoted from different paragraphs of the "Lad-and-Girl Love" chapter of *Sons and Lovers*: "Personally, he was a long time before he realized her . . . Edgar was his very close friend . . . But the girl gradually sought him out."

Lawrence's friend and enemy of later life, John Middleton Murry, in pointing out the similarity between Edgar in *Sons and Lovers* and

the young farmer George Saxton in *The White Peacock*, said (in *Son of Woman*), discussing Lawrence's youth, that "for the original of George and Edgar he must have felt something for which the best name is the simple one of love."

Such an emotion at the time of adolescence is neither infrequent nor "unnatural," as the world has learned somewhere between Freud and Kinsey. Murry discussed one scene in particular from *The White Peacock* (Lawrence's first novel), the one in which the young men bathe together in the pond, in the chapter called "A Poem of Friendship." The incident occurred at harvest time, and Murry identified this with the "hay-harvest which Paul and Edgar worked through together in *Sons and Lovers*." Murry, trying to elaborate a highly debatable theory to the effect that Lawrence was a pitiable victim of the Oedipus complex, commented that "what genuine and unhesitating passion there was in Lawrence's life before his mother's death went to a man, not a woman." The entire working out of Lawrence's early love affairs, if not with Louie Burrows at least with Jessie Chambers and the married woman in Eastwood who introduced Lawrence to physical love, disproves Murry's contention. It is true, however, that Lawrence's strong bond with his mother made it difficult at that time for him to create a permanent relationship with a woman; and it is true that Lawrence's friendship with Jessie's brother was a profound one.

In *Sons and Lovers*, Paul in the early stages of his relationship with Miriam "often avoided her and went with Edgar." She and Edgar "were naturally antagonistic. Edgar was a rationalist, who was curious, and had a sort of scientific interest in life." Miriam was embittered "to see herself deserted by Paul for Edgar, who seemed so much lower." Yet Paul and Edgar were happy in one another's company. "The two men spent afternoons together on the land or in the loft doing carpentry, when it rained. And they talked together, or Paul taught Edgar the songs he himself had learned from Annie at the piano."

In the fragment of one of the earlier versions of *Sons and Lovers*—the fragment quoted from in the last chapter—Edgar is mentioned as liking "his friend's wholesale, impetuous manner." The following passage also appears there, though not in the published version of the novel:

Another day, Paul was drawing some pine trees at evening, and Edgar leaned over his shoulder in a protective, affectionate manner. Suddenly Miriam came out. All three were silent, until Paul declared, after screwing up his eyes and staring at the trees:

"A pine-trunk's not a tree-trunk, it's a bit of fire."

"How do you make that out?" asked Edgar, amused.

"Look at that trunk—is it red?"

"Rather," replied the young farmer.

"Does it burn—does it seem to burn?"

"No-o."

"What an awful liar you are! I can feel it burning. I can feel it burning just as the sun burns. Now speak the truth—just let yourself speak the truth for once—does it seem to burn?"

"Well—" the doubt, and a shade of fear, crept into Edgar's voice—"it might—you might think it did."

"There you are," cried Paul. "And what 'ud make you think it did, if it didn't!"

The young farmer laughed uncomfortably, stuck his hands in his pockets, in front of his belt, and went away to work.

Jessie, in looking this over, drew a wavy line under Paul's statement calling Edgar "an awful liar"; she wrote, "Paul was fifteen—Edgar nineteen!" But with two young men on terms of such intimacy, this accusation, obviously playful, would not have been out of place even in that historical epoch of "respect for one's elders."

These friendship passages between the Lawrence hero and another male, not only in earlier but also in some of the later novels, have caused a raising of eyebrows but, despite all innuendos, Lawrence does not seem to have been a homosexual; certainly no one spoke out on sexual matters more boldly and clearly, and there is no passage in his works in which he writes approvingly of *sexual* relations between men—that is, of sexual gratification in such a union. Indeed, he writes disapprovingly of such things.

This may seem contradictory because of passages in Lawrence's fiction such as the bathing scene in *The White Peacock* and the wrestling scene in *Women in Love*. Perhaps the matter is best explained in Catherine Carswell's *The Savage Pilgrimage*, in which she reports, "I have heard Lawrence say that sexual perversion was for him 'the sin against the Holy Ghost,' the hopeless sin. But he cherished the deep longing to see revived a communion between man and man that should not lack its physical symbols. He even held that our modern denial of this communion in all but idea was the cause of our modern perversions." He believed further that the recovery of "true potency" and the restoration of "health and happiness between man and woman" depended upon "a renewal of the sacredness between man and man."

This is imbued with the mysticism of the later Lawrence, which is difficult to simplify and bring into everyday terms. The truest understanding of it is not a matter of rational interpretation, but rather of a merging into the full reading experience Lawrence provides—toward

which a book such as the present can only point. The subject now under discussion is an important one, however, in any consideration of Lawrence, who was not merely writing novels and stories and poems; he was often, through them, recommending a way of life; and to understand what he was recommending is part of the necessary evaluation of his works.

As previously suggested, the physical contact in the "friendship scenes" did not necessarily mean a sexual contact. (To Lawrence, touch was important: a man always quiveringly sensitive, with projecting nerves, he entered into the understanding of things by touching them. Consider Birkin in *Women in Love*. After his mistress has nearly murdered him—he escapes with a blow on the head—he goes out to a wooded hill and strips himself naked, lying on the earth amid flowers and thorns and the roots of trees: "It was such a fine, cool, subtle touch all over him, he seemed to saturate himself with their contact." Now the majority of people might not want to have so tangible a communion with nature (though the popular sport of swimming is for many an equivalent of this); but because Lawrence wanted such a communion, he could express nature all the more palpably in his writings, through which it projects with such vital realness. His vision is not more keen and sharp than his tactile sense: and in the most primary meaning of the word, his writings *touch* the reader.)

Lawrence dealt with another aspect of the subject of homosexuality in a letter to Bertrand Russell in 1915, a letter in which he expressed his repugnance to sodomy. (The true human relationship, Lawrence said, was one of discovery; regrettably, most modern men did not seek a woman in order to challenge the unknown and thus enter into a new creative relationship, but rather they wanted to repeat with her an already known sensation, a familiar reaction.) This led toward sodomy in the modern world: "The man goes to the man to repeat this reaction upon himself. It is a near form of masturbation [*sic*]. But it still has some *object*—there are still two bodies instead of one. A man of strong soul has too much honour for the other body—man or woman—to use it as a means of masturbation. So he remains neutral, inactive . . . Sodomy only means a man knows he is chained to the rock, so he will try to get the finest possible sensation out of himself." Lawrence went on to say that this condition occurs "whenever the form of any living becomes too strong for the life within it: the clothes are more important than the man: therefore the man must get his satisfaction beneath the clothes."

Beyond moral considerations, still another part of the problem re-

mains for discussion: what might be called its psychological aspect. The clinical view of Lawrence as a life-long victim of the Oedipus complex, with all conventional outcroppings of that affliction, homosexuality and all, is easily dismissed. Murry, in his autobiography, five years after *Son of Woman*, explained that he was not at all trying to attribute to Lawrence "what is generally understood by the word homosexuality." As to the so-called Oedipus complex, the idea of its persisting with Lawrence has been convincingly dismissed by a man whose perspective was not joggled because he knew Lawrence. (This critic is the Anglican priest who under the pseudonym of Father William Tiverton wrote one of the few penetrating books on Lawrence (*D. H. Lawrence and Human Existence*, 1851), in which he pointed out that "writers on Lawrence have . . . much exaggerated his Oedipus complex." For, after he had shaken off his mother-attachment by writing *Sons and Lovers*, he grew "into a separate existence which cannot be interpreted in terms of Mrs. Lawrence." If the attachment had survived, it would have appeared obsessively in the later works, but they only occasionally contain a faint echo of such a relationship.

Psychologically, however, there is still another way of looking at the problem under discussion: in Lawrence's celebrations of maleness, he may have been forever the frail boy ("mardarse") seeking a wish-fulfillment of strength. This was not compensation by identification—that is, Lawrence writing as from the point of view of physical giant-hood, and by a process of introjection "becoming" the admired strong-man—no, rather Lawrence could, in this hypothesis, keep his own identity intact and yet mingle as it were with the strong, take strength from them. As Cipriano, the brilliant but small-statured general in *The Plumed Serpent*, Lawrence could dream himself into an ideal leadership-friendship with the physically powerful Don Ramón, the ritual of whose new religion included a physical—again, *not* sexual—contact between men. Also, in the wrestling scene in *Women in Love*, the spare and wiry Rupert Birkin astonished Gerald Crich with his jujitsu and his general quickness and agility. Now all this is only a suggested possibility: the suggestion does not carry with it any idea that the process was at all conscious, or was even of the type of unconscious activity motivated by a dominant obsession.

This discussion has for a moment seemed to swing away from Eastwood; yet it has actually attempted to deepen the view of that setting, for it has shown what might have grown, or might not have grown, out of Eastwood. And the most important conclusion is that all trails

to Eastwood lead to Jessie Chambers and to a married woman with whom Lawrence later had a love affair.

Lawrence may have had a strong friendship with Jessie's brother; but it evidently did not last, though what was between Lawrence and Jessie lasted for a long time. He drew beyond her, detached himself from most of the remnants of their relationship; she was able to accomplish such a break-away only to a limited extent. And it must be stated in Jessie's behalf that she thought she had a legitimate grievance over *Sons and Lovers*. She felt that it represented only a biased version of the story rather than what she felt was the everyday truth of the history of that painful love affair. Indeed, commentators looking for clues to the truth of that relationship have to tread warily between the jagged edges of the conflicting assertions. Jessie in her memoir included only the parts of Lawrence's letters that fitted in with her thesis that he had mistreated her; the rest of his correspondence she destroyed before her death, according to a letter (January 6, 1851) from John R. Wood, whom she had married in 1815: "My late wife destroyed (burnt) the correspondence." The commentators in quest of the truth are entitled not only to censure Jessie Chambers for destroying significant literary documents, but also for placing herself under suspicion by putting such important evidence, which may not have been favorable to her side, forever out of reach.

But that was the deed of an embittered older woman. Jessie had by then passed far beyond the hopeful farm girl who would, in her upstairs bedroom above the stable, wait on summer afternoons to hear the click of the chain at the gate when Lawrence arrived, wheeling his bicycle into the farmyard. As she recalled the whole experience later, one of her brightest pictures of him was at Ilkeston, when she saw him one day studying at a table. She noticed at once his "difference," his fine features, his intensity, his vitality, his sensitiveness, and a special "quality of lightness about him, something that seemed to shine from within. He and I were beginning to be aware of this difference, and it made a common ground between us. We didn't speak of it, but it was there, a point of attraction."

At the moment Jessie had this "revelation," Lawrence was studying for one of the important examinations he took at Ilkeston. There were two of these, the King's Scholarship and the London Matriculation. The headmaster whom he disliked, Thomas Beacroft, coached him for them—whatever Beacroft's faults, he knew how to pick a winner. And Lawrence felt he had assured himself of a good academic future when, in the King's Scholarship examination of December 1904, he came out

first in all England and Wales. After that he was, as he later recalled, "considered clever."

Before taking the matriculation examination for training college, however, he still had six months of his apprenticeship to finish. By this time the Pupil-Teacher Centre had moved uphill to new quarters above the library in the marketplace at the top of Bath Street. The unlikable Beacroft moved along with the institution, and again he coached the prize student who detested him.

In June 1905 Lawrence sat for the London Matriculation examination, in Nottingham. George Lawrence has recalled that his mother also came over at this time. Whether this made Bert Lawrence nervous or whether he suffered from the fatigues of the end of another school year of pupil-teaching, he did not distinguish himself as he had in the previous examination. He was bracketed in the second division.

He was eligible, however, for admission to the University College. But he could not use his scholarship grant because he lacked the twenty pounds for the advance fees.

Again his mother set her teeth: her son must have his chance. He would wait a year, go on teaching and save his money, and the family would make further sacrifices. As Jessie Chambers recalled, "For the next year Lawrence taught as an uncertificated teacher in the British School in Eastwood, saving most of his earnings towards his college expenses. It was during this year that he began the writing of what eventually became *The White Peacock*."

Lawrence had tried drawing and painting before he took up writing. He started by copying illustrations from magazines. He had lessons from a relative of Lord Leighton, George Leighton Parkinson, creator of ornamented pottery at a Langley Mill factory. He later said he had been "thoroughly drilled in 'drawing,' the solid-geometry sort, and the plaster-cast sort, and the pin-wire sort." He felt that only the geometrical, "with all the elementary laws of perspective," helped him; the other methods were harmful.

He did not seriously begin painting till the last years of his life, though he had always daubed away in spare moments: today, in places Lawrence stayed in England, America, and Italy, people show mild little water-colors and say, "Here's something Lawrence did while he was here. . . ."

In his youth, he did not find painting from nature "very thrilling": then nature had a plaster-cast look to him. He concentrated on copying reproductions, quiet landscapes by Corot, Brangwyn, and Greiffen-

hagen. He added nothing of his own: there is in these replicas no suggestion of the vibrant, pulsing landscapes of his later prose and painting. Yet in those early attempts he was training his eye, developing his vision; and his writing of all types has qualities of painting.

Another important early influence on his writing was, of course, literature itself. His reading of literature in school was complemented by the books he read with Jessie Chambers, in the fields near the Hags or in the little kitchen there, or in the parlor at Walker Street or Lynn Croft when the other members of his family were out. The Lawrences had what they regarded as a literary treasure, a set of large, green volumes of the world's literature which Ernest had bought. And the Chamberses were a family interested in literature, in vocal interpretations of it; as a little girl, before Jessie learned to read, she used to listen to her father on Saturday afternoons reading to her mother the installments of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* as they appeared in the *Nottinghamshire Guardian*. After Lawrence became a friend of the family, he organized play readings, over which he became "excited" and "domineering," though the Chamberses "knew him too well to take offense." But Mrs. Chambers worried over Lawrence's outbursts against Congregational ministers: J. D. Chambers, her youngest son, recalled in a recent B.B.C. broadcast that Lawrence had early "declared in favour of a sceptical materialism and carried my eldest brother [Alan] with him."

Early in their acquaintance-ship, Lawrence brought Jessie *Little Women*, the kind of novel that he would later despise as sentimental. But in those days he saw himself and Jessie as Laurie and Jo. In poetry, he read her *Hiawatha* and *Evangeline*, though she shared his enthusiasm for neither; and *Launcelot and Elaine*, which she found "revolting." Later, Lawrence owned a small red-bound copy of *The Golden Treasury* which he carried in his pocket to read from when they sat together on a hillside.

They read the adventure novels of the day, *The Prisoner of Zenda* and the romances of Rider Haggard, and climbed to the somewhat higher level of Stevenson and Cooper. The setting of *Lorna Doone* they transplanted from Devonshire to the nearby Annesley hills, which they now saw peopled with Doones, and they rechristened part of the local woodlands Bagworthy Forest. In their early association, Jessie and Lawrence soon agreed that their favorite was Dickens—Lawrence half-humorously seemed to identify himself with David Copperfield—particularly *Bleak House* and *Dombey and Son*: "And to say that we read the books gives no adequate idea of what really happened," Jessie

wrote. "It was the entering into possession of a new world, a widening and enlargement of life."

Certainly it was valuable training for a future novelist to read Shakespeare and the English lyric poets and novelists, to read them in that legendary countryside of broken forest where the old England of the agricultural past met the grimmer England of the rising industrial smoke—to read those books in the company of an imaginative girl who could see them as living parts of the surrounding life, making the country of those books the local scene, and their people its inhabitants.

In all this, George Eliot was of special value, for she wrote of Derbyshire. Jane Austen had done so too, in parts of *Pride and Prejudice*, and Charlotte Brontë in scenes of *Jane Eyre*, but they had not touched the land and its people so intimately as George Eliot had in locating *Adam Bede* in Wirksworth. Even when not centering her stories in Derbyshire, George Eliot wrote of the kind of people found there, and Lawrence particularly liked *The Mill on the Floss*. When he protested against Maggie's marriage to the crippled Philip—"It's wrong, wrong"—Lawrence was expressing a thought he would one day shape into a fable that he hoped would help give a shock-cure to the sick modern world—*Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

When Lawrence was a young man he of course knew that literature, valuable as it might be in the education of a novelist, could be only secondary to what he picked up directly from life. His personal experiences, both of living and reading, have been rather closely followed here, and a good deal has been said of the life of his village and his region. Now it is time for a further exploration of these last two elements, for at the moment Lawrence became aware that writing was his destiny, he also became aware that his subject matter lay in his village and his region. It was only much later that he visited and wrote of far-off places. In his youth his only conceivable subject was Nottinghamshire.

It was fortunate for Lawrence that at this time he came to know well a man who could tell him much about Nottinghamshire: William Hopkin. Actually, it was Hopkin's wife Sallic who was Lawrence's particular friend; he often formed close friendships, in his youth, with middle-aged women, as he had with Jessie's mother and with Miss Wright, governess of the Cullen family; and now one began with Mrs. Hopkin. He was frequently at the Hopkins' home on Devonshire Drive, a fairly new street south of the Nottingham Road and parallel to it; Lawrence had the Brangwens settle in this street in *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, where Eastwood is called Beldover and the street, Somerset Drive.

Lawrence in 1919 made Hopkin the Willie Houghton of his play, *Touch and Go*. The portrait of this Jack Cade-like agitator is extremely life-like; Lawrence from long association with Hopkin knew all his thoughts and his tricks of speech. In another place, Lawrence gave another picture of him, and of Mrs. Hopkin as well. This was in the story Lawrence wrote a year or so after the play, the unfinished novel, *Mr. Noon*. In this, the Hopkins were the Lewis Goddards. Mrs. Goddard "was a woman of about forty, stoutish, with her very glossy brown hair coiled on her head." Her husband "was handsome, with a high forehead and a small beard; a socialist; something like Shakespeare's bust to look at, but more refined . . . He was a pure idealist, something of a Christ, but with an intruding touch of the goat. His eyelids dropped oddly, goat-like." Again Lawrence had wonderfully caught the man, the mixture of animal and idealist, in a living portrait.

Hopkin was a devoted hiker, who for the last fifty-three years of his life contributed weekly "Rambling Notes" to the *Eastwood and Kimberley Advertiser*. He and the young Lawrence often went walking together. In his BBC broadcast in 1949, Hopkin recalled, "It was a delight to go rambling with him . . . Even as a youth he seemed to see things differently from other folk, and his descriptions were often unusual but illuminating." If Lawrence could increase Hopkin's awareness of the natural aspects of the landscapes they passed through, Hopkin could reciprocate by deepening Lawrence's understanding of the human history of the region.

Hopkin, born in 1862, had been a socialist from his youth. When he made his first speech in Eastwood marketplace, he was pelted with rotten oranges, but he later served on the Eastwood Urban District Council for forty-five years, became a magistrate and a member of the County Council and later an alderman on the council, with membership in thirty-six committees in 1851, the year of his death.

This perky little radical, son of the local postmaster, had been a colliery clerk and then a cobbler and finally became proprietor of a boot shop. He filled Lawrence's ears with local lore, not only stories of the colliers and the farmers, but also historic bits of Eastwood's past, including the famous cave-in story that the eighteenth-century antiquarian, Throsby, recorded in his revision of Thoroton's earlier *History of Nottinghamshire*:

A remarkable circumstance happened here [Eastwood], about eleven years since, by the sinking of an old coal-mine. A farmer, refreshing himself in a room of a public house, ordered the landlord to fill him a cup of ale; but, to the surprise of the host, when

he returned, he found the farmer lying on his back, with his arms extended, holding his knife and fork in his hands, and the table overthrown, both jumbled together in a sunken part of the floor, and he expecting every moment to be swallowed up by an Earthquake. At the same time some bays of buildings, in the yard, fell down, in which were some horses; but providentially none of them were hurt.

And there was much else that Hopkin knew, or that Lawrence may have read himself, in Thoroton's *Antiquities*, of 1677; the description, for example, of the terrain just north of Eastwood, the valley that lay below Haggs Farm, to the east of it. There, a fine, many-gabled "modern" house of brick had been built amid the ruins of the twelfth-century Felley Priory, just half a mile north of that Felley Mill which Lawrence made one of the principal settings (as Strelley Mill) of *The White Peacock*. Thoroton had collected, among his *Antiquities*, the following from Tudor days:

The House and Site of the Priory and Monastery of the blessed Mary of *Felley*, and all the Messauges, Houses, Orchards, Gardens, Lands, and Tenements, within and without the said Site in *Felley* and *Annesley* . . . also one Mess, one Barn, one Water-Mill called *Felley* Mill, and two parcels of Meadow, etc., Sept. 1. 30 H. 8 [i.e., September 1, 1540] were granted to *William Bolles*, and *Lucy* his wife.

Felley Mill appears in the opening pages of *The White Peacock*, whose first sentence speaks of the mill pond there. Page three describes the farm house by the mill, and this also appears in *Sons and Lovers* and other stories. And Jessie's farm, the Haggs, and the fields below it that stretch out to Felley Mill—Greasley Haggs—appear in the records of the far past, where the word *Haggs* apparently meant a cutting in a woodland. Also, that wood next to the farm, Willey Spring, and Willey Lane, where Lawrence used to push his bicycle uphill on his way to the Haggs, past Willeywood Farm and the disused quarry that appears in *The White Peacock*—all these Willeys appear in the old records, too, Haia de Willeg' in 1212, with variant spellings through the Middle Ages, the original name apparently "a compound of *welig*, *wilig*, and *leah*, 'willow clearing'" (Gover et al., *The Place-Names of Nottinghamshire*, Cambridge, 1840).

The Willey Hay region was the site of a previously mentioned priory, Beauvale, the last to be established in the county. A reference to it in the sixteenth century is of sufficient importance, nationally, to earn

for Beauvale a paragraph or so in most English histories of any size. This little Carthusian priory figures in all accounts of British martyrdom, for in 1535 its prior and former prior were put to death for resisting Henry VIII's breaking up of the monasteries. The prior at the time of this trouble was named Lawrence, but there is no traceable connection between him and D. H. Lawrence. That D. H. Lawrence as a youth knew that a previous Eastwood man of the same surname was noted for stubbornly independent thought is highly probable. He would not have learned it, however, from a local history by a local clergyman, published in Nottingham in 1901. *Griseleia in Snotingscire*, advertised as "an Illustrated History from the Earliest Times and from Reliable Sources," mentioned the martyrdom incident and the name of John Houghton, but not that of Robert Lawrence. We may assume that D. H. Lawrence read this volume "by Rodolph von Hube, Vicar of Greasley" because he twitted it in *The Rainbow* and ascribed its authorship to one of his minor characters. In speaking there of what he called *The History of the Parish of Briswell*, "by Rudolph, Baron Skrebensky, Vicar of Briswell," Lawrence characterized it as "a curious book, incoherent, full of interesting exhumations." And that was a fine, brief review of that scramble of history, anecdote, and sycophancy to the vicar's leading parishioners. The book is highly valuable today, however, to students of Lawrence and the Lawrence Country. Its pictures of the entire region, and of people who appear as characters in Lawrence's novels, make *Griseleia in Snotingscire*—particularly because of its scarcity—an extremely interesting item for collectors.

Lawrence, the friend of the rival antiquarian Willie Hopkin, disliked von Hube, and besides poking fun at him in *The Rainbow*, caricatured him in his play *The Merry-Go-Round* as Baron Rudolph von Ruge, Vicar of Grunston, where von Hube was dealt with at far greater length than in the novel. Lawrence tried, in *The Merry-Go-Round*, and tried without much success, to write a lively little folk comedy; the Baron and his wife figure as the terrors of Lovers' Lane, who go out at night and whack the shrubbery with cane and umbrella, to discourage spooning couples.

The actual von Hube claimed to be a Polish patriot whose revolutionary activities had exploded him out of his own country. Lawrence always doubted his stories and his "I was a baron in my country!" Hopkin remembered von Hube as "a rum bloke who wouldn't bury anyone after four in the afternoon." Once a body arrived late—at half-past four—because of slippery roads, and von Hube refused to conduct the burial service till next day. The men who had brought the coffin took

it out of their cart and propped it against the door of the vicarage, saying loudly, "So we'll leave the old booger 'ere till morning"—at which the baron popped out at once to attend to the burial.

Hopkin remembered another well-known story about von Hube, which he also insisted was true. The vicar, after a dinner with the Barbers at Lamb Close House on a foggy night, set off across the fields for Greasley. He had been imbibing and he lost his way, wandering into Moorgreen Reservoir up to his knees. He began to cry out, "Lost! Lost!" Two passing colliers who heard him said, "Oh, 'e's not wanted till Sunday," and walked on. The people at Lamb Close finally responded to the alarm, rescued von Hube, and sent the pony cart to take him home.

Lawrence, living amid all these folk-anecdotes and characters, filled his mind with them, unconsciously absorbing material for use in the future. Even local names became important to him; he drew upon many of them for his Nottinghamshire novels and stories, and upon some of them for fiction with settings elsewhere.

Nottinghamshire directories of the go's show the Eastwood region at that time filled with names he used in his stories: Barlow, Chatterley, Leivers, Mellors, Bricknell, Sisson, Attenborough, Houghton, Bircumshaw, Crich, Annable, Birkin, Millership, Parkin, and other names familiar in Lawrence's fiction were the butchers, drapers, farmers, tailors, beer retailers, and plain villagers of the Eastwood area. He knew them well, personally. Jessie Chambers recalled that in his youth he was even employed in Eastwood, that he once made out bills for a pork butcher whom Hopkin, on being asked, identified as Charles Barker, whose shop was on the Nottingham Road.

All these are particulars, small facts subsidiary to the main fact of Lawrence's achievement. Different circumstances, in a different locale, would have changed at least the surface of what he wrote, might even have made him different as a human being and hence as a writer. Such matters are for guesswork: perhaps Eastwood was the best crucible of all for the maturing of the vision that was exactly his.

Jessie remembered the night he came to tell her what he would do: "It will be *poetry*." When he said that people would think it silly for a collier's son to want to write poems, Jessie reassured him: "What does your father's occupation matter?" Another time, Lawrence told her there could never be a new Shakespeare; he was the product of an age that was integrated: "Things are split up now." On another occasion, Lawrence showed Jessie he appreciated her encouragement; he earnestly told her, "Every great man—every man who achieves any

thing, I mean—is founded in some woman. Why shouldn't *you* be the woman I am founded in?"

Lawrence years later said he remembered "the slightly self-conscious afternoon, when I was nineteen, and I 'composed' my first two 'poems.' One was to 'Guelder-roses,' and one to 'Champions,' and most young ladies would have done better: at least I hope so. But I thought the effusions very nice, and so did Miriam." Miriam-Jessie "encouraged my demon. But alas, it was me, not he, whom she loved. So for her too it was a catastrophe. My demon is not easily loved: whereas the ordinary me is. So poor Miriam was let down. Yet in a sense she let down my demon, till he howled."

And Lawrence also began to write prose. In the spring of that last teaching year at Eastwood, when he started a novel, he suggested that Jessie attempt one too; they could compare notes. "The usual plan," he told her, "is to take two couples and develop their relationships. Most of George Eliot's are on that plan. Anyhow, I don't want a plot, I should be bored with it. I shall try two couples for a start."

At Whitsuntide, 1906, he brought the first pages to Jessie. She was interested to discover that his setting was Felley Mill. And, as time passed and he gave her more and more pages—secretly—she noted how he would weave the events of their daily lives into the story. Jessie's mother showed him an old kettle she had discovered in the woods, in which a robin had made a nest, and soon Jessie found this described in the manuscript.

Once Lawrence told her he was afraid the story would be a mosaic. His day was broken up—in the morning when he wanted to write, he had to go out and teach school on Albert Street. "And when you've done the day's teaching all your brightness has gone. By the time I get back to the writing I'm another man. I don't see how there can be any continuity about it. It will have to be a mosaic, a mosaic of moods."

It took him four years to write that book.

V

That school year of 1905-1906, when Lawrence was trying to save money for college, was a harsh year, economically, for his family. The couch in the parlor needed upholstering, but because Mrs. Lawrence felt they could not afford to send it out, her son Bert and George Neville undertook the work. George Neville recalled that at that time Mrs. Lawrence wept one Friday when her husband brought home only fourteen shillings, five and a half pence for his week's wages. He had worked hard, but "things were bad" at the pits. Bert Lawrence

had a new flannel suit and the first time he wore it, his father said, "Is it paid for?"—and Bert slammed out of the house.

Meantime, besides working on his novel, Lawrence continued to write poems. That the first two he attempted—"To Guelder-roses" and "*To Campions*"—were botanical is not surprising. Of the poems he preserved, "*The Wild Common*" is perhaps the earliest; and its opening lines are, in a sense, botanical—"The quick sparks on the gorse bushes are leaping, / Little jets of sunlight-texture imitating flame"—but not in any textbook way; Lawrence already could bring a landscape to life with a touch of his quick pen. The early poems were often crude in form, content, and phrasing, and many of them were struggling almost fatally to free themselves from their influences and become a bold, new-patterned idiom; yet for all their faults most of these early poems have the quality of those first two lines of "*The Wild Common*," the quality Lawrence would later designate as "quickness." The eye of the painter is there, but also the eye of the poet, catching not only the image but the movement of it; and Lawrence's work always had this kinetic touch.

His poetry was ahead of his prose. The poetry, although formed somewhat after that of the Pre-Raphaelites, with Hardy and Verlaine mixed in, and Whitman strongly intruding a bit later, had nevertheless a distinct Lawrencean intonation from the first; it was an individual, recognizable voice speaking. Within a few years the leading literary magazines published some of these Eastwood poems of Lawrence, and Ezra Pound immediately recognized their modernness; he wrote to Harriet Monroe, speaking of Lawrence, "I think he learned the proper treatment of modern subjects before I did."

Jessie, the constant companion and often the subject of these early poems, accompanied Lawrence and his mother on part of their seaside holiday in the summer of 1906, to Marblethorpe on the Lincolnshire coast. There one afternoon, Lawrence subjected Jessie to a cruel interview that some years later, along with a discussion held the preceding Easter, she wrote down for him as a narrative, in her suggestions for *Sons and Lovers*. It appears there with some descriptive and dramatic improvements, in the "Defeat of Miriam" chapter, the sequence in which Paul tells Miriam they had better see one another less frequently since they are not engaged and, in any event, not truly in love.

Jessie said in her memoir that she realized at this point "that life was completely changed." What hurt her most was Lawrence's statement that he could never love her as a husband should love his wife. The great bond of sympathy could no longer exist between them as it

had in the past. Lawrence, in a letter to her five years afterward, said that their painful conversation that Easter time had been "the slaughter of the foetus in the womb."

In the spring of that same year of 1906, another local couple had given the local gossips a juicy morsel—the girl in the case was "in trouble." The boy was a good friend of the Lawrences'. Jessie remembered the evening that Ada Lawrence came twittering up to the farm with news of the "deep disgrace." The next evening, Lawrence discussed the matter gravely with Jessie. His mother had made Victorian use of the occasion to point out how terrible the consequences could be "of only five minutes' self-forgetfulness." Lawrence thanked God that so far he had been spared "that."

Lawrence referred to the matter some years afterward in a letter (1912) to Edward Garnett, in which he sounded considerably less tortured about the matter. Indeed, he put some of the characters and events into the folk-comedy *The Married Man*, also written in that year 1912, and again into his short novel, *Mr. Noon*, written in 1920 and like the play not published until after his death. In his letter to Garnett, Lawrence said "the girl was only nineteen, and he only twenty. Her father, a great Christian, turned her out." Lawrence's friend refused to acknowledge the child, "but had to pay, whether or not." Later, when the girl wanted to marry a collier, she appeared at the house of Lawrence's friend and demanded that his parents acknowledge their granddaughter: "Who's the father of that?" The old lady cried out proudly, "Eh bless her, it's just like him," and her husband said, "Well, Lizzic, if our George-Henry says it isn't his'n he's a liar. It's the spit and image of him." Lawrence said that although the end of the story was "lovely," its "beginning was damnable."

Although he could take an amused view of his friend's troubles years later and could reflect those troubles in little comedies, Lawrence found sex difficulties not so amusing when he was younger. After the discussion of intentions with Jessie, he found sex more of a burden than ever. And each time he warmed to Jessie, seemed to find her attractive, his mother tried to chill that feeling. On that August 1906 holiday at Marblethorpe, when Lawrence's eyes glowed as Jessie on a windy morning used a broad silk scarf to tie her hat, she asked whether the scarf suited her, and Lawrence passed the question on to his mother, who gave Jessie "a bitter glance, and turned away, and the light died out of Lawrence's face."

That evening, Lawrence burst out against Jessie, upbraiding her in-

coherently, as they walked along the coast waiting for the moon to rise. Jessie said "he appeared to be in great distress of mind, and possibly also of body." When she told him she was not to blame for whatever he seemed to be blaming her, he then began to scold himself. "This scene was repeated with increasing intensity on two successive occasions when I spent my annual holiday with the Lawrences and their friends"—at Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire, in 1907, and at Flamborough, Yorkshire, in 1908.

But in many ways the holidays were pleasant. Jessie remembered gay walks across the grassy sand at Marblethorpe. Once, when Lawrence's father went with them—and had a can of ale at Susannah Stone's thatched cottage while the younger people drank ginger beer—they saw a windmill at work, with the great sails swinging, and Lawrence and Jessie thought of Gerard in *The Cloister and the Hearth*. They "found watercress growing in a brook, and Lawrence and his father gleefully gathered some to take home for tea. Words cannot convey Lawrence's brimming delight in all these simple things."

Lawrence and his mother stayed at Marblethorpe for two weeks, but Jessie could afford only one. She returned to Eastwood with Lawrence's father, who sat in the train "staring dimly" at the passing landscape. He "seemed almost old and inarticulate." At the end of the trip he helped her "in a kindly way" with her bag. She wondered whether he knew that, as she looked back over the pain and happiness of her week's holiday, her first at the seashore, that she had difficulty in holding back her tears.

In September 1906, the month in which he turned twenty-one, Lawrence entered the Nottingham University College.

This was not the institution that now stands in University Park, on the southwestern outskirts of the city, built in 1828 (Lawrence noted the occasion in a mean little poem) by his grandfather's old enemy, Jesse Boot, later Lord Trent. The old University College of Lawrence's time, on Shakespeare Street near Victoria Station, is an imitation-Gothic product of 1881, now the technical college of the University and the Nottingham Free Library. In *The Rainbow*, Lawrence described it as he saw it in his youth: "The big college built of stone, standing in the quiet street, with a rim of grass and limetrees all so peaceful," seemed "a remote magic land" to his heroine Ursula, as it must have seemed to him. "Its architecture was foolish," an uninspired copy of another age, "still it was different from that of all other buildings. . . .

Amorphous as it might be, there was in it a reminiscence of the wondrous, cloistral origin of education."

Like Ursula, Lawrence was soon disappointed in the school. Their careers differed in one important respect, however, for Lawrence took the teacher's certificate course and Ursula took the degree course. As Hedley Pickbourne, Registrar of the University, explained the difference in a letter of August 18, 1849,

students admitted to the Teachers' Training Department at that time fell into two categories—those who followed courses of lectures leading to an external degree examination of the University of London in Arts or Pure Science and those taking the two-year course for the Board of Education Teacher's Certificate examination. The former selected their subjects in accordance with the Degree regulations of the University of London; the latter took the usual subjects for the Teacher's Certificate and were, I believe, allowed to take one or two additional optional subjects. Lawrence came within the latter group and appears to have offered French and Botany as optional subjects. He did not read for a degree.

He had intended to do so during his first term. But he was happy, Jessie Chambers recalled, to abandon the degree course; he could take the ordinary course and have more time to spend on his writing. He went on with *The White Pearl*, which he at that time intended to call *Nethermere*. As Jessie Chambers remembered the first draft of that first novel, its hero, George, was a noble young farmer who in that version married a Lettie who was beyond him socially; she had gone through a reductive process by letting a young man of even higher social standing seduce her. Jessie thought the story thickly sentimentalized, though she found the atmosphere "alive." Mrs. Lawrence's comment on the manuscript at this stage was made to Jessie, "in a pained voice," at Robin Hood's Bay during the summer holiday of 1907: "To think that *my* son should have written such a story." The seduction of Lettie had upset her. Lawrence was already having troubles with censorship.

As he went on writing the novel during the next few years he turned it into an idealization of his own family circumstances. The countryside around Eastwood provided the landscape, but without the mines; they appeared only occasionally and distantly. The father of the family did not disturb his wife and his Bert-like son and Ada-like daughter: the father was a derelict who made only a sad, quiet, occa-

sional appearance; and he died conveniently early in the story. The mother (called Mrs. Beardsall) showed only the sweeter side of Mrs. Lawrence.

But in projecting his family into a happier situation, Lawrence did not turn away altogether from the grinness he had seen in life. The portrait of George Saxton—like Edgar in *Sons and Lovers* apparently modeled after Alan Chambers—was a vital one; Lawrence showed a mature skill in depicting George's slow dégradation. Much of *The White Peacock* has a kind of nice-nellyism about it, of the kind that Lawrence later despised; but the truth-speaker that was always in him required the inclusion of the incisive Annable, the gamekeeper. This man, particularly in his relation to the young couples in the story, had probably been suggested by the voluble gamekeeper Tregarva in Kingsley's *Yeast*; and in Lawrence's own writing, Annable was the ancestor of the gamekeeper Mellors in Lawrence's last novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Mellors would have Lawrence's philosophy behind him, as it had developed over the years, but the bitter-speaking Annable foreshadowed much of it.

As the story progressed, the central feminine character, Lettie, grew far beyond the character of Ada who was in life a staid and conventional person: Lettie in the book was flirtatious and even destructive, a white peacock of vanity. The man she married instead of George, as in the earlier version, was Leslie Tempest, who lived and brought her to live in Lamb Close, here called Highclose. Leslie was the first of Lawrence's portraits of young squires; this one was thin and not so highly individualized as the later portraits. George's sister Emily foreshadowed, rather pallidly, Miriam of *Sons and Lovers*.

These were the ingredients of the story, whose principal charm remains the landscape pictures of the Eastwood region, which Lawrence invested with a morning-light quality. His prose in this book was simple, with none of the "special effects" of his later work: the essential Lawrence rhythm, the daring but invariably "right" images, above all the element of incantation that characterized Lawrence's later prose.

While Lawrence was writing this book, which was to be accepted by the first publisher who saw it, he was also writing class exercises at college. And, like the geniuses of tradition, he was not always successful with classroom compositions. He was extremely annoyed by one of the women who taught English; she returned his essays heavily cross-marked with corrections in red. And one of the male teachers also angered him by censoring the use of the word *stallion* in one of his essays. "My boy, that's a word we don't use," he told Lawrence, the fu-

ture author of *St. Mawr*, that classic of stallion worship. And the rejection of a poem he had submitted to the school magazine irritated Lawrence. He later published this poem, "Study," in *Amores*, and in the *Collected Poems* with only minuscule changes.

At Nottingham, the professor who was head of the Normal Department—Amos Henderson—presided over a students' hostel, with the help of his wife, at Mapperley Hall. His specialty was mathematics, and his hobby was music, a subject in which he helped increase Lawrence's interest. Lawrence thought him timid and ineffectual, however well-meaning, but he liked and admired the principal of the college, the Reverend John E. Symes. Principal Symes had joined the staff of University College in 1881, at the age of thirty-one, ten years after taking his M.A. degree at Cambridge. He was noted for his "advanced" views on religious and social questions; and although his specialty was literature, Principal Symes wrote a volume entitled *Political Economy*, another called *A Companion to English History*, and various others on different subjects. He was dismissed in 1911 on grounds of administrative incompetence, though he had long been in trouble in Nottingham, for lecturing on Henry George and for inviting William Morris to speak for himself.

Lawrence's attitude toward most of Symes's staff was one of cynicism. He resented the sharp observation of one instructor, "Botany" Smith, to the effect that Lawrence was obsessed with ideas rather than possessed with them. He apparently admired the head of the Department of Modern Languages, Professor Ernest Weekley. So obviously a gentleman himself, Weekley was, Lawrence felt, merely sarcastic when he addressed the provincial students as "gentlemen." Lawrence, however, did not become acquainted with Professor Weekley, a man twenty years older than himself, and at this period he was not invited to tea at the professor's home.

During Lawrence's college years, he and Jessie continued reading together. They began French with simple stories, then read Loti, Balzac, and Flaubert. Lawrence in his enthusiasm for *La Peau de Chagrin* described it to the Chamberses; Jessie felt the story's symbolism "seemed to oppress him." He had brought her a volume of Maupassant's *Tales*, in translation, but a few days afterward wrote her a remorseful letter: "What am I doing to you? You used to be so vigorous, so full of interest in all sorts of things. Don't take too much notice of me. You mustn't allow yourself to be hurt by Maupassant or me."

Lawrence from his youth seemed to have a full knowledge of sym-

bolisme, but he did not acquire this at college for, as Ernest Weekley wrote the author (April 10, 1852), "He was not a degree student at Nottingham and what work he did in French was of a fairly elementary kind."

Sometimes Lawrence and Jessie went to the Theatre Royal in Nottingham. They saw the D'Oyly Carte company in Gilbert and Sullivan, they heard *Tannhäuser*, and once they attended a performance of *Strife*, by John Galsworthy. Sarah Bernhardt's *La Dame Aux Camelias* terrified Lawrence and he rushed out of the theater. He wrote Jessie that he was afraid that someday he might, like Armand in the play, "become enslaved by a woman."

He and Jessie continued to read the English authors. Meredith's *Love in the Valley* seemed to have special meaning for Lawrence. After they read Mark Rutherford's *Autobiography* and *Clara Hapgood*, Lawrence told Jessie that if she ever wrote, her work would be something like Rutherford's. Lawrence, possibly thinking of *The White Peacock*, smiled as he told Jessie that, in *Lavengro*, George Borrow had so skillfully blended autobiography and fiction that no one could tell where one left off and the other began.

Lawrence began seriously reading philosophy during his second year at college. He frequently discussed it with Jessie and Alan. Schopenhauer particularly impressed him, and he persuaded Alan to give Jessie the *Essays* as a birthday present in the spring of 1908. When Lawrence read aloud to them "The Metaphysics of Love" chapter from *The World as Will and Idea*, Jessie's brother disagreed with Schopenhauer's statement that "fair hair and blue eyes are in themselves a variation from the type, almost an abnormality, analogous to white mice, or at least to grey horses." Lawrence answered that he thought only brown skins were beautiful. He obviously referred to Jessie's somewhat dusky skin, and when he read the passage to the effect that everybody prefers and eagerly desires those who are the most beautiful, he stopped to remark that he saw what was most beautiful, but did not desire it; and Jessie felt that he was trying to justify his own "divided attitude."

Lawrence annotated the gift copy of Schopenhauer, a small volume in the English version of Mrs. Rudolph Dirks. In the margins, Lawrence translated the Latin quotations and wrote his own comments on some of Schopenhauer's statements. This copy and its markings were examined by E. Delavenay in February 1836 *Revue Anglo-Américaine*. Lawrence's annotations are as often amusing as they are interesting. Schopenhauer had written, "From this it is obvious why we so often see very intelligent, nay, distinguished men married to dragons and

she-devils, and why we cannot understand how it was possible for them to make such a choice." Lawrence asked, "Never vice-versa?" This prompted the French commentator to ask, in turn, "*Lawrence pense-t-il à ses parents, la mère cultivée, intelligente, le père fruste et brutal?*" Lawrence himself used French for a marginal question to Jessie—"Qu'en pensez-vous?"—to Schopenhauer's: "Because the kernel of passionate love turns on the anticipation of the child to be born and of its nature it is quite possible for friendship, without any admixture of sexual love, to exist between two young, good-looking people of different sex, if there is perfect fitness of temperament and intellectual capacity. In fact a certain aversion for each other may exist also."

Some of the passages Lawrence marked without question or comment, such as the one asserting that it was man's nature to be inconstant while it was woman's nature to cling to one man. Lawrence doubly underlined a statement to the effect that while "two lovers are talking about the harmony of their souls," they are really thinking of their individual souls, and their imagined harmony "frequently turns out to be violent discord shortly after marriage." Delavenay said in his article that he believed traces of Schopenhauer's influence show themselves throughout *The White Peacock*. Indeed, Annable is a somewhat Schopenhauerian figure. But the influence of Schopenhauer almost certainly extended beyond this first book, though Lawrence never admitted it: perhaps because he did not recognize it. He was never a professional reader of philosophy going over and over the texts and continually pondering on them. But certainly much of the vitality in Lawrence's later work seems almost a manifestation of Schopenhauerian *Will*.

Among some of the other philosophical works Lawrence and Jessie read in their youth, they disliked Renan's *Life of Jesus*, which Lawrence felt was somewhat autobiographical. For a while he was under the spell of Huxley and Haeckel, and he also read Spencer and Mill with interest; and he admired James's *Pragmatism* and *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. Lawrence was undergoing religious doubts, and he was at this time particularly subject to the ideational hammerings of materialism and rationalism.

At this time he believed that *Anna Karénina* was the greatest of novels. The Chamberses all thought that the episodes in which Levin and Kitty appeared were the finest in the book, but Lawrence fastened his own interest upon Anna. In later life, he held that book in contempt, and spoke of "old Leo" as "wetting on the flame."

Jessie, in her further recollections of Lawrence's youthful literary

activity, reported that he originally wrote his story, "A Fragment of Stained Glass," under the title "Legend," in the autumn of 1907, during his second year at college. The *Nottinghamshire Guardian* offered three story prizes of three pounds each, at Christmas time, and Lawrence decided to try for all three prizes, for the sake of the nine pounds. "Legend" was one of his entries, the only one of the three that was submitted under his own name; Jessie and another girl permitted him to send in two other stories under their names.

The story bearing Jessie's name and address and the pseudonym "Rosalind" was the only one of the three that won a prize. It was called "A Prelude," and after its publication in the *Guardian* on December 7, 1907, it was not printed again until issued in a limited edition in 1849. The third story, "The White Stocking," was, like "Legend," used again by Lawrence and, like the expanded version of "Legend," appeared in his first collection of short stories, *The Prussian Officer*, in 1814. When the stories were originally submitted to the *Guardian*, "Legend" won the comment, "a tale of the escape of a serf remarkable for its vivid realism"; "The White Stocking" was mentioned as "lacking finish." The prize-winning "A Prelude" was, however, "a simple theme handled with freshness and simplicity altogether charming." Its setting is the Hags.

As Lawrence continued attending college, writing poems and working sporadically at his novel, he became increasingly disillusioned with his studies. Jessie Chambers, who said he had begun "in a mood of wistful anticipation," reported that he "got nothing" from his two years at Nottingham. He was a year or two older than most of the other students and felt they were all treated too much like "school-kids." He envied the engineering students, who used to swagger about the place and "look down on" the schoolteachers. He particularly disliked the practice teaching, although the authorities had assigned him to an "advanced" school. He afterward said that his two years at the University College "had meant mere disillusion instead of the contact of living men."

After obtaining his certificate in June 1908, Lawrence refused to consider any teaching position that would pay him less than ninety pounds annually. In his unemployment during that summer of 1908, he "was a sardonic figure." He frequently went up to the Hags, as usual showing Jessie his manuscripts and going about with Alan as he did the farm work. And finally, in October, Lawrence received an

offer from a school at Croydon, South London, at an annual salary of ninety-five pounds.

Lawrence's final record as a student at Nottingham University College shows his grades as follows: "Teaching, B; Reading, A; Drawing, B; Music, B." The observations of his supervisor on his teaching practice show that Lawrence, despite his years of battling the colliers' boys—certainly rougher than the tradesmen's and factory workers' sons in Nottingham—was still weak in classroom discipline. It is further interesting to note that Lawrence, the miner's son, is described as a young man "fastidious in taste":

Well-read, scholarly and refined. Mr. Lawrence will make an excellent teacher if he gets into the right place. His work at present is uneven according to the ordinary standard owing to his lack of experience of the elementary schoolboy and his management. He would be quite unsuitable for a large class of boys in a rough district; he would not have sufficient persistence and enthusiasm but would become disgusted.

Mr. Lawrence's strong bias is towards the humanistic subjects and at times boys' interest in such lessons is intense. Intelligence, however, is cultivated in lessons on all subjects by the treatment, especially the questions, the defect being a want of that persistent driving home and recapitulation which are necessary—like many intelligent teachers, Mr. Lawrence tends to teach the best pupils exclusively. Though very fluent, he sometimes has an obvious difficulty in finding words suitably simple. He is emphatically a teacher of upper classes.

Mr. Lawrence is fastidious in taste, and while working splendidly at anything that interests him would perhaps easily tire amid the tedium and discouragements of the average classroom. With an upper class in a good school or in a higher school he could do work quite unusually good, especially if allowed a very free hand.

PART TWO

The London Years

I

JESSIE CHAMBERS noted that when it was time for Lawrence to leave the Midlands, "he looked like a man under sentence of exile." His mother kept fiercely asking, What would *she* do when he was gone, and how would he have got anywhere, even to college, if she had not called him every morning and given him his porridge?

Before departing for London, Lawrence went to say good-bye to the Chambers family, and afterward Jessie walked with her friend to the outer gate. There, he looked back toward the farm and said in French, "the last time." Jessie began sobbing, and he took her in his arms and kissed her. They stood, silent, in the deepening October twilight. Jessie felt everything was hopeless: she would not begin the old argument again.

Finally Lawrence left, inviting her to tea the next afternoon. She dreaded going, for she felt hostility in the Lawrence household, but she took a small basket of apples as an excuse. She found no gaiety at Lynn Croft; Lawrence was pale and upset. Jessie soon left, hurt and humiliated, and aware of her "malady."

Lawrence had his own "malady," his deep attachment to his home and to his mother. But it was to Jessie and not his mother that he wrote of his first reaction to London and his new position, in a letter Jessie characterized as being "like a howl of terror."

The Davidson Road School, where Lawrence began teaching on October 12, 1908, had been built not long before and was considered one of the best-equipped schools in the London area. Lawrence, when his homesickness wore off, adjusted himself to the place, although he was never completely happy there.

Croydon is now a complex of brick houses and chimney pots, with the green electric cars from Victoria and London Bridge stations speeding above them on a high embankment; the former neighborhood of the Crystal Palace is becoming a stucco suburb, where hollow slopes still show patches of nature, with chunks of trees between the houses. The places where Lawrence lived during his three years at Croydon

still stand: 12 and 16 Colworth Road are identical houses in a street of identical houses set behind low brick walls, the ground floor walled in red brick, the story above in rough cement, the gabled roofs shingled, drainpipes and sometimes electric wires coming down the outside of the houses.

Lawrence lodged with the Jones family, first at 12 Colworth Road, just above the busy thoroughfare of Lower Addiscombe Road and close by the Bingham Road railway station; then, in September 1911, he moved with the Jones family a few houses to the north, to No. 16.

John W. Jones, from Lancashire, was attendance officer of the school. The Joneses had two children, one a small infant, and Lawrence's mother remarked to Jessie Chambers that she was glad to know there was a baby in the house, for she was certain that would keep her son "pure."

Lawrence had a daily walk of about three-quarters of a mile to Davidson Road, where the school stood at the next turning to the left, at the corner of Brampton Road. The school was of red brick, the central building three stories high, the third story set in the sloping roof, with dormer windows; and, at the top of the roof, a large, pointed turret. The school stood back from the street amid wide asphalt playgrounds.

Lawrence was at Davidson for a little more than three years; and he was a success, with both students and staff. One of his former students, Frank W. Turner, who became a Fleet Street newspaperman, wrote (in a letter to the author of this book) his recollections of Lawrence the young teacher:

In a room below the roof, a continuous blackboard runs around the upper part of the room, and even now I can picture "D. H." standing some feet away, with an arm outstretched, to draw on the board. His demonstrations of perspective, making lines stretch away to nothing, still live in my memory. He also taught us water-colour painting.

The visionary artist in him showed itself when the school produced *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* in the school hall. Leaning over canvas material covering a large part of the floor, he painted with a whitewash brush, from a bucket of colour, a backcloth of an Eastern bazaar, and another of palm trees in the desert.

Lawrence's closest friend at Davidson, his fellow-teacher A. W. McLeod, has also provided a fresh picture of Lawrence at the time, and an unusually full one:

I am sorry I cannot help you over your specific enquiries. I do not know who Agnes Holt, Jane and Mrs. Davidson were. Lawrence had a number of friends in Croydon whom I never met. Miss Mason I knew only as a colleague in school and as I left Davidson soon after D. H. L. went, I got out of touch with her. She was older than the rest of the staff, a very able, almost over-conscientious teacher. She saw that Lawrence was far from robust and rather "mothered" him. They became very friendly and he had soon persuaded her to try her hand at little stories and sketches and at water-colour painting.

In my copy of *Love Poems* Lawrence wrote: "Remembering the unhappy days and the happy playtimes at Davidson when I solaced myself with his appreciation of some of these miserable poems."

Unhappy days! Well, towards the last he said more than once: "I'll not go on. The Committee has had blood and tears out of me for a hundred a year. I'll not endure it. I'd rather work on a farm. I know a farmer at Eastwood who would take me on to-morrow. Nay, I'd rather be a tramp." (Teaching was always a strain to him; he was always at tension; nevertheless he enjoyed much of his work, notably his nature-study lessons and his drawing periods when the whole class acquired his own free, vigorous style and painted boldly and with huge enjoyment. It was almost his one regret on leaving that his successor might cramp that freedom of handling. For enlightenment on "child art" was then only feebly dawning. He was fortunate in coming under a Headmaster so discerning, so enlightened and so kindly as Mr. P. F. T. Smith who recognized his quality and gave him free scope to follow his bent. Lawrence spent some of his leisure in copying pictures—there was a whole series of Swan's animal studies—and he would say it was because he liked getting into the other fellow's skin.)

(He read everything he could lay hands on—plays, verse and novels especially—from Ibsen, Verhaeren and Peacock to so humble a writer as Mary Mann. He had a strange liking for Jessie Fothergill's *The First Violin* and Querido's *Toil of Men* impressed him.)

He got on well with all his colleagues for he was always friendly, and gay and eager in discussion. One of them told me that Lawrence was uncanny: that one day he had read his inmost heart for him: had told him things about himself he had never admitted to himself: but they were, alas, all true.

He certainly enjoyed the "happy playtimes"—the wide view from the playground over the fields and the piles of timber by the railway to the Crystal Palace in the distance on the Norwood hills—

the reading of his latest poems—and the analysis of characters in books. I found out he was at work on a novel when he asked me, if I was going into Croydon, to get him a lot of sermon paper at Boots'. Sermon paper was a new term to me and I asked whether he was writing theology. Then I heard about *The White Peacock* and one day got that sermon paper back, no longer blank, with the anxious demand to let him know if it was good.

Lawrence wrote of his Croydon experiences chiefly in poetry, in the "Schoolmaster" series. Some of these verses were reprinted, from journals, in his *Love Poems* and *Amores* and, with later revisions, in his *Collected Poems*.

Just after Lawrence's death, a school inspector who had known him at Croydon—Stewart A. Robertson—recalled (in the *Glasgow Herald*, March 8, 1890) that at the meeting of a literary society, Lawrence had praised Rachel Annand Taylor's lush poems. Robertson aroused Lawrence's mirth when "I once told him that he had lost a great deal by not having been a Boy Scout."

Another picture of Lawrence at Croydon, an unusually full one, has been provided by Philip F. T. Smith in a letter (of February 1851) to the author of this book. Mr. Smith, who was in his eighties, looked back to the time forty years earlier when he was headmaster at Croydon; the previously quoted letter from A. W. McLeod spoke of his enlightened attitude as well as of his kindness. His memory remained clear and sharp, and his letter gives us one of the finest memoirs of the young Lawrence:

Teaching, to Lawrence, was then a necessity for his physical existence and not in any sense a vocation. He certainly liked boys, as boys, but not as pupils. The liking was reciprocated with similar reservations. The routine of school life was to Lawrence abhorrent. In his poem "Evening" he writes:—

"I carry my anger sullenly 'cross these waste lands,

For to-morrow will call them all back, the school hours I detest."
Then again in another verse he speaks of the "weary waiting for the bell" dismissing school.

Lawrence was intolerant of authority. While imposing his own rule rigorously upon his pupils, he rebelled against any such process as being even suggested to himself.

The Davidson School was new, having been in session for two years previous to Lawrence's inclusion in the staff in 1910 [1908]. At that time teachers were posted to schools directly from the Central Authority without reference to the wishes of the Head Master. Thus, I have no knowledge of the circumstances which influenced

his appointment, nor of his complete academic qualifications.

The school was large, the rooms spacious, well lighted and warmed. The staff was good and the common rooms comfortable. The environment was not inspiring. It comprised patches of undeveloped building land bounded by railway marshalling yards. This outlook was particularly repellent to Lawrence. He writes:—

“I pick my way over threadbare grass, which is pressed
Into mud—the space fast shrinks in the builder’s hands.”

I mention these facts since Lawrence’s unsought apologists have attributed much of his future instability to repressions suffered during his period of school teaching.

Lawrence complained of one professional grievance in connection with teaching. His condemnation of the large sized class was damnatory. He said, “I can instruct a hundred; but I doubt whether I could attempt to educate a dozen.”

When Lawrence reported at the school I recall him to be tall, very thin though of large build. He had a shock of dark hair, small ginger moustache and vivid blue eyes. Later I noticed that his hands contrasted palpably with his general appearance. They were fragile, long fingered, expressive, well controlled. Lawrence was not a robust being. He made no pretensions in the matter of dress. His expression always showed a kind of confident amusement. It was rarely serious. He did not appear to be perturbed with his new surroundings nor doubtful of his powers to succeed in his new duties. Circumstances permitted no gradual introduction to his work. A large class of boys, the regulation 60, awaited him, and he commenced at once.

The staff at Davidson at his time was composed of young men all of about Lawrence’s age, and one woman, Miss Agnes Mason, who was considerably older. He was therefore not influenced by the normal professional practice of older men usually present in a school personnel, and was at liberty to work out his own salvation.

His well known powers of concentration and untiring industry soon became apparent. He shirked none of the drudgery of the details which hamper the routine of a teacher’s life. He was interested in Art, English and Biology. I kept for some years his note book recording a year’s work in biology. The water colour drawings and details of experimental exercises were models of correctness and clarity. His caustic humour often aroused suspicions as to the value of his most genial expressions. “Let them play now,” he says. “The world will teach them how to work.” To a youth called Cass, whose English was “wanting” in every sense of the word, he remarks “Write it down with an A, Cass, write it down

with an A." A perfectly harmless remark as it affected the particular individual [i.e., A for Ass].

Lawrence hated the slightest interference with his class work. On one occasion I followed a Ministerial Inspector into his room. The intrusion was unexpected and resented. A curious wailing of distressed voices issued from a far corner. The sounds were muffled by a large covering black-board. The words of a familiar song arose from the depths:

Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made.

The class was reading *The Tempest*. The presentation expressed the usual thoroughness of Lawrence's attitude to the exercise in progress. It must not be spoiled by even official comment. Lawrence rushed with outstretched hands to the astounded visitor: "Hush! Hush! Don't you hear? The sea chorus from *The Tempest*." Those were the days of conventional methods of instruction, and Lawrence's excursions into dramatic expression were not likely to meet with full approval.

The same gentleman, some months later inquired, "Where's this book-writing fellow of yours?" Lawrence's classroom was indicated. "I shall not go into his room," he said. "I have no intention of being pilloried in some book."

Lawrence's ideas on the teaching of Art were also somewhat suspect. While I was conferring with another Board of Education inspector, a boy brought a large pastel drawing, still life, for inspection. A glance, I made an ineffectual attempt to suppress the sketch. The official eye had, however, anticipated my effort. "Is this sent for any particular reason?" I inquired. "Mr. Lawrence thought it was rather good," the boy replied. The artist returned to his class leaving his masterpiece with us.

"Are you by any chance an artist?" inquired the wary dictator. "No," I replied. "Neither am I," he commented. "We had better be careful about this man. After the session, without his knowledge, collect a sample of these drawings. I will send them to the Art Department at Kensington for an expert opinion." Later they were returned by the inspector in person. "Good thing we took the course we did," he reported. "The Department highly approves. You'll have a crowd of students down to worry you about them, I expect."

At that period, there were in circulation a number of small periodicals designed to make some appeal to boys. Lawrence hit upon the idea of setting some of his pupils to contribute short articles to several of these publications. These he amplified and edited. Several were accepted, and to the vast surprise of the authors were

actually paid for by postal orders for small sums. From henceforth the despised "composition essay exercise" assumed an unexpected value in their eyes. Lawrence assumed quite voluntarily the responsibility for many of the least desired of school routine duties. This included the constant attention bestowed on the details connected with the school library. He used to affirm "Let them read any rubbish they like as long as they read it at all. They will very soon discard the bad."

Later, some of the boys discovered in a London evening news sheet one of his earlier "School Poems." They devised a method of registering their disapproval of some lines by writing replies in verse which were affixed to his desk lid to meet his eye at morning school. They were, however, somewhat disappointed with the reactions aroused. Instead of disapproval or perhaps reproof, Lawrence was delighted and even indicated how the lines might have been improved.

Lawrence was greatly interested in a section of boys who attended the school from the English Actors' Home. Some of these pupils bore well-known names connected in the past with the English stage. For a school dramatic performance, Lawrence painted all the scenery, revised and added to the text of the drama and, after the initial rehearsals remarked,

"These actor boys know more than we do about this kind of thing. We can't teach them the beginnings of play acting. Let them run this show as they think fit." We agreed, with beneficial results.

Lawrence's choice of verse for class study was, for the time, unorthodox. He would have none of the "We are seven etc" category. Nor would he tolerate any with what he called "a sniff of moral imposition." I found entered in his records such selections as "The Assyrian Came Down" (Byron), "The Bells of Shandon" (Mahony), "Go fetch to me a pint of wine" (Burns). He considered that the best approach to poetry for young people was through rhythm and the ring of words rather than the evasive appeal of an unreal and abstract morality.

Later Lawrence made no secret of his intention to abandon teaching as a career. His health deteriorated. He became restless and at times, as they say here in Lancashire, "awkward." He once said that he would like to terminate his professional vocation after the manner of the German composer who ended a similar period of teaching with a defiance of petty authority. Unfortunately Lawrence's decision was made for him later by the failure of his health.

Living away from home, Lawrence found that the endeavour to exist on his very small salary as a junior teacher was often em-

barrassing. He never complained, but I know that he was often at cross purposes with his lot. Occasionally, with a complete indifference to his future as a teacher he chose to challenge the good offices of his friends.

A branch of the English Speaking Association (the title is possibly not quite correct) had been formed in the Borough and was patronised by many of the intelligentsia including members of the Education Authority, mostly ladies. The Chief Director at that time was a scholar with a profound academic record. He was a most influential and sympathetic supporter of Lawrence's literary ambitions and he suggested that on his introduction it might be useful if Lawrence would attend a meeting and provide a reading for discussion. Lawrence agreed, and apparently chose and read a medieval romance, the text of which included some embarrassing situations and erotic conversations. I was not present, having no knowledge of the event; but the next day was interviewed by the offended official. Did I know of Lawrence's intention to read to the Society? If so, did I approve of his choice of subject? Had any of my staff influenced his selection? I refused to inquire. It was not a school business: but Lawrence lost a very good friend. Lawrence never referred to the incident in my hearing; but I can imagine his grim satisfaction at the efforts of his audience of superior intellects to preserve an unconcerned interest in his performance.

Feeling that Lawrence might welcome a change from his somewhat limited circle of acquaintances I suggested that when he was at a loss for company he might occasionally like to call on me at my home. At this time I had no idea that he had written anything more than a few verses. After a long interval, about December 1910, he unexpectedly accepted my invitation and appeared quite frequently at my house, generally on Sunday evenings. We presented a very quiet household, myself and wife only. My wife, like Lawrence, was interested in French literature. They read French verse and we sang French songs. Lawrence translated some French verse into English. He also attempted some verse in French. I regret that none of these essays survives. He talked almost entirely of his home and early life, much the same story as it appears in the numerous biographies and novels. He was fond of recounting the conquests he made among his lady friends and with some of his opinions on female shortcomings my wife disagreed strongly. When he cancelled out a period of endearment at which the lady invariably wept, the outburst only provoked him to the extent of, "My dear, how you are enjoying yourself." He often said—or did he quote—"If a woman cannot have love, she will have consideration"? Sometimes he spoke of his life in lodgings, describing how

he bathed the two small children of the house and put them to bed after suitable devotions, thus permitting the parents to take an evening off at the pictures. Lawrence never referred to his literary work nor to school affairs nor to persons known to me.

I knew little of Lawrence's private life. He lodged with an administrative officer of the Education Service and his wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Jones. He always spoke most highly of their services to him especially during his periods of illness.

Very soon after his appointment Lawrence showed signs of poor health. My attention was drawn to this by Miss Mason, who quite early showed considerable interest in his physical welfare. Miss Mason kept house for an invalid father, and Lawrence soon became a constant visitor at her home. He depended very considerably on her for the direction of his personal affairs. At Miss Mason's home Lawrence met her close friend, Miss Helen Corke. Miss Corke was of Lawrence's age. She had been a member of my staff in a former school to Davidson. She was a very well favoured and extremely attractive and accomplished young lady, and Lawrence soon began to depend upon her judgment since he consulted her on the merits or otherwise of both *The White Peacock* and *The Trespasser* before publication.

Parts of the story of Lawrence and Helen Corke have been written by each of the participants. Helen Corke dealt with it in her dialogue, *Lawrence and Apocalypse*; in her novel, *Neutral Ground*; in her memoir of Jessie Chambers, *D. H. Lawrence's "Princess,"* and in a group of as yet unpublished poems, "Songs of Autumn" (which, it may be hoped, will appear as a book). Lawrence wrote of the relationship in *The Trespasser*, in several stories, and in the "Helen" poems.

Helen Corke had grown up on the Essex coast and in the London suburbs; her father was a shopkeeper. She had taken her teacher training at the pupil-teacher center at Croydon, where one of her fellow-students was A. W. McLeod, later Lawrence's friend at the Davidson Road School. Helen Corke was never at Davidson; she taught at the Deering Place School near the Brighton Road in the southern part of Croydon.

She met Lawrence during the winter of 1908-1909, his first at Davidson, and their acquaintance began mildly. It intensified in the autumn of 1909, when Lawrence returned from his summer holidays on the Isle of Wight and in the Midlands, to find Helen in a state of shock from a personal disaster. It was then that he became her close friend, in his efforts to revive her.

Ellis Brooke, the heroine of Helen Corke's *Neutral Ground*, becomes

involved with a married man, her violin teacher—a situation repeated in Lawrence's *The Trespasser*. In both these novels the man persuades the girl to go away with him for a holiday, during which they make themselves miserable. After their return to the London suburbs, the man kills himself.

In *Neutral Ground*, a young teacher named Derrick Hamilton helps Ellis after the death of her music master, Angus Rane (or Domine), at a time when "she did not want to live." Derrick, as "Life's ambassador," called frequently at the girl's home in after-work hours, and often took her out in the evenings. This therapy was not one of trying to make her forget her grief, but rather to make her identify it with all grief; his "treatment was as skilled as his intentions were subtle. He went to the Greek tragedies for the key to her tower of sorrow. And he found in Euripides an ancient music not jangled out of tune nor distorted in rhythm by Domine's death, but ready to weave his tragedy in with its own harmonies." He was her self-appointed comrade, sharing her grief, patiently working "to revive the zest of life in her, always hoping that, by and by, she would turn and see him, and love him with a wiser love than she had given Rane." Derrick roused her interest in literature and his own writings, "but he doubted still whether he were as real to her as the lover of her retrospective dreams." And indeed he could have no hope, as the title of *Neutral Ground* suggests, and as the closing passage of the book symbolically states. In *The Trespasser*—which Lawrence took from parts of *Neutral Ground* long before Helen Corke completed and published her novel—the characters reach a similar impasse. The Helena of *The Trespasser* rejects the young teacher, Cecil Byrne, as she has essentially rejected the musicmaster, here called Siegmund (from *Die Walküre*). And Lawrence's "Helen" poems project a similar situation.

In those Croydon years, beyond which their friendship did not last, Lawrence and Helen Corke were great walkers and talkers. She then lived in Selhurst, not far from Lawrence's residence on Colworth Road. In their walks, on which they were sometimes accompanied by Agnes Mason, they often went across what were then the great bare spaces of South London. And they would hike over Wimbledon Common or through the beechwoods of Richmond Park. They often took a train to Purley, at that time a small village, and from there walked out on the North Downs. Occasionally they would go to a theater in London, to see performances such as Strauss's *Elektra*, which was then causing great excitement in England, or they would attend band concerts in Hyde Park. This scenery, these events, and the conversations of

Lawrence and Helen Corke are all stitched into their writings of this period. The most intense account of the entire experience is in the poems in which Lawrence's own attitude to the relationship was expressed; these poems are identifiable because the name Helen appears in them; some of them may, however, be included among the love poems which are not addressed to any identifiable woman. In several cases a guess may be hazarded.

The "Helen" poems occur in *Love Poems*, in *Amores*, and in *New Poems*—and, with revisions, in the *Collected Poems*.

"The Appeal" in *Love Poems* sets the stage, with Lawrence as the supplicant:

. . . Helen, you let my kisses steam
Wasteful into the night's black nostrils; drink
Me up I pray; oh you who are Night's Bacchante,
How can you from my bowl of kisses shrink!

And although no name appears in "The Return," the reference to the violin identifies it as one of the "Helen" poems ("Ah, here I sit while you break the music beneath / Your bow; for broken it is, and hurting to hear."); "Repulsed" gives a fuller picture of the relationship and illustrates Lawrence's gift of fusing people and landscape, in the way that he was later to do in the novels:

The night is immense and awful, Helen, and I am insect small
In the fur of this hill, clung on to the fur of shaggy, black heather.
A palpitant speck in the fur of the night, and afraid of all,
Seeing the world and the sky like creatures hostile together.

And I in the fur of the world, and you a pale fleck from the sky,
How we hate each other to-night, hate, you and I,
As the world of activity hates the dream that goes on on high,
As a man hates the dreaming woman he loves, but who will not reply.

"Excursion" is another of the "Helen" poems; it records a railway journey Lawrence and Helen Corke once made together. This occurred in the autumn of 1910, when Lawrence had gone to Eastwood to visit his mother for a weekend. Helen Corke had been at Arno Vale, in Notts, with Jessie Chambers, whom she had met. Lawrence and Helen returned to London together on the Sunday midnight train from Nottingham; he sat apart from her, brooding, in a corner of the compartment, and later he recorded the experience: "Your presence peering

lonelily there / Oppresses me so I can hardly bear / To share the train
with you. . . ."

So, dear love, when another night
Pours on us, lift your fingers white
And strip me naked, touch me light,
Light, light all over.
For I ache most earnestly for your touch,
Yet I cannot move, however much
I would be your lover.

Night after night with a blemish of day
Unblown and unblossomed has withered away;
Come another night, come a new night, say
Will you pluck me apart?
Will you open the amorous, aching bud
Of my body, and loose the burning flood
That would leap to you from my heart?

In the *Collected Poems*, the title was changed to "Excursion Train," and among other alterations of text, the phrase "dear love" in the next-to-last stanza was changed to the name Helen.

Some of the other *Amores* and *Love Poems* which may belong in the "Helen" series are: "Mating" (called "Come Spring, Come Sorrow" in the *Collected Poems*), in which the poet sees ducks and toads and horses mating, feels the "quickenings, masculine gleam" of the fecundating sun, and asks the woman why she shrinks from his own desire to fill her, flush her, "rife / With increase," with "the vivid, ah, the fiery surplus of life"; "A Spiritual Woman" (in the *Collected* edition, "These Clever Women"), who has been taught "to see / Only a mean arithmetic on the face of things," is told that she should be kissed until blind so that she will discover new life in the darkness—in the *Collected* version, the poem ends, "Is there no hope / Between your thighs, far, far from your peering sight?"; "Perfidy" (in the later edition, "Turned Down"), in which the poet after knocking at the door of a house at night and receiving no answer, wanders in the city street until after "a hastening car swept shameful past," he sees the woman "hid in the shadow," then "step to the kerb, and fast / Run to the silent door" and enter, "leaving the street aghast."

This is a good amount of poetry for a man to have written to one woman. But we must remember that Helen Corke was no ordinary girl: she was an "advanced" thinker, she was passionately interested in

writing, in imaginative writing, and she was destined to have a certain amount of success as an author of widely adopted textbooks and of economic histories. She was attractive, the only one among Lawrence's girl friends who was very small physically. And she had a fiery nature. The poems continually show that she spelled only disturbance to Lawrence. As "Lilies in the Fire" suggests, she shrank from his love ("Your radiance dims when I draw too near, and my free / Fire enters your petals like death, you wilt dead white").

Yet, with her sensibility, her own writing talent, and her sympathetic insight into the problems of the artist, Helen Corke was an important factor in Lawrence's development. Their discussions often helped his writing, as on the day he talked with her after a visit to the Tate Gallery and then at once wrote his poems "Corot" ("The trees rise tall and taller, lifted / On a subtle rush of cool grey flame") and "Michel-Angelo" ("God shook thy roundness in his finger's cup"). And one of the best of Lawrence's early poems, "Coldness in Love," was what we might call "Variations on a Theme by Helen Corke," for Lawrence took it from her own poem (as yet unpublished), "Fantasy."

Helen Corke's "Fantasy" was an attempt to express the feeling induced in her by the atmosphere of the Sussex coast. As she has described the event in a letter to the author:

It happened that on the 1st. Oct. 1910 he and I walked from Brighton over the cliffs a 9 mile walk to Newhaven, where my summer holidays had been spent in childhood with the cousin who is called Aileen in *Neutral Ground*. The place for me was a place of ghosts, for my cousin, her mother, grandmother and grandfather, in whose pleasant, peaceful house I had stayed, were all dead. L. and I continued on round the bay, and reached Seaford, a little town from which summer holiday visitors had departed, at twilight. We asked for rooms at a boarding house on the front; the landlady conducted us to opposite ends of a corridor, and left the house. I felt horribly tired and Rip Van Winklish, but slept at once and woke into an intensely silent sea fog, which swathed the house like a huge, clammy spider-web, and filled me with cold terror. My poem was an attempt to express the atmosphere of the experience—futile, as I now realise, since atmospheres can only be suggested and never conveyed. Said Lawrence, when I showed it to him:—"I always feel, when you give me an idea, how much better I could work it out myself!" So the obverse side of "Fantasy" became "Coldness in Love."

"Coldness in Love" was a kind of cousin to another Georgian love poem, "A Memory," which Rupert Brooke wrote at Waikiki in Oc-

tober 1813: "Somewhile before the dawn I rose and stept / Softly along the dim way to your room . . ." Lawrence's poem is, metrically, less smooth than Brooke's, but it has a greater force of life in it. In the *Collected Poems* of 1828, Lawrence gave "Coldness in Love" a new last line, "That my love can dawn in warmth again, unafraid," but otherwise left the earlier version for the most part unchanged. The first parts of the poem contain some wonderful evocations of the grey sea-coast and the chill day and evening, the poet waking when "dawn at the window blew in like dust," then:

. . . I rose in fear, needing you fearfully,
For I thought you were warm as a sudden jet of blood.
I thought I could plunge in your spurting hotness, and be
Clean of the cold and the must.—With my hand on the latch
I heard you in your sleep speak strangely to me.

And I dared not enter, feeling suddenly dismayed.
So I went and washed my deadened flesh in the sea
And came back tingling clean, but worn and frayed
With cold, like the shell of the moon: and strange it seems
That my love has dawned in rose again, like the love of a maid.

"Intime," which first appeared in *New Poems* in 1918, looked back on the Lawrence-Helen relationship in a kind of valediction. In the *Collected Poems* Lawrence gave it a new title, "Passing Visit to Helen": "Returning, I find her just the same, / At just the same old delicate game . . ." of rousing him without satisfying him. Helen was in some ways like Jessie, whose good friend she became, and indeed Helen had a good deal in common with most of Lawrence's women friends. The one he married was the exception, and although she became the central woman of Lawrence's existence, he may still have felt somewhat drawn toward those of the other type, essentially "spiritual," because of an unconscious recognition on his part that they were—except for Jessie, who made a contest out of the relationship—the kind of women who would have won the approval of his mother.

II

Jessie Chambers not only encouraged Lawrence's early efforts at writing, but also submitted his poems to an editor. Jessie said that Lawrence told her she might send some of his work to the *English Review*, as she had suggested, though she must give him a *nom de plume*: he

had no wish to be known in Croydon as a poet. Her pseudonym for him was Richard Greasley, based on his unused name Richards and on the name of his parish. Lawrence's version of the incident was different; he recalled that while he was at Croydon, "the girl who had been the chief friend of my youth, and who was herself a school teacher in a mining village, copied out some of my poems, and without telling me, sent them to the *English Review*, which had just had a glorious rebirth [beginning] under Ford Madox Hueffer [later Ford Madox Ford]."

When Jessie first sent Lawrence's work to Hueffer, in the summer of 1909, and Hueffer replied that he found it interesting, Lawrence was away. He and his mother were spending part of the summer holidays on the Isle of Wight; when they returned, Jessie showed Lawrence the editor's letter and he said "You are my luck"; he took the letter to show his mother, and Jessie never saw it again. And since Mrs. Lawrence never referred to it, Jessie felt she was in disgrace, "guilty of unwarrantable interference in his affairs."

The summer of 1909 must have been a happier one than usual for Mrs. Lawrence, for Jessie did not go with her and her son on their holiday that year. Several of the Pagans were in the party, but Mrs. Lawrence did not object to most of them. George Neville, who was among them, remembered that the others were Alice Hall, Frances and Gertrude Cooper, and Ada Lawrence. Alice Hall's mother helped Mrs. Lawrence chaperon the group.

They pooled their funds and engaged Rose Cottage at Shanklin, on the southeast side of the island, where they rented beach tents. Lawrence, away from Croydon and farther away from Eastwood than he had ever been, yet also in the company of his mother, was unusually happy and gay. The younger people hiked around the island, and they went up to Cowes in the first week of August to see the review of the fleet for the King and the Czar. Lawrence was merely a young schoolmaster on holiday, but the scenery of the Isle of Wight and the review of the fleet were giving him impressions he would make abundant use of in his second novel, *The Trespasser*. He was not even planning this book at the time, however, for he did not begin using Helen Corke's manuscript as his source until early in 1910; but he could then evoke his memories of the place.

He could not have known, either, that this was the last summer holiday his mother was to enjoy; she was in her middle fifties, and despite the wear and strain of the thirty-five years of that wretched marriage, she seemed in good health. But exactly a year later her fatal illness began.

It was after his return to Croydon when school started again, that Lawrence first went to see Hueffer. That genial but picturesquely unreliable reporter had his own version of the story of Jessie's sending the manuscripts and of Lawrence's first visit to the editorial office, when he came in looking like a red fox. Hueffer insisted, in some reminiscences more than a quarter of a century later, that Jessie had sent him prose as well as poetry, and that the first bit of Lawrence's writing he read was the opening passage of the story "Odour of Chrysanthemums." Its first paragraph indicated to Hueffer that Lawrence was a skilled writer; he at once put it into the basket reserved for accepted manuscripts, then went upstairs to dress for a literary dinner. There, according to Hueffer, he sat at a table with Baring, Belloc, Chesterton, and Wells, and before long, Hueffer recalled, Wells was saying to someone at Lady Londonderry's adjoining table, "Hooray, Fordie's discovered another genius! Called D. H. Lawrence!" And, Hueffer added, two publishers that evening asked for first-refusal rights to Lawrence's first novel: the name of the obscure young teacher "was already known in London before he even knew that any of his work had been submitted to an editor."

Even if this incident is either based on indistinct recollections or is largely an invention to symbolize the force of Hueffer's early enthusiasm for Lawrence (as well as to suggest the power of Hueffer's influence), a point to be considered is that the incident could have been correctly reported. And the account of it in any event gives some of the atmosphere of the metropolitan literary society into which Lawrence was before very long to be rather tentatively admitted—the society which he was to satirize, after his subsequent recoil from it, in *Women in Love* and in other stories.

Hueffer later said he never really "liked Lawrence much. He remained too disturbing even when I got to know him well." And although Lawrence did not whine, he continually needed solicitude, needed moral support to replace the influence of the mother he was away from, and about whose personality and opinions he talked "in a way that is unusual in young men out to make their fortunes."

Perhaps Hueffer, of whom Lawrence wrote to Jessie, "he is fairish, fat, about forty, and the kindest man on earth," had to bear the brunt of this dependence because he first published Lawrence, and did so quite impressively. The blue-covered issue of the *English Review* for November 1909 shows Lawrence at the beginning of the journal, with his poems taking up the first six pages of an issue that also featured John Galsworthy, G. Lowes Dickinson, R. B. Cunninghame Graham,

J. A. Hobson, Henry W. Nevinson, G. P. Gooch, and Hueffer. No young schoolmaster up from the Midlands could have made a more auspicious début.

This first group of Lawrence's poems was doubtless the set Jessie submitted to the *English Review*; the poems were written after Lawrence went to Croydon; their first book publication was in 1916, in *Amores*. The first poem of the set was "Dreams Old And Nascent," divided then into two parts, "I. Old," and "II. Nascent." These marked the beginning of Lawrence's schoolmaster poems, of which he was to write several more later. "Dreams Old," framed under glass and written in script with border decorations by E. G. Burrows, a member of the Davidson staff, is today on the wall of the school at Croydon, the scene of the poem, which is a kind of letter to Jessie that begins:

I have opened the window to warm my hands on the sill
Where the sunlight soaks in the stone: the afternoon
Is full of dreams, my love, the boys are all still
In a wistful dream of Lorna Doone . . .

The *English Review* of November 1909 in which Lawrence made his bow as a poet was one of the last issues that came out under Hueffer's editorship. His associate, Violet Hunt, has called that autumn of 1909 "a black autumn"; the magazine, "like a fine lusty baby well started in life, that only wanted money for its special foods and up-to-date feeding bottles, was slipping, had slipped, out of the editor's yearning arms." But there was no surface hint of trouble when Jessie Chambers visited London in November and went to Sunday luncheon with Lawrence at Violet Hunt's. On Jessie's first day in town, a Saturday, Lawrence was genial and London "a place of wonder." In the evening they went to a play, *The Making of a Gentleman*, and when they arrived at Croydon the Joneses had already gone to bed. Lawrence cooked Jessie a macaroni supper, and then showed her his newest poems and the play, *A Collier's Friday Night*.

Jessie was tired by one o'clock; she had left her home at six the previous morning. But Lawrence asked her to give him one more hour before she went up to her room, and they enacted a scene that was in substance to be repeated in the last chapter of *Sons and Lovers*. There at Croydon, Lawrence varied the pattern a little, telling how, in the excitement and stress of the new life, he could "easily peg out." He needed a woman, but could not afford marriage. He then wondered whether, without forcing marriage upon him, some girl would give him "that."

Jessie, not stumbling over the shy euphemism of the future author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, returned the traditional Victorian answer: he would probably dislike "the kind of girl who would"—and when he asked her whether she herself would or would not think such giving to be wrong, she answered, "Not *wrong*. But very difficult." And she thought of the New Testament phrase, "whoso giveth a cup of water in My name." Lawrence said he might ask "her"—a teacher whom he told Jessie he might marry—and Jessie replied that everything would depend on how much the girl loved him—and then she announced that she had to go up to sleep, for it was already two o'clock.

On Jessie's second day in London, Lawrence took her to see Hueffer at the *English Review's* combination flat and office at 84 Holland Park Avenue. Hueffer treated Jessie with great courtesy, asking her at once whether she was a suffragette, and drawing from her the reply that a good friend of hers (probably William Hopkin or his wife) had enthusiastically told her all about the movement. Then Hueffer asked her whether she was "a sort of socialist" and, although she was not interested in politics, she suddenly decided that she was indeed a sort of socialist, and this realization may have marked the beginning of such interests in her life; it has been reported that in later years she was a Soviet sympathizer and made the pilgrimage to Moscow.

On the afternoon of the *English Review* luncheon, Jessie, Hueffer, and Lawrence walked to Violet Hunt's home, not far off, at 80 Campden Hill Road. This was the famous South Lodge, a tall Victorian villa with walls and gardens; it was furnished with mementoes of Christina Rossetti, Oscar Wilde, and other relatives and friends of Violet Hunt's youth.

Violet Hunt later recalled that at the luncheon Jessie "was obviously nervous, but pulled it off all right, though there was a snag when . . . she asked my maid, who was handling the potatoes, in a speaking whisper whether she should keep her gloves on." In Jessie's recollection, the amiable and caustic chatter of another of the guests, the young American poet Ezra Pound, dominated the lunch. When Violet Hunt spoke of some of the tortures of the suffragettes in prison, Pound said that the room they were all in at the moment was like a prison.

Another picture of Lawrence at a literary party at that time has come down to us from the recollections of Ernest Rhys, first editor of Everyman's Library. Rhys and his wife used to have poets' supper parties at their home in Hermitage Lane, Hampstead, as a kind of unofficial continuation of the meetings of the Rhymer's Club.

One night Hueffer brought his new discovery, the schoolmaster from

the collieries who wrote verse. Rhys saw Lawrence as "shy and country-fied" beside the urbane Hueffer. Pound was also there, and Yeats had brought along the actress Florence Farr to speak some of his poems to the accompaniment of her psaltery. While they were all at supper, Yeats began one of his monologues on the art of joining poetry and music. Pound, unable to break in, began to eat one of the red tulips used as table decoration; he seemed to like it, swallowed all of it, and then took another. Yeats, deep in his monologue, was blind to this, and none of the others mentioned it. Yeats went on and on with his talk, and Pound continued to munch the tulips.

Afterward, Yeats said he was weary of "Innisfree," and recited "That The Night Come" and his "translation" from Ronsard. During the evening, Ernest Radford—with whose family Lawrence was to become closely associated some years later—recited one of his poems, and Pound chanted his "Ballad of the Goodly Fere." John Davidson, arriving late, read "Romney Marsh," and Florence Farr recited to the psaltery Yeats's "The Man who Dreamt of Fairyland." It was after Hueffer had spoken a bright little parody that Ernest Rhys asked the quiet young man with the red mustache to read some of his poems. Lawrence "rose nervously but very deliberately, walked across to a writing desk whose lid was closed, opened it, produced a mysterious book out of his pocket, and sat down, his back to the company, and began to read in an expressive, not very audible voice."

The older poets waited politely for him to finish. But after a while it became doubtful that he would finish. Still keeping his back to them, still reading in a low voice, he turned page after page of his notebook and went through poem after poem. At the end of a half hour the room was full of murmuring: this did not disturb Lawrence, who went on reading in his barely audible tone. Finally, at the suggestion of one of the women, Rhys went over to Lawrence and said that he must need a little rest: why not stop for a while now and begin again at midnight?

Lawrence smiled, "and getting up with an awkward little bow shut the book and desk and retired to his corner." Later, when some of the others had read, Rhys turned again to Lawrence, for "one more lyric out of his black book, and impressed it on him that only one would satisfy our ritual needs." But Hueffer stepped up at this moment, took Lawrence by the arm and marched him out of the house, "wickedly" intoning, "Nunc, nunc dimittis."

During all his time in London, Lawrence kept a close connection with the Midlands and went back during school holidays and occa-

sionally on weekends. He visited his mother and sisters and would also see the other women he loved there in Nottinghamshire: Jessie Chambers, Louie Burrows, and the married woman who introduced him to sex.

At Croydon, besides Helen Corke, there were apparently three other women he was involved with, the three whom A. W. McLeod, in the letter quoted earlier, mentioned as not known to him: Agnes Holt, Jane, and Mrs. Davidson.

Some of Lawrence's friends question whether he ever really planned to marry Agnes Holt, as Jessie reported that he did. When Jessie came to London in November 1909, he took her to meet Agnes, on the day of the lunch at Violet Hunt's. She found Agnes Holt (Jessie did not give her name) a red-haired school teacher who "talked to Lawrence rather like an elder sister, and there was about him the curious air of bravado that I always felt arose from a lack of conviction." According to Jessie, Lawrence by Christmas 1909 had told Agnes Holt that the idea of their getting married was a mistake. Shortly after this, Agnes left Croydon; she married another teacher with whom she went to the Isle of Man, where they managed a school.

Jane remains a mystery of Lawrence's London life. The only direct reference to her is in Lawrence's letter of February 10, 1912 to Edward Garnett: "I met Jane and kissed her farewell at Marylebone—my heart was awfully heavy." Those who knew Lawrence at the time—William E. Hopkin and George Neville as well as Garnett's son, David, who met Lawrence shortly after—were unable to place Jane. Richard Aldington, who did not know Lawrence in 1912, has blandly said that Lawrence was putting "an end to another of his unsatisfactory love affairs," though it may well have been the woman who was ending the relationship. Aldington tied this in with a Lawrence letter to Sallie Hopkin, of August 19 of the same year, in which he said, "Mrs. — writes me—I told her I was with another woman—but no details. I am sorry for her, she is so ill." But when the blank in that letter is filled in, the name becomes that of an Eastwood resident, Mrs. Dax, whose first name was not Jane but Alice.

The third of these London women, Mrs. Davidson, is also difficult to trace. George Neville has mentioned her to the author. She was at Croydon, he said, and her first name may have been Jane. She was a widow and, Neville said, "friendly" to Lawrence, "very friendly to him." As Neville recalled, she also lodged with the Joneses. Actually, because it was the same as that of the school which employed both Lawrence and his landlord, the name Davidson may have been a

code-word between Lawrence and Neville to disguise the name of a woman who was perhaps not a widow.

In his interview with the author in 1850, George Neville was cordially helpful, though now and then plainly indulging in concealment. One point he insisted upon was that a married woman in Eastwood, whom he did not name, initiated Lawrence into sex—and William Hopkin corroborated this. Hopkin once inadvertently heard a married woman tell Mrs. Hopkin: "Sallie, I gave Bert sex. I had to. He was over at our house, struggling with a poem he couldn't finish, so I took him upstairs and gave him sex. He came downstairs and finished the poem."

This woman, who had never been sexually moved before, fell in love with Lawrence. She hoped that the child she bore sometime later was his, and tried to discern Lawrencean traits in it, but her closest friends, who were in on the secret, insisted it was plainly her husband's. When, eventually, she and Lawrence parted, she never let another man touch her, not even her husband.

She tried not to hold Lawrence; indeed, she gave him up for his own good. She was often in opposition to Lawrence and felt that she would never be able to keep up a kind of quarrelsome harmony with him, as his wife later did. When this woman met Lawrence's wife, years later, she felt that he had found exactly the right mate. She had herself always felt sure of Lawrence's greatness; but she gave him up and, according to one of her closest friends of those years, "went through a hell of the sort we can barely imagine."

At about this same time, Lawrence was also in the grip of his love-affair with Louie Burrows, the Ilkeston school teacher who has been mentioned earlier as one of the originals of Ursula in *The Rainbow*. Louie, whom Lawrence's friends speak of as "Junoesque," attracted him physically. He seems to have used Louie frequently to torment Jessie, who remembered that, as early as the summer of 1907, Lawrence went to Louie's home for tea in order to discover the true state of his feeling toward her. A few days later, "with a significant glance," he handed Jessie a newly written poem, "Snap-Dragon." This long poem contained a number of striking passages, such as:

. . . I put my hand to the dint
In the flower's throat, and the flower gaped wide with woe.
She watched, she went of a sudden intensely still,
She watched my hand, to see what it would fulfil.

I pressed the wretched, throttled flower between
My fingers, till its head lay back, its fangs
Poised at her. Like a weapon my hand was white and keen,
And I held the choked flower-serpent in its pangs
Of mordant anguish, till she ceased to laugh,
Until her pride's flag, smitten, cleaved down to the staff. . . .

Another of the poems to Louie, as mentioned by Jessie, is "Kisses in the Train" ("I saw the midlands / Revolve through her hair . . ."), and still another she definitely identified with Louie Burrows, "The Hands of the Betrothed," provides a description not only of the situation—the passionate girl keeping her lover's hands away from her body—but tells what Louie looked like: tawny eyes and black hair and large hands.

These poems present much of the story of the relationship between Lawrence and Louie Burrows. This went on for at least five years; but, as in the case of all the other women Lawrence knew during his mother's lifetime, he could not establish a permanent relationship with Louie.

Meanwhile, he was extending his social life, not merely in London literary circles but even in Eastwood. For now he became a frequent participant, when he was at home, in the Hopkins' social discussions, and he met some of the nation's leaders in social reform. As William Hopkin's daughter, Mrs. Enid Hilton, has recalled in a letter: "Every Sunday evening was open house, when my mother served wonderful 'snacks,' and we had music, talk, readings, or just plain fun. Philip Snowden, Ramsey MacDonald, Charlotte Despard, Annie Kennie, Beatrice and Sydney Webb, and others of the then 'forward' group visited us frequently, and these Lawrence met. He was a silent listener or an almost violent leader of the conversation." Lawrence at this time had a mustache and habitually "wore a rather high collar. His face was always pale and thin under a mop of blond-to-brown hair, and there were those deep, intense eyes. When talking vehemently he would, in those days, use his hands a great deal, and I remember one old trick of his of hitting the palm of the left hand violently with the doubled fist of the right hand."

One of Lawrence's contributions to these discussions was his essay "Art and the Individual," which he apparently read aloud at both Croydon and Eastwood. This essay began by stating that those who attended the meeting wanted to discuss "social problems with a view to advancing a more perfect social state and to our fitting ourselves

to be perfect citizens—communists—what not.” But after a light remark about the benefits of socialism, Lawrence picked up his true subject, art, and began a critical analysis of Herbart’s classifications.

Socialism itself never “took” with Lawrence. He wrote William Hopkin on August 24, 1910, “I seem to have lost touch altogether with the old ‘progressive’ clique: in Croydon the socialists are stupid, and the Fabians so flat.” Yet most of the friends of his youth, outside the family, were socialists: the Hopkins were permanently so, and for a time, at least, Jessie Chambers, Louie Burrows, and Helen Corke all had “advanced” views. And there was Alice Dax, one of the originals of the character of Clara Dawes—suffragette and socialist—in *Sons and Lovers*.

The Mrs. Dawes of *Sons and Lovers* did not bear a physical resemblance to Mrs. Dax, who in the story was a Junoesque type, outwardly more like Louie Burrows or Lawrence’s future wife. But in spirit the Clara Dawes of the novel had much in common with Mrs. Dax. In appearance, Mrs. Dax was a small blond woman. She was married to a pharmacist, Henry Dax, who settled in Eastwood and later became an oculist; in 1912 they had moved to Mansfield, also in Nottinghamshire.

Henry Dax was conservative in his manner and in the conduct of his business. In his shop, he stuck to a routine line of drugs and patent medicines until his wife introduced more “frivolous” items such as combs, brushes, and dresser sets. The children of the village found a horrible fascination in the pharmacy because of the large jar of leeches that stood on a bench near the door. In spite of protests against these wriggling leeches, Henry Dax apologetically kept them on display because so many of the miners insisted on the old method of blood-letting; but finally Alice prevailed upon him to keep the leeches out of sight.

Enid Hopkin Hilton has provided, for this book, a sketch of Alice Dax which tells a good deal about a woman so important in Lawrence’s life and writings, and a good deal about the Eastwood of *Sons and Lovers*:

Alice Dax and my mother were *years* ahead of their time (which may have been one of her attractions for D. H. L.), and both were widely read, “advanced” in dress, thought and house decoration. Alice was almost completely uninhibited in an age when you just weren’t. . . . Part of her fight against the “clutter” of her generation showed itself in her refusal to have one unnecessary article or item in her home. There were few pictures, only one rug, no knick-knacks collected over the years, no items of beauty or arresting in-

terest, but lots of *tidy* books. The furniture was good, modern (then) plain oak and served its purpose with-no-nonsense. There were no little mats under the clocks, or the cookie jar, no "hangings." The floors were linoleum-covered or of polished wood. It reflected Alice—clear, direct, uncluttered in thought and action, to the point of harshness. . . . Together she and my mother worked for the women's cause, and I remember being taken to "meetings" in the City of Nottingham. We waved green, purple, and white flags, and the speakers, the Pankhursts, Annie Kennie and others whose names I have forgotten—came home with us and stayed at our house, and discussions went on and on far into the night, intense, but friendly and a bit gay. . . . Meetings were held in our small town and there was much enthusiasm, many fights and some really productive effort. Kier Hardy stayed with us, Ramsey MacDonald, Philip Snowden, Edward Carpenter, Margaret Bondfield—many others. Mother was an amazing hostess and our house was "open" every Sunday evening when many village people drifted in and there was more talk, music, food, more discussion. . . . Alice Dax carried her ideas almost to extremes. Gradually she became a NAME in the district, a person to whom people turned in trouble, and who initiated all the good community enterprises, such as nursing associations, local forms of health insurance and so forth. She successfully tackled the school system too, and new modern schools arose. Alice Dax was one of the kindest persons I have ever met, but most of the men of her generation feared her. She represented a kind of ramrod, forcing the future into their present in an uncomfortable and uncomprehended manner. And she could and did contradict their statements and words of wisdom, and she *dared* to be right—too often. So my father, I feel, subconsciously feared the impact of her personality and beliefs on my mother, and on me. As with most reformers he could change the world but liked his home intact. . . .

As Mrs. Hilton has further remarked, "the little community was strangely alive and rich, in that time before the great strikes and the labor troubles, and after the worst of the Victorian era and the Boer War. England was almost remade by groups such as ours in that Midland town. They were spearheads into a future whose promise has not been fulfilled."

Lawrence's work continued to appear in the *English Review*, which published his short story "Goose Fair," in its February 1910 issue, and groups of poems in the April and October numbers. Austin Harrison was now the editor, assisted by a fugitive from the diplomatic service,

a zoölogist, wit, and amateur classicist named Norman Douglas.

For the rest of Lawrence's life, Douglas was a kind of inimical friend. In his autobiography (*Looking Back*), written after Lawrence's death, Douglas remembered him as "an inspired provincial with marked puritan leanings," who "sometimes turned up at the *English Review* office with stories like 'The Prussian Officer' written in that impeccable handwriting of his. They had to be cut down for magazine purposes; they were too redundant; and I was charged with the odious task of performing the operation." Douglas insisted that "the prevalent conception of Lawrence as a misanthrope is wrong. He was a man of naturally blithe disposition, full of childlike curiosity. The core of his mind was unsophisticated. He touched upon the common things of earth with tenderness and grace . . . There was something elemental in him, something of the *Erdgeist*."

Lawrence's first *English Review* story, "Goose Fair," with a Nottingham setting, has many of these qualities: it gave evidence from the first of Lawrence's skill as a storyteller. And by this time his prose had attained a smoothness not found in his verse. The poetry was then untamed, as it was always to be. In Lawrence's early period, it presaged the tumbling, vital quality his prose was to have later.

The *English Review* poems that appeared three months after "Goose Fair," in April 1910, were a group Lawrence called "Night Songs," several of which turned up later in volumes of his verse. The October 1910 issue of the magazine contained three more poems by Lawrence: "Tired of the Boat," "Sigh No More," and "Ah, Muriel!" The first of these reappeared in *Amores* as "In A Boat," the second, with extensive changes, in *New Poems*; the third poem was not reprinted. This poem was obviously directed at Jessie Chambers; Muriel was one of the fictitious names Lawrence used for her. Today the poem, which Lawrence evidently did not consider worth reprinting, is valuable only for what it tells us of the Lawrence-Jessie relationship:

I have many prayers to say.
If I string the planets and the beady stars
Into a glistening rosary,
'Twill not be too many prayers to say.

For I have injured you;
Under the moon's sharp scimitar's
Flashing of delicate wrath,
I did you an injury.

When I come home, promise me,
Promise you will not watch the scar's
Red stroke across my lips,
When I stand in the doorway, shamefully.

If these second and third groups of Lawrence poems published in the *English Review* in April and October 1910 were not up to the standard of the November 1909 set, it should be remembered that he was a young poet, experimenting, and that his efforts were not equally successful. He did not, in any event, republish several of the poorest of them. In some cases this was a loss, for even his poorest poems sometimes had excellent individual phrases and lines.

The three groups of poems in the *English Review* in 1909 and 1910, the story "Goose Fair" in the same journal in 1910, and the anonymous story "A Prelude" in the *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, comprised Lawrence's total publication before his first book appeared. *The White Peacock* came out in January 1911, the month after his mother died.

Mrs. Lawrence's illness began in August 1910 when she was visiting her sister Ada in Leicester.

Lawrence, who had completed *The White Peacock* earlier in the year, had written the first draft of *The Trespasser* (then called *The Saga of Siegmund*) between Whitsuntide and midsummer. While working on the book, he had begged Jessie not to try "to hold him." In August he asked to visit the Chambers family at the new farm in Arno Vale, Mapperley, and they prepared a room for him. He wrote Helen Corke that when he saw Jessie in Eastwood, she had looked "very pretty and very wistful." He was afraid, now, of going to visit the Chamberses; he hoped he would "have the heart to tell" Jessie that they should "finally and definitely part." A few days later, when Jessie saw him again at Eastwood, he announced that he would not go to Mapperley. She said she was weary of his changes: she wanted either "complete union or a complete break." Lawrence told her it must, then, be a complete break, and they made an agreement to stop writing one another. But before a week had passed, he wrote advising her to read Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* and its sequel, *Tommy and Grizel*. If she would read these books, she might understand Lawrence's own predicament, he said. Shortly afterward, he sent her a pathetic letter telling of his mother's illness.

Lawrence wrote William Hopkin from Leicester on August 24, saying that "a tumour or something" had developed in his mother's abdomen,

and that the doctor was looking grave and saying the situation was serious. The grinding illness had begun that would kill her in a little more than three months.

Before Lawrence found his mother ill at Leicester, he had been on a holiday trip in Lancashire, at Blackpool, at Fleetwood, and at Barrow-in-Furness, with George Neville. They had visited Neville's aunt at Blackpool and two sisters named Stewart who had been at college with Lawrence. Thus the "Sentimental Tommy" was forgetting his troubles. But soon all other troubles were forgotten at the appalling realization that Mrs. Lawrence had cancer.

The most thorough account of her slow dying through that autumn of 1910 occurs in *Sons and Lovers*. A number of poems in *Amores* also reflect various phases of the experience. *Sons and Lovers* contains all the circumstantial details of the visits of the doctors, the mother's return home in a hired automobile, her ultimate confinement and increasing agony. The effectiveness of the narration is heightened by its restraint, even in the passages describing the son's anxiety and grief. The poems on the subject of the mother's illness and death were written as direct expressions of Lawrence's feelings, and written perhaps at the moment of experience. Sometimes they contain material that also appears in *Sons and Lovers*, such as the passage in which Paul, smoking a cigarette by the kitchen fire, starts to brush some ash off his coat and notices "it was one of his mother's grey hairs. It was so long! He held it up, and it drifted into the chimney. He let go. The long grey hair floated and was gone in the blackness of the chimney." The poem "Sorrow," which repeats this experience, ends:

I should find, for a reprimand
To my gaiety, a few long grey hairs
On the breast of my coat; and one by one
I watched them float up the dark chimney.

Another of the poems, "Anxiety," shows Lawrence at Croydon—from which he could get away only on weekends after school reopened in September—waiting for the news of his mother's death and, when the messenger boy passes on his bicycle, the poet wonders whether it is relief he feels, "Or a deeper bruise of knowing that still / She has no rest."

In October, Lawrence asked one of the Heinemann editors to hasten the printing of *The White Peacock*: "Not that I care much myself. But I want my mother to see it while she keeps the live consciousness. She is really horribly ill." Fourteen years later, Lawrence remembered: "The

very first copy of *The White Peacock* that was ever sent out, I put into my mother's hands when she was dying. She looked at the outside, and then at the title-page, and then at me, with darkening eyes." Despite her love for him, she could not seem to believe that he had written an important book: "This David would never get a stone across at Goliath. And why try? Let Goliath alone!—Anyway, she was beyond reading my first immortal work. It was put aside, and I never wanted to see it again. She never saw it again."

Jessie Chambers reported that, when Lawrence during this period came home from Croydon on alternate weekends, he was under "a terrible strain" and, although ostensibly "interested in things," he was "terribly alone," it was plain, "in his grief." He projected a "horror of sheer hopelessness." Jessie said that even the sincerest and most disinterested love could not reach him, though his brother George told her that Louie used to visit the house and was "very kind when mother was ill." It was at this time, a week or two before his mother's death, that Lawrence sent Jessie the letter informing her that he had proposed marriage to Louie.

Lawrence wrote a direct account of his experiences at the time of his mother's illness, in a letter to McLeod, previously unpublished:^u

To A. W. McLeod from Lynn Croft, Eastwood, Notts., Dec. 5, 1910

I was glad to get your letter, which is very kind and graceful. Myself, I should have written before, but for this frustration of suspense. While you're watching a blow coming, and feeling the top of your head tingle in preparation, then you may have the will, but hardly sufficient detachment, to correspond with your friends.

Mother is very bad indeed. It is a continuous "We watched her breathing through the night—" ay, and the mornings come, snowy, and gloomy, and like this "chill with early showers," and still she is here, and it is the old slow horror. I think Tom Hood's woman looked sad but beautiful: but my mother is a sight to see and be silent about for ever. She has had a bloody hard life, and has always been bright: but now her face has fallen like a mask of bitter cruel suffering. She was, when well, incredibly bright, with more smile wrinkles than anything: you'd never know that this was the permanent structure on which the other floated. I sit hour after hour in the bedroom, for I am chief nurse, watching her—and sometimes I turn to look out of the window at the bright wet cabbages in the garden, and the horses in the field beyond, and the church-tower small as a black dice on the hill at the back a long way off, and I find myself apostrophising the landscape "So that's

what you mean, is it?"—and under the mobile shadowy change of expression, like smiles, on the countryside, there seems to be the cast of eternal suffering. Banall

But that's getting morbid and I won't go on like it. I hope one day you may long as I do for the peace (no exclamation) and happiness of Davidson Rd. Mother is very bad this morning: she refuses even water. It is half past nine. I think—"If I were only rushing into Mac's room with a newspaper-cutting, to launch forth into unmitigated condemnation of somebody or other, wouldn't it be lovely." And I say "Oh, if I were only taking Arithmetic, and abusing Burridge!" The desire of my life, at present, is to have mother buried and to be myself back at Davidson.

I'm glad the concert went well—and that my awning should so approximate the work of Almighty God as to deceive people into a belief in its reality—unless you're telling me an amiable fib, for which I forgive you. Philip had better read some of my prose before engaging me as school play-wright: it'll cure him of desiring me. And he is a born author: substitute "purse" for "heart" in his couplet, and you have an exhortation equal to the best of Peter the Hermit:

When shall tight purse be unsealed,
Each school possess its playing field
And I my gracious influence wield
Unhampered! etc. etc.

Oh, there's one thing I'll tell you—if you promise not to give me away. I went to Leicester on Saturday. There I met an old girl friend of mine, with whom I've always kept up a connection—she was "my girl" in Coll, though there have been changes since. Well, we were coming down from Leicester to Quorn, where Louie lives. There were five women with us in a small corridor compartment. We had been talking very sympathetically, and had got to Rothley, next station to Quorn. "And what do you think you'll do, Bert,—after Christmas?" said Louie. I said I didn't know—then added "Why, I should like to get married." She hung her head. "Should *you*?" I asked. She was much embarrassed, and said *she* didn't know. "I should like to marry you" I said suddenly, and I opened my eyes, I can tell you. She flushed scarlet.—"Should *you*?" I added. She looked out of the window and murmured huskily, "What?"—"Like to marry me?" I said. She turned to me quickly, and her face shone like a luminous thing. "Later," she said. I was very glad. The brakes began to grind. "We're at Quorn" I said, and my heart sank. She suddenly put her hand on mine and leaned

to me. "I'll go to Loughboro" she said. The five women rose. "I can come back by the 8.10," she said. The five women, one by one, issued forth, and we ran out among the floods and the darkness. There are such floods at Loughboro—I saw them going up.

So I have written to my other girls, and I have written to Louie's father. She is a glorious girl: about as tall as I, straight and strong as a caryatid (if that's how you spell them)—and swarthy and ruddy as a pomegranate, and bright and vital as a pitcher of wine. I'm jolly glad I asked her. What made me do it, I cannot tell. Twas an inspiration. But I can't tell mother.

I tell you because I want to tell somebody who is interested—and you will not look shocked or doubtful as would those who know my affairs more fully. But the rest can go to the devil, so I have Louie.

But I told her "My wealth is £4 4" 2½"—for I counted in my pocket—"and not a penny more."—Which is true—I haven't another boddle.

"And I haven't twice as much" she confessed.—Then we laughed. But I wish I had £100.—I shall try for a country school and get married as soon as possible.

Now look here—you often tell Philip things I don't want you to tell him. I shall be ever so mad if you tell him this—or anybody. But tell him all the rest, because I don't want to force myself to write to him.

I have got my copy of the Peacock—but I don't think Pawling will publish till after the election. It looks a nice book—very nice—from the outside: I haven't looked in—haven't wanted. Mother just glanced at it. "It's yours, my dear," my sister said to her. "Is it?" she murmured, and she closed her eyes. Then a little later, she said, "What does it say?"—and my sister read her the tiny inscription I had put in. Mother has said no more of it.

I have just turned her over—she cannot move. "Bert"—she said, very strange and childish and plaintive—half audible "It's very windy." She had just been able to make out what the noise was. The cellars and chimneys are roaring, and the windows banging. You have no idea—I hope—how many degrees of death there are. My mother's face—almost all but the cheeks—is grey, as grey as the sky.

Well—auf wiedersehen. You won't be so glad to see me as I to see you.

[P.S.] Give my regards to Aylwin and Byrne and Philip—and casually to Humphreys and Miss Rollston. Miss Mason owes me a letter.

In *Sons and Lovers*, when the son's agony became too great as the mother's suffering increased, Paul and his sister determined on a "mercy

killing" by putting an overdose of morphia pills in her milk: "Then they both laughed together like two conspiring children. On top of all their horror flickered this little sanity."

In the novel, the mother died that same night. Whether or not Lawrence actually eased his mother's death—the euthanasia may have been put into *Sons and Lovers* to heighten the dramatic effect—Paul's grief after his mother had died was certainly Lawrence's own grief.

She was buried in a windy December rainstorm: "The wet clay glistened, all the white flowers were soaked." The son and daughter stood together by the grave, at the bottom of which a corner of their brother's coffin could be seen. Then the oak box containing their mother was steadily lowered: "She was gone. The rain poured in the grave. The procession of black, with its umbrellas glistening, turned away. The cemetery was deserted under the drenching cold rain."

The day before the funeral, Lawrence and Jessie "walked once more on the familiar lanes," and also went over the old conversational grounds. Lawrence, who had "brutally tossed a coin" to a beggar near Moorgreen Reservoir, explained to the angry Jessie that "a man has sunk pretty low when he can take a copper in that fashion," and when Jessie told him he should not have entangled Louie Burrows in their own relationship, Lawrence coldly explained that he had nothing to do with *should* and *ought*. Then, as they stood by the railway track near one of the collieries, Lawrence told Jessie "in a strangled voice" that he had always loved his mother "like a lover. That's why I could never love you."

He then gave her "a draft of three poems he had just written." It is these which appeared in *Amores*, and they tell, more directly and more movingly than any other document could tell, the story of the relationship that had dominated his life up to that time, and that would dominate it for some time longer.

These three poems—"The End," "The Bride," "The Virgin Mother"—are all concerned with Lawrence's mother, and not in the least with Jessie. Her case was as hopeless as before: his mother dominated him from beyond death. Lawrence might have been able to love Jessie, if she had been essentially different from his mother.

III

The history of the first edition of *The White Peacock* is a curious one which has caused wrangling among bibliographers. After Heinemann had accepted the book for English publication, Duffield and Company contracted to bring it out in New York. Duffield printed the book first,

then shipped the plates to London. The first-edition confusion in the matter of *The White Peacock* was intensified because the Heinemann editors had persuaded Lawrence to change two paragraphs in the British edition, while they made a slight textual alteration on another page. As a result, the first English edition had two cancel leaves, pages 227-228 and pages 229-230. The change on the first cancel leaf was trivial, since on page 227 the word *mucked* was changed to *dirtied*. The alterations on page 230 were more extensive.

The passages requiring change read as follows in the American edition: "God!—we were a passionate couple—and she would have me in her bedroom while she drew Greek statues of me—her Croton, her Hercules! . . . Then gradually she got tired—it took her three years to have a real bellyful of me." These lines in the British edition read: "Lord!—we were an infatuated couple—and she chose to view me in an æsthetic light. I was Greek statues for her, bless you: Croton, Hercules, I don't know what! . . . Then gradually she got tired—it took her three years to be really glutted with me."

Sufficiently tamed, the book came out in January 1911. Perhaps because of the rather namby-pamby character of Cyril, the "I" of the story, the review of the book in the *Athenaeum* began with the statement, "This novel is characteristic of the modern fiction which is being written by the feminine hand," and the morning *Post* critic, in a favorable survey of the book, also suggested that the author was a woman. The anonymous reviewer in the *Athenaeum* found that the novel used the "cinematographic" (new word then) method, but was not selective; he admitted that there was "cleverness in this modern study of nerves," but found it "impossible to avoid the conclusion that the characters were spun in the author's brain." Friendlier reviews appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* (Violet Hunt), the *Glasgow Herald* (Catherine Jackson, later Carswell), and the (London) *Academy* (Henry Savage). The (London) *Saturday Review* attacked the book's formlessness and its presentation of characters and episodes which did "not seem to aid the progress of the plot," though in the main the story had "force and power." The *English Review* spoke enthusiastically of its protégé: "In D. H. Lawrence we have a new writer, one most certainly to be reckoned with. . . . It is not perhaps a very good novel. Mr. Lawrence is somewhat prolix in his conversations; his life's orbit would seem a little limited; there are loquacious oases of rather heavy and almost suburban dulness. But there are flashes of real genius." In America, Frederic Tabor Cooper, in the *Bookman*, found the novel "rather puzzling to estimate," though its realistic scenes were "written

with a relentless skill" which made them painful to read. "But the author has no special story to tell; the book . . . leaves us with a resentful feeling that we have been very much depressed in spirit to no purpose at all." Lawrence reported that his father, on learning that his son had received fifty pounds' advance for the book, "looked at me with shrewd eyes, as if I were a swindler. 'Fifty pounds! An' tha's niver done a day's work in thy life!'"

The White Peacock was successful enough in England to be reprinted in March, but Violet Hunt's later statement that this novel "took the town" is as exaggerated as Lawrence's remark at the time that "practically all America" was "hostile." His mood that year was one of continued bitterness. After his mother's death the preceding December, he and Ada had felt unable to face Christmas at Eastwood. On the 23rd of December he was at Croydon, where he wrote McLeod:^u "Nice of you to remember that I wanted those Latin poems: I'd forgotten myself: which makes it all the pleasanter now," and he sent McLeod the *Everyman Aucassin and Nicolette*, with the injunction, "Be Jolly." But Croydon was only a way station on the route south, to Brighton, where Ada joined him. Philip Smith's letter has recalled that season, and Lawrence's decline in health in the following year:

I spent the Christmas of 1910 at Brighton. Lawrence and his sister visited the town at the same period. On Christmas Day I invited them to my hotel. There was a whist party during the evening attended by the usual boarding house company comprising many attached ladies of uncertain age. The proceedings were somewhat languid and should be accelerated. This he proceeded to do to an extent that threatened the old ladies to join in "hunting the slipper" and other boisterous round games. I heard then, for the first time, Lawrence's peculiar laugh which was in after years quoted (see Huxley) as a characteristic exhibition of his exuberance.

The following day I walked with Lawrence for a day's tramp over the Downs. During the day he talked more freely than formerly of his literary ambitions. I was delicately assured that I might never fear an appearance as a character in any of his forthcoming books. He gave as a reason his idea that persons who had been "spoiled" by a too easy a passage through life could make no appeal to a novelist. He discussed the publication of a recent book by a well known author. He described the work as salacious and remarked, "If I cannot write without dipping my finger in it I will not write at all."

During lunch at a wayside inn Lawrence disagreed over some small matter with a chance fellow traveller. I was astounded with the sudden fury of his attack on his speedily vanquished and very subdued opponent.

During 1911 his health declined. He still visited my house but was evidently becoming restless of his surroundings. The routine of his daily life bothered him, but he never failed to keep pace with the work which he felt at the moment he could not afford to relinquish.

That year Lawrence spoke of, long after, as his "sick year," when "for me everything collapsed, save the mystery of death, and the haunting of death in life. I was twenty-five, and from the death of my mother, the world began to dissolve around me, beautiful, iridescent, but passing away substanceless. Till I almost dissolved away myself, and was very ill." It was apparently a year of little writing, as it was a year of little publication. The only poems by Lawrence to go into print that year were "Lightning"—the man seeing in a flash of lightning that the girl he is making love to is flinching away from him—and "Violets," a dialect poem, both in the *Nation* (London). Lawrence possibly wrote them before 1911, as in the case of the two stories he published in the *English Review* that year, "Odour of Chrysanthemums" and "A Fragment of Stained Glass" (this last from the original "A Legend," the story about Beauvale Abbey).

In February 1911, the Hall family of Eastwood recognized their daughter, Alice, one of the Pagans, as Alice Gall in *The White Peacock*. Her husband, White Holditch, threatened a lawsuit, but William Hopkin stopped this by telling Holditch that since he was a Quaker it would not be proper for him to initiate such an action. The next time Lawrence put Alice into a novel he gave her the quite different name of Beatrice Wyld—in *Sons and Lovers*.

Lawrence went home for Easter in 1911, but wanted to see no one outside his own family and close friends: "You'll not get me in the town much, I can tell you," he wrote Ada in advance.

At this time Ada was beginning to doubt her religion. On April 7, the Sunday before Easter, Lawrence, who had already given up Congregationalism and what had followed—Unitarianism—for an independent creed, wrote her: "I am sorry more than I can tell to find you going through the torment of religious unbelief." This was hard to bear, but she must remember that Jehovah was a Jewish God, "not ours." Lawrence felt that "Christ was infinitely good, but mortal as we. There still remains a God, but not a personal God: a vast, shimmering im-

pulse that moves on towards some end, I don't know what"—Lawrence thought he "would still go to chapel if it did me any good. I shall go myself, when I am married. Whatever name one gives Him in worship we all strive towards the same God, so we be generous-hearted: Christians, Buddhists, Mrs. Dax, me, we all stretch our hands in the same direction. What does it matter what name we cry?" His concern, he said in a later letter, was to protect Louie from realizing how tragic life could be. "Remember, she's seen nothing whatever of the horror of life, and we've been bred up in its presence: with father."

Ada was having difficulty with her father since, in March, they had given up the Lynn Croft house. Lawrence was sorry the father was "proving such a nuisance. . . . Let him eat a bit of the bread of humility. It is astonishing how hard and bitter I feel towards him." He was "tired of life being so ugly and cruel"; he had been painting recently, but had not written much: "I find I can't." He went back to Eastwood in the summer, staying at his sister Emily's. In August he wrote McLeod from Rosewood, Victoria Avenue, Prestatyn, N. Wales, "We are installed very happily," the "we" perhaps being himself and the married woman from Eastwood—for Lawrence anticipated some "love à la Garvice," a reference to the now forgotten best-selling romancer of that time, Charles Garvice. A few weeks later, Lawrence, who had "been moving about" was at Quorn, Leicestershire, staying with the Burrowses. While there he received a letter from Edward Garnett, then editor for the publishing firm of Gerald Duckworth, Ltd., who wrote in behalf of an American magazine, the *Century*, for which he was seeking stories. This was the beginning of an important friendship. Lawrence's earlier mentor, Hueffer, had, in Lawrence's account, "left me to paddle my own canoe," and "I very nearly wrecked it and did for myself"; but Garnett "rescued" him.

At this time Lawrence was trying to write the book that became *Sons and Lovers*. A letter of October 18, 1910 shows that Lawrence by then had written about one-eighth of "my third novel, *Paul Morel*, which is plotted out very interestingly (to me)." When Jessie Chambers read the first draft of the novel, in 1911, she found it stiff and artificial. This was probably the draft described by Lawrence Clark Powell in 1937 as the one in which "the father accidentally kills Paul's brother, is jailed, and dies upon his release." Jessie suggested that Lawrence rewrite the story, keeping it closer to the facts. He asked her to write out what she could remember of their early life, but before she could give him her notes, she learned of his severe illness.

In his growing friendship with Garnett, Lawrence in the fall of 1911

often spent weekends at the Cearne, the Garnetts' big cottage-farmhouse near Edenbridge, Kent. Sometimes he went down for the evening. One night he had to wait on a station platform in the rain, and this intensified a cold he already had, which developed into pneumonia. He had written Garnett, early in November, "This last fortnight I have felt really rotten—it is the dry heat of the pipes in school, and the strain—I must leave school, really." This was on November 7, 1911, the day the logbook of the Davidson School shows as the last one on which Lawrence taught his classes there.

Ada received a telegram saying her brother was ill, and she left at once for London. Helen Corke met her at Marylebone station and rushed her to Croydon. She found her brother severely ill; it was not until the middle of December that he was even able to sit "up to tea for an hour." It was not until the 29th that he could go for his first walk, limping from neuritis in his left leg.

During the Christmas holiday he had several visitors from the Midlands: his sister Emily brought her small son, and Jessie Chambers and Louie Burrows also appeared. "Christmas was all right." Yet, Lawrence had told Garnett on the 17th, "The doctor says I mustn't go to school again or I shall be consumptive." So he intended to ask for a long sick leave: "Then I can go back if I get broke." Meanwhile, "the headmaster grieves loudly over my prolonged absence. He knows he can scarcely get another man to do for him as I have done."

While convalescing from his illness, Lawrence at the beginning of 1912 started rewriting *The Saga of Siegmund*, as he then called *The Trespasser*. Hueffer had disliked the earlier version. Now, Lawrence told Garnett he had "done the first chapter—heaps, heaps better. There was room for improvement, by Jove! I was so young—almost pathetically young—two years ago." (Meanwhile, Jessie Chambers was writing a novel, *The Rathe Primrose*, later called *Eunice Temple*; she later destroyed the manuscript of this autobiographical projection, from which she took the initials E.T. for the authorship of her memoir of Lawrence in 1835.) Lawrence continued the rewriting of his *Siegmund* as his health improved. On January 6, 1912 he went to Bournemouth for a month, and from there he wrote his headmaster's wife a postcard on the 9th: "This house is jolly.—45 old folk in—a fair leaven of old permanent ladies, but nevertheless, some solid young folk, quite gay." On the 24th, McLeod received a fuller report from the lively convalescent, showing that his boarding-house existence (at Compton House, St. Peter's Road) was not altogether dry: "a

. . . I'm writing in the billiard room where a little Finn, whose 21st is today, is playing billiards with an old gent from South Africa. I live in constant dread of a cue in my ear and a ball in my eye. Also Scriven and I were celebrating our acquaintance—with Scotch—in his room till the small hours—So I'm dull as cold tea.

The old ladies continue to mother me—the young ones—shall we say, to sister me. The men are very amiable, but nearly teetotallers now. There was one chap here last week, with whom I had fine sport. He was mad with his wife on Friday, so he went out with me to Poole Harbour. There he went on the razzle. I had a fiendish time. He kept it up when we got back here: walked away with a baby in a pram in Christchurch Rd—tried to board and drive off with a private motor car—nearly had a fight in the Central Hotel, and got us turned out. We were four, arm in arm, swaying up the main street here [,] people dodging out of the way like hares. It was hot. In the end, I had to throw all the drinks they kept forcing on me on to the floor, lest I got as drunk as they.

Then, when at last, after superhuman struggles, I got him home—he was a big, well-built Yorkshire man of 35—plenty of cash—had been in the army—I—I had to stand the racket from Mrs. Jenkinson, whom I like, who is young and pretty and has travelled a good bit—and who sits at my table. I wished most heartily on Friday evening that I was over Lethe's soothing stream.

But now I am forgiven. It is raining today—the weather is so-so—it has never been cold. I can scarcely say when I shall be back in Croydon—if ever. But I'll tell you later. I don't think I want to return to Davidson—but we'll let that dog lie, also.

Lawrence left Bournemouth at two in the afternoon of February 3rd, and by four was at Waterloo Station. He had written Helen Corke, telling her he would be on his way to Garnett's home and suggesting that she meet him at Victoria Station and ride back as far as Croydon. She met him at Victoria, where they had tea; he looked healthy, and said he was happy not to be returning to Davidson. Helen stayed on the train past Croydon, going on with him as far as Woldingham. There had been no tension between them, and they had kept their conversation to lighter topics—but they parted in an atmosphere of farewell, with the North Downs bright in the last moments of sunset. And though Lawrence and Helen wrote a few letters to one another in the next year or so, they never met again. But before he could publish *The Trespasser* he had to have her permission, since the novel was based upon a manuscript of hers. Helen and Lawrence had agreed, in 1910,

that the book should not be published for five years, but now she permitted him to use the story for his second novel. Her own novel, *Neutral Ground* dealt, in Parts III and IV, with the same material. Almost all of *Neutral Ground* was written in 1818 (published 1834), except, as Helen Corke has explained in a letter to the author (May 20, 1851), that

the only part of the *Neutral Ground* papers written before *The Trespasser* appears on pp. 227 to 236 of *Neutral Ground*. This brief five days' diary was L's inspiration for his work, and his expansion of it occupies 193 pages of the original Duckworth edition. Beyond this point he uses some unwritten factual matter and introduces imaginary characters, two of them drawn from sketches of his colleagues on the school staff. Lawrence identified himself so closely with Siegmund that in a sense he lived the experience. The book was too nearly life, and life upon that plane of superhuman perception which is charged with danger, and avoided instinctively, by the generality of mankind. Later, when the emotional stimulus had died down, and been decently covered with ash by Hueffer, Heinemann and Co., L. tried to reshape it by intellectual processes, with the sad result noted in your comment "the prose of *The Trespasser* is often thick and gummy." And it should be remembered that at the time of the revision L. was a convalescent, with his energy at low ebb.

Like Dostoevsky, Lawrence was not above adapting newspaper stories for his fictional use. For Siegmund's death he borrowed some of the circumstances of the death of a well-known musician, MacCartney of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, whose dramatic suicide had been a journalistic sensation of a few years before. Lawrence also tucked pictures of various friends into odd little corners of the novel. Several members of the Croydon teaching staff recognized themselves as minor characters: Violet Mary Babbage turned up as Olivia, and two of the male teachers, R. H. Aylwin and Ernest Humphreys, appeared as Allport and Haliday. In the portrait of a third, Lawrence gives us a glimpse of his closest friend at Croydon, A. W. McLeod: "Mr. McWhirter was tall, fair, and stoutish; he was very quietly spoken, was humorous and amiable, yet extraordinarily learned. He never, by any chance, gave himself away, maintaining always an absolute reserve amid all his amiability."

Lawrence rewrote the last draft of *The Trespasser* in a remarkably short time, and by April 5 he already had proofs to correct, in Eastwood. The book was published in May. In all the haste, it was given the wrong title. Gerald Duckworth had disliked *The Trespasser*, and

among the others suggested—*The Saga of Siegmund, The Man and the Dreaming Woman, Trespassers in Cytherea, A Game of Forfeits*—he had preferred the last. But Duckworth's proofreader did not know this, and the title Lawrence had suggested earlier slid through.

Meanwhile, that same spring, he worked away at his colliery novel. Late in February he wrote Garnett, to whom he now reported the details of his love affairs, that he and Ada went one night to a dance "at Jacksdale—mining village four miles out. My sister found me kissing one of her friends good-bye—such a ripping little girl—and we were kissing like nuts—great shocks all round, and much indignation. But—life is awfully fast down here." Lawrence needlessly added that he was "very well."

Early in March he could send Garnett news about an old school friend, "the Don Juanish fellow I told you of"—who had shocked the younger Eastwoodites five years before by spawning an illegitimate child. Now he had produced another child, whom he described to Lawrence as "Jimmy, a very fine lad," after three months' of secret marriage. The local school authorities had removed him from his teaching post "to a little headship on the Stafford-Derby border," where he was lonely and imploring Lawrence to visit him.

And there was an amusing and lively description of Louie in another letter to Garnett: Lawrence had taken her to Nottingham Castle and afterward to a restaurant; she had been coy, coquettish, and vague; she had put on little scenes of laughing and crying. Two weeks later she wrote, "repenting of her horrid behaviour," to invite Lawrence "to take an excursion with her down into the country next Saturday—just to show I forgive her. I daren't accept—and shan't."

And this was the last of Louie in his life, though after his death she rented for years the cottage he had once lived in with his wife, in Cornwall; and Louie made two dramatic visits to his grave in France, with much weeping.

In that year of 1912, Lawrence was speaking, as early as March 6, of possibly going to Germany. Two months later, he was actually there.

Meanwhile he had to break his connection with the Davidson School, whose logbook shows that his name was carried on the faculty roster till March 19, 1912. Philip Smith had invited him back. Smith and the staff had sent Lawrence some books, for which they were subsequently thanked in a letter of April 22. But apparently not long before this, in an undated postcard from Nottingham, Lawrence wrote: "The books are so nice—I'm on the point of tears like anything—It's

really too ridiculous in a restaurant. I should love to come back to Davidson if there were no kids—or only half a dozen or so.”

One day at the beginning of April Lawrence went to Nottingham to have lunch at Professor Ernest Weekley's home. He had asked to see his former French instructor because he wanted advice and perhaps assistance. Maybe Professor Weekley and Lawrence's uncle by marriage, Professor Fritz Krenkow, could help him obtain a post at a German university, as *Lektor*, “foreign teacher of his mother tongue.” Lawrence had of course intended to give up teaching, but perhaps a *Lektorstelle* would not devour his health as the Croydon schoolmaster-ship had done: he would find the university routine less exhausting, and he would not have to discipline small boys. At least Professor Weekley could tell him about these things, for Weekley had supplemented his Cambridge training with study at several Continental schools, and he had once been *Lektor* at Freiberg. While there he had married a German girl.

His home was in the Mapperley section of Nottingham, only about a mile from the Arno Vale farm of the Chambers family. Lawrence had often visited his brother George “on the Mapperley side,” but George did not live in so elegant a neighborhood as Victoria Crescent. Years later, the former Mrs. Weekley remembered Lawrence's entrance into the house, “a long, thin figure, quick, straight legs, light, sure movements. He seemed so obviously simple. Yet he arrested my attention. What kind of a bird was this?”

Mrs. Weekley took the strange “bird” into her sitting room, where they talked for half an hour before lunch. The French windows were turned back, the curtains throbbed in the spring wind, the voices of the children sounded from the lawn. Lawrence, never addicted to small talk, abruptly began a denunciation of women: he was through with them, and with attempts at knowing them. At least by saying so he found a way to capture the immediate attention of his hostess, who was an altogether different kind of woman from any he had known. There was more blaze about her than about Englishwomen: she had the assured Continental manner and a throaty, strange-accented voice, and she could range in a moment from sophisticated poise into childish eagerness. Physically, she was a magnificent blonde tall animal, with high cheekbones and green “Tartar” eyes flecked with brown. Lawrence, watching her closely at lunch, saw that she paid little attention to her husband. Under the spell of her exuberance,

the visitor stayed on till nightfall and then walked home, more than eight miles across the dark farmlands.

He went back to see her again on Easter, April 7 that year; he had meanwhile written to tell her that she was the most wonderful woman in all England. She countered by asking him how many women in England he knew.

Frieda was, at the time she met Lawrence, if not actually unhappy, only missing unhappiness because she had sunk into a condition of drowsiness; as she said later, she was sleepwalking through the days. She had known *Mitteleuropa*, the expanding Germany of Bismarck, and the Kaiser's court; now, at thirty-two, she was the veteran of a dozen years of marriage and residence in the English provinces. She had three children, two girls and a boy, she had an automobile at her disposal, and the fine house in the Mapperley district. But she was bored. Even her occasional love affairs, one with a local barrister, failed to rouse her into wakefulness. Life had not always been like this: there had been the vast meadowlands and forests of Silesian estates, the glittering ballrooms of Berlin, the courtship of young officers, the champagne parties—but the enchanting princess had become a *Hausfrau*.

If Emma Maria Frieda Johanna Weekley-Richthofen was not exactly a princess, she was by title, like all daughters of German aristocrats, at least a baroness. And this impressed the collier's son: for some time later, when Lawrence was using her stationery, he self-consciously called his correspondents' attention to the von Richthofen coat-of-arms. Actually, the family was not of the ancient nobility, for its title went back only two and a half centuries, yet it was a distinguished clan whose members held prominent posts in the new empire. The family traced its descent from a commoner, Samuel Schmidt, a pastor's son from a village just north of Berlin whom a high-ranking nobleman adopted in 1562: this Samuel Schmidt's grandson became a member of the Bohemian knighthood in 1661 and assumed the name of von Richthofen. This first von Richthofen was the great-great-great-great grandfather of Frieda. She has recalled (in a letter of December 8, 1853), "Richthofen is for Richter (judge) because in the arms is a judge on a seat in black—but they were very religious, mystically so."

One of Frieda's distant uncles was the famous geographer and explorer of Asia, Ferdinand von Richthofen (1833-1905), and a distant cousin, Manfred von Richthofen (1892-1918), was to become the greatest of all war aces. But mostly the men of the family were diplomats, such as her father's uncle, Emil von Richthofen, who was the

ambassador to Sweden, and his son Oswald (1847-1906), who was State Secretary of the Foreign Office and Prussian Secretary of State. Of course some of the men of the family looked after their lands. Most of the von Richthofens owned estates in the Silesian *Langenthal*, and they were proud of their acres of grain and of their flocks of merino sheep, which had been greatly improved and increased since Frederick the Great first introduced them into the province. The von Richthofens were ardent horsemen, they fished for salmon in the Oder and they hunted the boar and the stag in the forests that stretched down from the Carpathians and the Riesengebirge.

Most of the von Richthofens, then, were at least fairly well-to-do, but they could not afford speculations of the type that Frieda's great-grandfather Ludwig (1770-1850) and his son Ludwig (1800-1880) engaged in, and on top of the failure of such speculations the family certainly could not afford natural disasters of the kind that then beset them. They ventured a good part of their fortune in sugarbeets, a reasonable investment at the time when the policies of Napoleon I had inflated the price of sugar throughout Europe; the fall of Napoleon brought about a decline in sugar prices and almost completely ruined the new industry in Silesia. Thus this branch of the von Richthofens lost most of its money and property in one of the early disasters of the industrial revolution, even as the Beardsalls of Nottingham had suffered losses in another of those disasters. Frieda recalled in 1853, "My father's or rather my grandfather's place, a small castle, was called Rashowa, it is still a sugarbeet centre. What I liked about the Richthofen men I met was their individuality, all unusual men."

The worst of the natural calamities that fell upon Frieda's branch of the von Richthofens occurred when lightning killed all their sheep in the fold during a severe storm. Frieda's father, an officer with an enviable record for valor in battle, had a life-long dread of thunderstorms.

It has often been stated that this Friedrich von Richthofen, born in 1845, was a general and that he was military governor of Alsace-Lorraine. He was never a general, and at Metz he was an official in the civil service. He had begun his career in the army, however, in 1862, and had served in the Franco-Prussian war. He was at the siege of Strasbourg during the summer and early autumn of 1870, and took part in the campaigns and skirmishes in that area. He has left a diary of the events of that time, up to the end of the year, a record of being almost incessantly under fire by day, with billets at country inns by night, violent quarrels and lively parties, a full account of a life of

marches in the rain, encounters with refugees, duels between officers of the same regiment, suicides, funerals, sorties, the music of bands in the *Platzes* of captured towns. Now and then, in the fashion of Bismarck's junior empire-builders, the young baron behaved somewhat like the Prussian officer of Lawrence's story: on the 10th of November, "A mad scene this evening at the 'Horse.' I whipped an artillery officer with my sabre." On November 11, when the baron gave a whist party, with grog, at his quarters, "Heinrich [his servant] got drunk and I beat him." Then, more descriptions of snow, mist, marches. At the New Year, the baron was wounded and captured—and his wound, which disabled his right hand, kept him from ever again being a soldier.

Friedrich von Richthofen's wife had French and Polish connections: as her daughter Frieda has explained it, in a letter to the author of this book, "My mother's name was Marquier, of French origin, her ancestor was supposed to have escaped from the French revolution in a hay waggon to the Black Forest—My Richthofen grandmother was a Polish countess Lashowska."

The Friedrich von Richthofens had three children, all girls. Lawrence described them in a letter in 1912: "The Richthofens are an astonishing family—three girls—women—the eldest a Doctor of Social Economics—a Professor too—then Frieda—then the youngest—28—very beautiful, rather splendid in her deliberate worldliness. They are a rare family—father a fierce old aristocrat—mother utterly non-moral, very kind." The eldest daughter, Else, who played an important rôle in the early relationship of Lawrence and Frieda, later became his German translator; *The Rainbow* was to be dedicated to her. Else had been one of the first girl students at Heidelberg, after attendance at a finishing school at Freiberg and at a teachers' college, operated by nuns, at Metz. She had written her doctor's dissertation, on the relation of political parties to social-insurance laws, under the direction of the great economist Max Weber. Else had married one of her teachers at Heidelberg, Dr. Edgar Jaffe, professor of political economy, and they had moved to Munich in 1910 when he had accepted a post at the university there.

Although the von Richthofens were a Protestant family, Frieda and her younger sister Johanna ("Nusch") began their education at a Catholic convent, half French, at Metz. Frieda's exuberance—which still impresses those who have seen her in her seventies—was then apparently at its highest pitch of intensity: "I was a wild child," she wrote later, "and they could not tame me, those gentle nuns." Later, Frieda and Johanna attended the girls' high school in Metz. Else has recalled that

Frieda was not "bookish" in those days, though she had a favorite novel that she read continuously and often wept over: *Jane Eyre*. When Frieda was seventeen and Nusch fifteen, the two girls were sent to a finishing school in the Black Forest, kept by Moravian Brothers. Frieda did not want to leave her home; the house she had grown up in, outside Metz, was surrounded by gardens and fruit trees and a high wall. That house and its surroundings were full of gay memories; once on the Kaiser's birthday, the baron's old regiment had re-enacted the circumstances in which he had received the Iron Cross in the war of 1870, and afterward when the soldiers lifted Frieda's father onto their shoulders to carry him through the hall, her "heart beat to bursting" and she thought, "What a hero my father is." John Middleton Murry has cast some light on Frieda's relationship with her father, of which he presumably heard from Frieda herself. In an essay ("Marriage") in his magazine the *Wanderer* in 1834, Murry wrote that Frieda "was a completely emancipated woman. Equality of the sexes she took in her stride, which reached gaily a little further still. She also had direct experience of 'male authority' in her father, not merely as head of a Prussian aristocratic household, but as the first Prussian military [*sic*] governor of Metz after the war of 1870. None the less, in spite of this imposing façade, her experience of 'male' authority was also of 'male authority' in disintegration. Domestically, it was manifested as the right to male irresponsibility—heavy gambling debts and the like—and, in compensation for the inevitable coldness between him and his wife, an irresponsibly indulgent affection towards his daughters, who knew his secrets and smiled at his pretensions."

There at Metz, Frieda was happy with the admiration of the soldiers barracked nearby, who invited her and Nusch to their Christmas parties, where sausages and gingerbread and cigars hung on the tree, along with the small dolls the soldiers had carved for the girls. In her youth, Frieda has said, only boys and men gave her the kind of interest she wanted; women and girls frightened her, and "pleasure and social stuff" did not fulfill her. She was happiest when playing with her boy friends around the Metz fortifications, where among the constructions of Vauban the soldiers had built huts and dug trenches—her interest in these fortifications was later to cause Lawrence embarrassment.

At the school in the Black Forest, where Frieda and Nusch were both confirmed, Frieda developed a schoolgirl's infatuation for one of her teachers. She was frightened when the emotion was reciprocated. She was happy to leave school, at seventeen, "to go into society": which meant, in this case, a year in Berlin as the guest of Oswald von Richtho-

fen, her great-uncle's son, at that time Undersecretary of State, soon to be Secretary. For a beautiful young girl, it was a year not to be forgotten: her uncle's spacious residence in the Tiergarten, the carriage rides along the thoroughfares of the great flat city, the cafés and wine restaurants in the Unter den Linden, the theaters with their repertoires from Schiller to Schnitzler, the Royal Opera House with its eternal performances of Wagner, the balls at the Royal Palace. It was at one of these balls, when Nusch was in Berlin also, that the Kaiser asked who "those two young ladies" were, and on being told said, "Ah, the Herr Undersecretary has very beautiful nieces!"

Perhaps "pleasure and social stuff" did not really interest Frieda, but parties and carriage rides and theater attendance were occasions for male companionship. Else has remembered Frieda as being essentially innocent, believing in "the good of men": though outwardly gay, she took them seriously and felt she had a "mission" to help whichever of them had caught her interest and sympathy at the moment. Some of them wanted to marry her. There were, for example, Lieutenants Karl von Marbahr and Otto von Kramer, who could not afford to marry her because she was not an heiress: the expense of being a young officer was a great financial burden. But before she was twenty she had married Professor Weekley, fifteen years older than herself, whom she had met at a Black Forest resort, and he brought her to Nottingham, where she began her dozen years' dream.

When Lawrence came into her life, his directness immediately began to rouse her from this dream. At first she resented his directness, as when he had told her she was unaware of her husband. And Lawrence manifested this directness in other ways. On Easter Sunday, with the maids away and the children hunting for eggs in the garden, Frieda wanted to make Lawrence some tea, but did not know how to light the gas: he scolded her for her ignorance. He was a strange bird indeed: the baron's daughter, the professor's wife, was not used to having men scold her. She knew that Lawrence was piercing below the drowsy surface, to the misery underneath. It is no wonder that the leading motif in so many of his later novels and stories was to be the Sleeping Beauty theme.

As André Maurois has perceptively remarked, in *Prophets and Poets*, "women discerned in Lawrence something primitive, something akin to their own nature." He has their taste for magic; Frieda "said that he alone could teach human beings the art of living." With his frailty and his nearness to death, Lawrence "had a religious awareness of moments of happiness." Maurois points out that Frieda said she had not lived at all before living with Lawrence.

One day, when Lawrence met her and her two little girls at a station in Derbyshire, and took them walking through the spring woods, she knew she loved him. The knowledge came to her as she watched him playing with the children by a brook; he had made paper boats and put matches in them, and sent them sailing on the water, to the delight of the children. Frieda saw him, frail and intent, crouching by the brookside, and "suddenly I knew I loved him. He had touched a new tenderness in me." This recalls Jessie Chambers' uprush of tenderness when she saw Lawrence bending over the broken umbrella, "the beginning of our awareness and sympathy for one another."

One Sunday when Lawrence was visiting Frieda and her husband was away, she asked him to stay with her that night. He told her firmly that he would not stay overnight in her husband's house while he was absent, but that Frieda must go away with him. She was planning to visit Germany for the fiftieth anniversary of her father's entrance into the army, an event which the baron's old regiment planned to celebrate. Lawrence could travel with her, and in Germany they could be together secretly. Apparently the arrangement was not at first agreed upon as a permanent one, for in a letter of April 23 Lawrence mentioned to Garnett that Frieda planned to travel to Germany early in May, and he wanted "to go then, for we could have at least one week together." Yet he insisted that she tell her husband about him.

Frieda was tormented. Her husband had become to her merely another cold Englishman, a scholar interested only in his books about words, but he was kind to her, and he trusted her. Besides, there were the children: Frieda knew what the organized burgher world thought of a woman who went away from her home with a lover, and she felt she might never see the children again. But Lawrence compelled her. He was wretched, too; he wrote that for both of them it was "like being ill," and he knew how that felt: "There's nothing to do but shut one's teeth and look at the wall and wait."

Jessie had seen Lawrence on Easter Monday, when she unexpectedly met him at one of the railway stations near Eastwood. She was waiting for her sister when she saw Lawrence, who appeared at the barrier with Ada and Eddie Clarke; Jessie watched Lawrence for a while before he noticed her, and "the misery I saw depicted in his face was beyond anything I had ever imagined." Jessie saw Lawrence again a few weeks later, when he was spending the weekend with her married sister May Holbrook. Not knowing he was to be there, she drove over in the trap from Arno Vale with her father on the Sunday morning. Lawrence looked different, the expression of despair was gone and he was in good humor; but he was unexpectedly silent. Naturally he was thinking of

nothing but Frieda, and probably did not dare open his mouth lest he mention her. Jessie offered him a ride back into Eastwood, but he said her sister was expecting him to stay; Jessie felt that in this he was "true to his habit of letting other people make his decisions." But he rode part of the way toward Nottingham with Jessie and her father, speaking "with a forced brightness" of his forthcoming trip to Germany; Jessie imagined that he was uncomfortable because of her father's tone of casualness, which contrasted with the warmth of former times. Lawrence got out of the trap by Watnall Hill and walked back across the fields to the Holbrooks' cottage. There, he was quiet again, pensive; later, without warning, he said to Holbrook, "Bill, I like a *gushing* woman."

But the parting with Jessie had been moving, as if each of them had known it was final. When Lawrence got out of the trap, he stood in the road looking after it as it drove away. Jessie remembered, "I turned and saw him still standing where he had lighted, looking after us. I waved my hand and he raised his hat with the familiar gesture."

Lawrence was not telling Eastwood about Frieda; he did not even let his good friend Sallie Hopkin in on the secret. But he confided in Garnett from the first; Lawrence told him Frieda was "ripping," that she was "the finest woman I've ever met—you must above all things meet her . . . She is the daughter of Baron von Richthofen, of the ancient and famous house of Richthofen—but she's splendid, she is really. . . . You *must* see her next week. I wonder if she'd come to the Cearne, if you asked us. Oh, but she is the woman of a lifetime."

The geography of Lawrence's letters during those hectic weeks of April measures his restlessness; they are dated from Leicester, from Eastwood, then from Leicester, then again from Eastwood, with references to London visits. He had found the woman of his life, but he had no money—eleven pounds was all he could raise at the time—and Frieda, however bored at home, at least had her three children. Frail, barely recovered from his illness, Lawrence had yet a great deal of personal force to rely on; in Whitman's phrase, he was one of those who convince by their presence.

Frieda left her son Montague with his father, and took the two little girls, Barbara and Elsa, to their grandparents in Well Walk, Hampstead. Out on Hampstead Heath she had said good bye to the two children, and she was "blind and blank with pain."

Lawrence and Frieda left from Charing Cross on Friday, May 3, crossing the Channel to Ostend. Frieda remembered a grey sea and a dark sky, and the two of them "sitting' on the ropes, full of hope and agony."

IV

At Metz, in the confusion of the jubilee, the von Richthofen house was crowded with relatives of all ages, and bands were playing in the garden. Frieda and Lawrence went quietly to a small hotel, though Frieda's mother had wanted her to stay at home. Nusch also put up at the hotel. The parents, amid all the festivities, knew something was wrong between Frieda and her husband; importunate telegrams arrived from Nottingham. Frieda whispered into her sister Else's ear, "I've brought a man along with me." She told her parents, without a hint of Lawrence, that she was thinking of leaving her husband, and this shocked her father, who said that he had always thought her sensible: "I know the world." But Frieda felt that he had never known the best, and she meant to know that.

Lawrence, alone for the first time in a strange country, was wretched at the Deutscher Hof. Though he and Frieda were having their week together, she had to be at the family home most of the time, and their meetings were furtive. Frieda's sisters both liked Lawrence, however outlandish he seemed in his British raincoat and cloth cap: this was a man, they told her, whom she could trust. An old friend of the von Richthofens, an ancient baroness in Metz for the jubilee, was also at the Deutscher Hof, and ate at the breakfast table there with Frieda and Nusch. The baroness was nearsighted and did not see Lawrence; the sisters thought this extremely funny and kept giggling over it, while Lawrence sat with them, shy and uncomfortable.

Lawrence on lonely walks enjoyed the valley of the Mosel, with its vineyards. He loathed Metz, bristling with German soldiers; among the people he met in the town and the nearby villages, he preferred the French to the Germans. Sometimes, at the Deutscher Hof, he tried to write, revising *Paul Morel*, but told Frieda he did not have much luck trying "to work." On Tuesday May 7, Lawrence wrote Frieda that he could not stand the situation any longer: "For two hours I haven't moved a muscle—just sat and thought." He had written a letter to Weekley, which Frieda did not have to send. But Lawrence wanted "no more dishonour, no more lies. Let them do their—silliest—but no more subterfuge, lying, dirt, fear. I feel as if it would strangle me . . . I love you. Let us face anything, do anything, put up with anything. But this crawling under the mud I cannot bear." But at last the situation exploded: one day Frieda brought Lawrence to the fortifications, where a German policeman who heard them speaking English took Lawrence into custody, accusing him of being a British officer and a spy. Frieda had to ask her father to rescue her lover, and Lawrence left

for Trier, fifty miles away. But first Frieda brought him to her home for tea; it was the only time Lawrence was to meet the man he later spoke of as "the fiery little baron." Frieda has described the scene and its aftermath, with devastating simplicity: "They looked at each other fiercely—my father, the pure aristocrat, Lawrence, the miner's son. That night I dreamt that they had a fight, and that Lawrence defeated my father."

Lawrence, alone at Trier, also had his dreams; in one of them he fought savagely with Ernest Weekley, who at last calmed down and needed comforting. Lawrence loathed Metz ("Curse Metz"), but he liked Trier, which was not full of barracks, a town where the priests outnumbered the soldiers. He wrote to Frieda of the trees and the apple blossoms. Frieda went down to Trier for a few days around the weekend of May 11-12, and they agreed to meet later in Munich, where she was going to visit Else. Lawrence set off to visit his Krenkow relatives in the Rheinprovinz village of Waldbröl, east of Bonn. For the eighty-five-mile journey between there and Trier, Lawrence had to change trains four times; in one of the two surviving postcards he wrote to Frieda en route, he said he was on his sentimental journey. The second of these cards was from Hennef, where he was "sitting like a sad swain beside a nice, twittering little river, waiting for the twilight to drop, and my last train to come. . . . Now for the first time during today, my detachment leaves me, and I know I only love you. The rest is nothing at all. And the promise of life with you is all richness. Now I know."

This note is of particular interest because of the poem "Bei Hennef" which appeared the following year in *Love Poems* and later, without alteration, in the *Collected Poems*: "The little river twittering in the twilight, / The wan, wondering look of the pale sky, / This is almost bliss. . . ." After describing the setting and his own mood further, the poet ended:

You are the call and I am the answer,
 You are the wish and I the fulfilment,
 You are the night, and I the day.
 What else - it is perfect enough,
 It is perfectly complete,
 You and I,
 What more—?

Strange, how we suffer in spite of this!

Sixteen years later, Lawrence said that this poem signified a new beginning for him. In the Note to *Collected Poems*, he said that in the cycle of his *Look! We Have Come Through!* poems, "Bei Hennef" begins the new phase: the earlier poems in the sequence "belong to England and the death-experience." So, here in the Rhineland, after his three phases of experience with Frieda, in England and at Metz and at Trier, a new Lawrence appears, a somewhat more seasoned man and lover. He sees that life is good, but he is without the sentimental illusion that life and love may be enjoyed without pain—and what else is sentimentalism but that illusion? No, writing his postcard message and his poem in the dusk by the "twittering" little River Sieg, Lawrence was beginning to shed his past. He was only beginning to do so, and the shedding would always, as with all men, be incomplete. But his involvement with Frieda, and with the book he was then writing—later to become *Sons and Lovers*—made it possible for him to get beyond the most crippling parts of his past and to face life, to "come through."

At Waldbröl, a quaint village that still used oxen, Lawrence worked on his novel (he told Frieda it was on his conscience), he wandered across the Rhineland landscapes, he wrote letters, and he flirted with his "cousin," Hannah.

He wrote to Edward Garnett about Hannah who, in the desperation of a woman nearing thirty, had married a dull man; now she was falling in love with Lawrence. He told Garnett that he had eyes for no girl except Frieda, and he told Frieda merely that Hannah was "getting fonder and fonder" of him, but that he could flirt only when he was tipsy. Yet Hannah and her increasing "fondness" were apparently good for Lawrence. He could at least toss some unpleasant hints at Frieda when she boasted of the lovers then besieging her in Metz. More important, however, Lawrence's dallying with Hannah gave him a better perspective on love: "It's a funny thing, to feel one's passion—sex desire—no longer a sort of wandering thing, but steady, and calm. I think, when one loves, one's very sex passion becomes calm, a steady sort of force, instead of a storm. Passion, that nearly drives one mad, is far away from real love. I am realizing things that I never thought to realize. Look at that poem I sent you—I would never write that to you." Their next meeting must be solemn, it must have dignity; "no shufflings and underhandedness." Without Frieda, he was "a carcass," but he needed to let his sick soul heal for a time before he would "ask it to run and live with you again. . . . It's a marriage, not a meeting." Frieda said later that she was at this time in such confusion of mind

and emotion that she did not realize the depth of feeling in Lawrence's letters: "All I wanted was to be with him and have peace."

Lawrence journeyed to Munich on the 24th of May, and after a night there he and Frieda went south twenty-three miles, where they at last had their honeymoon for a week at Beuerberg. Years later, in 1929, Lawrence wrote his friend Max Mohr, "Die Frieda und ich haben unser Zusammenleben in Beuerberg im Isartal angefangen—in Mai 1912—und wie schön es war!" At the time, Lawrence reported to Garnett: "The river is green glacier water. Bavarian villages are white and gay, the churches are baroque, with minarets, white with black caps. Every day it was perfect. Frieda and I went a long ways. There are masses and masses of Alpine flowers, globe flowers, primulas, lilies, orchids—make you dance. . . . The lovely brooks we have paddled in, the lovely things we have done!"

He told Mrs. Hopkin, now also in the secret, that he loved Frieda so much he did not want to talk about it, he had never known before what love was, but now the world was "wonderful and beautiful and good beyond one's wildest imagination. Life *can* be great—quite god-like. It *can* be so. God be thanked I have proved it." Yes—but there is almost too much protest here. For, despite the ecstasy of love and the magnificence of the scenery—"Strange, how we suffer in spite of this!"—Frieda grieved for her children, and when Lawrence remonstrated with her she asked him what kind of an unnatural mother he expected her to be? In one of the *Look. We Have Come Through!* poems written at Beuerberg, "She Looks Back," the man reproaches the woman for being Lot's wife; her kisses are full of salt. Amid the glamour of the Bavarian Tyrol, she stares toward England. Yet the man feels that she is essentially with him; she has never looked "quite back"—she has looked back "nine-tenths, ah, more," but not all the way: "Nevertheless, the curse against you is still in my heart / Like a deep, deep burn. / The curse against all mothers." So it was not all paddling in the brook: if sunshine and flowers and joy often filled the day, agonies thronged the night, for the past bound Lawrence too. The *Look! We Have Come Through!* sequence reflects—it would be better to say refracts—this experience of happiness battling with misery; the sequence is not a report, but a translation into poetry of what happened, of what Lawrence felt, and of what he knew Frieda felt during the first five years of their union.

The *Look!* sequence is almost as nakedly confessional as anything could be. Yet, for all their realism, the poems are intrinsically *symboliste*, making their points by suggestion rather than explicit state-

ment. In this chapter, however, they will be considered only as autobiographical expressions, illuminating the details of Lawrence's relationship with Frieda. Some of the titles indicate the "dark" side of the picture: "And Oh—, That the Man I Am Might Cease to Be"; "Mutilation"; "Quite Forsaken"; "Forsaken and Forlorn"; "Song of a Man Who Is Not Loved"; "Misery"; "A Bad Beginning"; "Why Does She Weep?"; "Loggerheads"—these titles should be balanced against some of those with implications of another kind, such as "Roses on the Breakfast Table" and "A Doe at Evening," or against those which have a distinctly positive ring: "Paradise Re-Entered"; "Song of a Man Who Has Come Through"; "New Heaven and Earth"; "Elysium"—poems occurring late in the sequence. These titles alone give an idea of the ambivalence of the relationship. But, despite all the tensions and antagonisms expressed in the *Look!* poems, they do break through into a "New Heaven and Earth." For they are essentially a prothalamion—a great marriage poem, a celebration of conjugality, a festival of love. At the end of that first year of 1912, Lawrence wrote to Mrs. Hopkin, "I shall always be a priest of love": and his career and his doctrine are caught up in that phrase.

After the honeymoon week at Beuerberg, Lawrence and Frieda moved north a few miles to Icking, on the Isar. Professor Alfred Weber of Heidelberg, brother of Max Weber, had at the instigation of Frieda's sister, Else, lent them his flat while he was away from it. This was the upper floor of a small chalet-like building which in those days had a shop on the lower floor. Weber's flat had four small rooms and a kitchen; the tenants ate their meals on the balcony, where Lawrence also wrote. Taking breakfast on the balcony in his dressing gown, he felt respectable, but assured Frieda that she was not, in her nightgown. "She's got a figure like a fine Rubens woman," he told Garnett, "but her face is almost Greek."

Lawrence and Frieda stayed at Icking till August, and their experience was a repetition of Beuerberg, the pendulum of their emotions rocking between happiness and misery. Their quarrels had an almost ritualistic pattern: after a spell of happiness, Frieda would remember the children and be sad; Lawrence would tell her that he would make a better life for all of them; Frieda would feel reassured, but before she could show this, Lawrence would be railing that she did not really care for "those brats" anyhow. But, he said, he had "nailed" Frieda to his wagon: the two months at Icking were that important. As those balcony days passed—bullocks pulling wagons along the road

below, the wheatfields sloping down to the river, on the far bank a forested lowland and then the lifting mountains, the beginning of the Alps—the love of Lawrence and Frieda grew strong in that enormous setting.

Lawrence did the cooking, an art of which Frieda was later to become an expert practitioner. They lived on berries and fresh eggs, on black bread and beer. Meanwhile, Lawrence's writing continued to go apace. The version of *Paul Morel* he had been working on at Waldbröl—only ten pages to go when he left—was sent to Heinemann soon after Lawrence arrived at Icking. He always believed Heinemann rejected it because he thought it an unclean book. Lawrence had Garnett read the manuscript for Duckworth's; it came back to him on July 25, with Garnett's notes, and Lawrence promised to "slave like a Turk" at re-writing it, beginning the next day; he estimated that the third draft would take him three months. This was a rather accurate forecast, for in spite of the month spent in walking across the Alps, Lawrence completed on November 13 the version that Duckworth's published the following year.

In the month in which Lawrence had left London (May 1912), *The Trespasser* had been published, and Garnett sent the reviews to Germany. Most of them suggested a disappointed friendliness. "Had it been the work of almost any other man, it would have satisfied," the *Saturday Review* (London) said, "for it is no common novel, but for some months we have been waiting for this book with the highest hopes." The *Athanaeum* reviewed *The Trespasser* jointly with *The Brothers Karamazov*—just then translated by Mrs. Garnett—paying the young author the great compliment of discussing him along with Dostoevsky. Some of the scenes in Lawrence's novel reminded the anonymous reviewer "of the best Russian school"; the descriptions of Siegmund's suicide and of the discovery of the body were "poetic realism of a Dostoevskian order." The *English Review* tried to be as kind as possible to Lawrence in its "Books of the Month" notices: "*The Trespasser* is his second novel, and if as a story it is somewhat disappointing, as a piece of writing it is unquestionably an achievement. . . . Here is a writer with style. We have yet to wait for the author's message." Thus the British reviews. Lawrence would not see those from America until the fall, when he was in Italy. Mitchell Kennerley published the American edition, and the New York *Times* of November 17, 1912 gave it a long and favorable review. Entitled "The Woman Who Kills," it concentrated on the character of Helena, a new type of woman in fiction: "*The Trespasser* is not only the frankest of serious

contemporary novels; it comes near to being the best. . . . The commonplace reader will, without doubt, find *The Trespasser* commonplace and hideous; but the commonplace reader ought not to read it at all." Earlier, while Lawrence and Frieda were at Icking, the *Nottinghamshire Guardian*—as if knowing of their circumstances—had headed its review, "A Reprehensible Jaunt": at which Frieda laughed harder than Lawrence did.

Lawrence had certainly done better with this book than he had expected: a mild success marked his transfer from the Hueffer camp to the Garnett camp. Garnett, perhaps not too happy over *The Trespasser* despite the moderately friendly reception, looked forward to *Paul Morel*, which at first promised to be somewhat in the vein of *The White Peacock*.

Besides sending Lawrence and Frieda the reviews of that summer of 1912, Garnett also sent his son David to see them. In July, David Garnett was in Munich, lonely, when his father wrote him and suggested a visit to Icking. Soon after a letter arrived from Lawrence himself, telling the younger Garnett how to get there. Garnett, getting off the train amid the costumed Bavarian peasants, saw an Englishman of a distinct type: his hair, "bright mud-color, with a streak of red in it," a scrubby mat growing forward from the back of the head, was not the hair of an English gentleman, for it was "incredibly plebian, mongrel, and underbred." But the blue eyes above the little mustache were lively, and Lawrence's smile seemed to be that of a man who enjoyed life. His nose, Garnett felt, was "too short and lumpy," and his as yet unbearded chin was "too large, and round like a hairpin." He was like a plumber's assistant, the man for whom strikes and the dole existed, the cause of violent yet impotent hatred of the upper classes for the lower—actually Garnett was seeing Lawrence's schoolfellows, who were now colliers and pub frequenters in Eastwood.

Garnett and Lawrence walked along the river to Wolfratshausen. There Frieda waited for them at *Haus Vogelnest*, where her sister Else Jaffe was staying. On the way the two young men bathed in the Isar.

Garnett saw Frieda, with her direct gaze from her yellow-flecked green eyes, as a lioness; her body was as sturdy and strong as that of the peasant mothers in the train, but "her head and the whole carriage of her body was noble." He subsequently met the Jaffes, who moved to a house in the pinewoods at Irschenhausen, about a mile north of Icking and farther from the river. Else Jaffe has remembered from that time

that Frieda used to bring her washing over to Irschenhausen and shock the Jaffes' neighbors by hanging out a man's pajamas.

Frieda kept a close watch on Lawrence. One night when Else arrived on the ten o'clock train from Munich, she stopped in to see Lawrence at Icking and asked him if he would walk over to Irschenhausen with her, through the darkness, but before he could answer, Frieda plangently assured her sister that poor Lawrence was too tired—he could never walk over there and back so late at night.

On August 2, shortly before Lawrence and Frieda left Icking, Frieda's mother suddenly appeared and for an hour *schimpfed* Lawrence, railing at him in German, asking him how he could expect to have a baroness cleaning his boots and emptying his slops: "No man with common sense of decency could expect to have a woman, the wife of a clever professor, living with him like a barmaid, and he not even able to keep her in shoes." Lawrence meekly enough accepted this scolding, then mustered all his courtesy and charm as he escorted the baroness to the train. In Munich she told Else that Lawrence was lovable and reliable.

Like two *Wandervögel* of the time, Lawrence and Frieda left Icking on August 5 for Lago di Garda. The Alps rose between them and the largest of the Italian lakes. "The imperial road to Italy," Lawrence wrote at the beginning of his first travel book, *Twilight in Italy*, "goes from Munich across the Tyrol, through Innsbruck and Bozen to Verona, over the mountains. Here the great processions passed as the emperors went South, or came home again from rosy Italy to their own Germany."

The first night of their own journey Lawrence and Frieda spent at "a wayside inn" in the Isar valley. The next night they slept in a hay hut in the mountains, and on the following night were in a Gasthaus in Glashütte. They went on to Mairhofen, which they seem to have left at the end of August, stopping in the Zillertal and at Dominiushütte mit Schlegeistal, on the slopes near Sterzing. From Sterzing they went to Meran and Bozen, then to Trient, and by September 7 were in Riva, at the top of Lago di Garda.

One of the finest achievements of Lawrence's tour was his essay "Christs in the Tirol," a description of the great painted wooden figures of the crucified Christ that rise along the Alpine roadsides. In Bavaria and in the northern part of the Austrian Tyrol, Lawrence found them realistic heavy peasant types, but farther south they were

foppish, Guido Reni figures. This essay has been several times reprinted; Lawrence used a revised version of it in *Twilight in Italy*, and more than once fitted the material into his imaginative work. "A Chapel Among the Mountains" and "A Hay Hut Among the Mountains," essays in the *Love Among the Haystacks* volume, describe a small chapel Lawrence and Frieda discovered, and the hay hut where they slept, on the night before they reached Glashütte. One of the lesser poems in the *Look!* sequence, "Song of a Man Who is Not Loved," was written at Glashütte; the man in the poem feels lost in the immensity of space ("I am too / Little to count in the wind that drifts me through.").

Lawrence gave Mrs. Hopkin a full report from Mairhofen on the status of his relationship with Frieda, whose husband loved her "madly" and would not "let go." But: "For ourselves, Frieda and I have struggled through some bad times into a wonderful naked intimacy, all kindled with warmth, that I know at last is love. I think I ought not to blame women, as I have done, but myself, for taking my love to the wrong woman, before now." Every man should find, should "keep on trying till he finds, the woman who can take him and whose love he can take, then who will grumble about men or about women. But the thing must be two-sided. At any rate, and whatever happens, I do love, and I am loved. I have given and I have taken—and that is eternal."

✓David Garnett joined Lawrence and Frieda at Mairhofen. He was a student of botany then, and the flowers in the Zillerthal would provide important additions to his herbarium. Lawrence wrote most of the day in the room where Frieda and Garnett sat talking; now and then he would get up to attend to the cooking, sometimes joining in the conversation, but then would return to his manuscript. In the evenings, the three of them devised charades, or Lawrence mimicked Eastwood people, or Yeats and Pound at a London party, perhaps the one at which Pound ate the tulips while Yeats delivered his monologue. (Garnett has said there was something Chaplin-like in Lawrence's acting; "but bitterer, less sentimental." The grim part of the day, Garnett recalled, was when the letters arrived, forwarded from England or Germany. One of the difficulties in the situation was that Lawrence all this time had a deep admiration and even affection for Ernest Weekley, in the same way that Paul Morel in *Sons and Lovers* was drawn to the man Baxter Dawes whose wife Paul had taken. Frieda says that Lawrence "felt strongly" for her husband: "Do you remember

the poem 'Meeting on [Among] the Mountains,' where he meets a peasant with brown eyes?"

Before Lawrence and Frieda broke camp at Mairhofen, about August 31, they were joined by a friend of David Garnett's, Harold Hobson, son of the economist J. A. Hobson. They all walked down the great "steps" of the Pfitscherjoch toward Sterzing, where Garnett and Hobson caught the night express to Verona and Lawrence walked part of the way to the station with them: "It was dark, there was a smell of flowers, and Lawrence's light feet were noiseless in the dust of the road." While at Sterzing, Lawrence wrote his poem "Misery." It grew out of a letter he wrote McLeod from there on September 2, in which he spoke of the cold in the mountains, the freezing water, and the difficulty of keeping one's way. "Don't be surprised," he told McLeod, "if I do vanish some day in some oubliette or other among these mountains." The first line of the poem speaks of "this oubliette between the mountains," and later it asks "Why don't I go? / Why do I crawl about this pot, this oubliette, / stupidly?"

From Sterzing, Lawrence and Frieda moved on to Meran and Bozen, now Merano and Bolzano. Then, in "pure Italian ancient decrepit" Trient (now again Trento), Frieda "had blues enough," Lawrence wrote, "to re-pave the floor of heaven." Frieda later remembered "a very cheap hotel and the marks on the walls, the doubtful sheets, and worst of all the W.C.'s." Lawrence, who had seen her "walk barefoot over icy stubble, laughing at wet and hunger and cold," now found her sitting under the statue of the archetype of all exiled poets, Dante, and weeping.

In those days there was a train between Trient and Riva: Lawrence bought tickets for them to ride the rest of the way. But when they arrived at Riva, they were so poor that they cooked their meals in their room, illicitly, and when the Italian maid came to make the beds, they had to hide the spirit lamp and the food. At last, however, their trunks caught up with them, and Frieda could cast off her "peasant sack" for a good blue dress; her sister Johanna had sent some fine clothes and hats, and she could now parade swankily about the Austrian garrison town, among what Lawrence called the "Chocol te Soldiers" of Franz Joseph. Lawrence still wore an old shapeless straw hat he had bought cheaply in Munich. But comparative riches fell on him when fifty pounds in notes arrived from Duckworth on the 16th of September. Two days later, he and Frieda moved to Italian territory down the lake, to Gargnano, where Lawrence completed *Sons and Lovers*.

V

Gargnano, where Lawrence and Frieda stayed till April 1913, is one of the salient chapters of his experience. The end of *Sons and Lovers*, as previously suggested, meant the end of a good deal of the evil of his past. And there in Gargnano he was to begin work on what became the two novels that were the achievements of the second phase of his career, *The Rainbow*, completed in 1915, and *Women in Love*, completed in 1916. Also, Gargnano was a prolongation of Icking, but now, instead of merely two months of Lawrence and Frieda living together, here were seven. It is notable that the *Look! We Have Come Through!* poems began to resolve themselves into expressions of more consistent happiness during this first sojourn of Lawrence and Frieda in Italy; the last of them written there, "Spring Morning" (following one significantly called "Paradise Re-Entered"), says: "Among the pink and blue / Of the sky and the almond flowers / A sparrow flutters. / —We have come through . . ."

In those days, before Mussolini's engineers had carved the *Garde-sana Occidentale* through the stone cliffs on the western side of the lake, the only way to reach Gargnano from Riva was by boat, "because of the steep rocky mountainy hills at the back." Lawrence rented the bottom flat of the Villa Igéa from Pietro Paoli (a "grey old Italian with grand manners and a jaw like a dog and a lovely wife of forty") for eighty lire a month, in those days about sixty-three shillings without exchange fees, or about fifteen and a half dollars, "everything supplied." There, Frieda seriously tried housekeeping for the first time. But the stove and the huge copper pans were formidable: she often had to call Lawrence away from his work—"The pigeons are burning, what shall I do?"—and he would appear good-naturedly and save everything. "The first time I washed the sheets was a disaster," Frieda has recalled. "They were so large and wet, their wetness was overwhelming. The kitchen floor was flooded, the table drenched, I dripped from hair to feet"—and again Lawrence rescued her, wiped the kitchen dry, and hung the sheets in the garden. "If you hear of us murdered," he wrote Edward Garnett, "that also will be F.'s fault. She empties water out of the bedroom on to the high road and a fat old lady who steals along under the wall. I had to keep all the doors locked, and we sat in the spare bedroom. There are no police."

Occasionally there was noise in the village: wounded soldiers returning from the Tripolitan war. This must have come back to Lawrence amusingly when, fourteen years later, he translated Verga's

"Cavalleria Rusticana," with its comic opening passage that describes the return to the Sicilian village of the swaggering soldier, Turridu, "showing himself off in his bersagliere's uniform with the red fez cap . . ." But Lawrence's life at Gargnano was not all a matter of minor domestic calamities with humorous afterthoughts, and of wryly observing returned soldiers. The writing of the final version of *Sons and Lovers* was an agony, tearing him apart as he wrote more intensely than ever before of his own past.

Edward Garnett's notes on *Paul Morel*, notes which Lawrence felt were the work of "a Trojan of energy and conscientiousness," served as a guide to the rewriting of the story. When Lawrence finished the last draft he wrote his adviser, "I tell you it has got form—form: haven't I made it patiently, out of sweat as well as blood"—but the sweat and blood did not necessarily come from Lawrence's struggle with form so much as from his sufferings at reliving the past. For this deeper, more vital reworking of the manuscript demanded a greater intensification of the past than the earlier versions had. Authors sometimes shake off burdens of the past by writing about it. Sometimes the process is conscious, sometimes not: its effectiveness usually depends upon the strength and depth of the feeling involved. In religion, confession leading to absolution requires a painful searching of the spirit; in psychoanalysis, the patient who is uprooting a neurosis must relive, in agonizing memory, the traumatic experience; and in literature the process is somewhat similar to these. Frieda remembers that when Lawrence wrote of his mother's death, it made him ill, and his grief upset her, too. He told her that if his mother had lived she would not have let him love Frieda: "But I think he got over it; only, this fierce and overpowerful love had harmed the boy who was not strong enough to bear it." Yet: "I think a man is born twice: first his mother bears him, then he has to be reborn from the woman he loves."

Frieda was not always sympathetic, however, to Lawrence's grief over the past. Once in the manuscript notebook in which he wrote his poems, Frieda scribbled a message of fury, telling him to go back to his mother's apron strings. And on another occasion she wrote a skit, "Paul Morel, or His Mother's Darling." When Lawrence read it he said coldly, "This kind of thing isn't called a skit."

Just how much Lawrence knew of Freud at this time, and of Freud's theories about the Oedipus complex, is difficult to determine. Frieda told Frederick J. Hoffman in 1902, "Lawrence knew about Freud before he wrote the final draft of *Sons and Lovers*. I don't know whether

he had read Freud or heard of him before we met in 1912. But I was a great Freud admirer; we had long arguments and Lawrence's conclusion was more or less that Freud looked on sex too much from the doctor's point of view, that Freud's 'sex' and 'libido' were too limited and mechanical, and that the root was deeper." Professor Hoffman, in a careful examination of all the evidence, in his *Freudianism and the Literary Mind*, decided that, although the relationship between Paul and his mother was always an important element in the story that became *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence's discussions and arguments with Frieda over Freudian doctrine "may have increased the emphasis in the novel upon the mother-son relationship, to the neglect of other matters, and given it the striking clarity which it enjoys in the published book." Professor Hoffman points out, however, that Lawrence did not meet official Freudians till later, when Dr. David Eder and Barbara Low, who became his friends in 1914, began to provide him with professional explanations of the doctrine, which from the first he opposed in several important respects, as Frieda's letter and his own subsequent writings show.

At Gargnano, although Lawrence disapproved of Frieda's "skits" on his youth, he was himself trying his hand at little comedies. He told Garnett he hoped that an audience might be found for him such as the one which had responded to Chekhov—which was perhaps not an attempt to suggest that his plays in themselves had a Chekhovian quality. One or two early attempts were made to produce some of them, and Lawrence once even had an interview with the actor B. Iden Payne; but nothing came of this at the time.

One of the comedies Lawrence wrote was *Fight For Barbara*, which he turned out in three days at the end of October 1912, as a relief from the tensions of his novel. So far it has been published only in a British magazine, the *Argosy*, in December 1903. It reflects the setting and the situation in which Lawrence and Frieda found themselves in the autumn of 1912. The scenic sketch for the first act describes the kitchen of the Villa Igéa, with its "big open fire-place of stone, with a little charcoal grate—fornello—on either side, cupboards, table, rush-bottom chairs with high backs—many copper pans of all sizes hanging up." The setting for the remaining three acts is "the dining-room of the same villa—a rather large room, with piano, writing-desk, and old furniture. In the big bay window, which looks over a garden onto the Lake, is a big broad couch, without side or back." For the characters, Lawrence drew upon five easily recognizable people, though he made Frieda and her family English. James Wesson, 26, has run

off with Barbara Tressider, "about 26, fair." They have been at the villa for nearly six weeks, having left England some three months before. Barbara's husband, Frederick Tressider, has called Wesson, the coalminer's son, "lout," "miserable worm," "clod-hopper," and such names. The scolding that Lady Charlote, Barbara's mother, gives Wesson in the second act resembles the Baroness von Richthofen's scolding of Lawrence: "She is the daughter of a high-born and highly cultured gentleman. Do you expect her to carry your slops and make your beds!" Lawrence transformed Baron von Richthofen into a stuffy English gentleman; he is the least life-like of the characters, telling Wesson, "If I were a younger man, I would thrash you, sir."

The outraged husband turns up, and the scene in which he appears with Barbara probably exposes a good deal of the actuality of Frieda's first marriage; those who know the background have said that some of the incidents referred to in that scene really happened. Barbara tells Frederick—"a haggard, handsome man of forty, brown moustache, dark brown eyes, greying at the temples"—that he did not "warm" her: "I thought our marriage would be a jolly thing—I thought I could have lovely games with the man. Can you remember when I climbed to the top of the cupboard, in Lucerne. I thought you'd look for me, and laugh, and fetch me down. No, you were terrified. You daren't even come into the room. You stood in the doorway looking frightened to death. And I climbed down. And that's how it always was—I had to climb down. I sat up here in my camisole with my legs dangling, and you were terrified. I had to climb down. I tell you it *was* a climb down for me." Frederick, literal minded, asks if she really left him because he had not fetched her down from the top of a cupboard where she had childishly climbed; she finally tells him that she has never loved him, although she has felt that she "ought to." She promises to try being his wife again, but later reneges, and the play ends with her saying to Wesson, "Love me a fearful lot."

This little comedy has slight value today, except for what biographical information it gives: Lawrence said "much of it is word for word true," though the elder von Richthofens and Ernest Weekley did not come to Gargnano. When Lawrence sent Garnett the play, he gave an account of his routine during the time he was finishing his novel. He was usually up by eight and preparing breakfast. But Frieda would stay in bed and he would sit talking to her till time for the midday meal. As "a working man by instinct," he felt guilty, but would take his punishment later. He did not feel he was really a loafer: "We live so hard, F. and I. And I've written 400 pages of *Paul Morel*, and this

drama." He wondered if *Sons and Lovers* would be a better title for the novel, which he had made "heaps better—a million times." He estimated, on this October 30, that he would write the last hundred pages in a fortnight. Exactly on schedule, he mailed the completed manuscript on November 13.

Except for Garnett's subsequent bowdlerizing—painful to Lawrence—the novel was at last finished. It was a far different book from *The White Peacock*, which had also taken four years to write, and from *The Trespasser*, which had been written hurriedly. As previously pointed out, *The White Peacock* was an escape from the past through an idealization of it, and *The Trespasser* was a literary-rhetorical excursion: but *Sons and Lovers* was a partial conquest of the past because in it Lawrence faced the past and battled with it. And he felt that the book was more than just a story: he told Garnett it was "a great tragedy . . . the tragedy of thousands of young men in England. . . . The name of the old son-lover was Oedipus. The name of the new one is legion." The writing of *Sons and Lovers* had been a therapeutic experience for Lawrence; he expected that the reading of it would be therapeutic for his generation. *Sons and Lovers* was in every way deeper, more intense, than Lawrence's earlier work, and when he concluded that book he concluded his first period as a writer.

In "the interlude between novels," Lawrence and Frieda found themselves becoming part of the village life. They swam in the lake, and they took Italian lessons from the local schoolmistress. Lawrence had begun to feel a closeness to the Italian peasants, whom he saw as proud and upright "kings" who knew nothing of the hurry and fret of the industrialized north, of the England that he now considered "grubby" and "shabby." These peasants were poor, and perhaps without "many ideas, but they look well, and they have strong blood." Here the later Lawrence began to speak.

Lawrence had begun writing a novel about Robert Burns, with a Midland setting. The manuscript of this unfinished novel has recently been unearthed by Edward Nehls, who has written to the author of this book: "I can't see that it has any connection with Burns. . . . It is much more like an *Aaron's Rod* beginning. It has only two or three scenes—a meeting of a young man and a girl while they are picking up faggots in a forest; another meeting when the man goes to the girl's home and chats with her at the front gate; a third scene in the pub. Too little of a manuscript to see what direction Lawrence was giving it. Heroine's name changed from Mary Burns to Mary

Renshaw in the manuscript." This novel was referred to in a letter to McLeod which provided a description of Lawrence's situation as the year came to an end:"

To A. W. McLeod from Villa Igéa, Gargnano, Dec. 17, 1912

You are too good to me. Don't send me anything else, will you? The load of obligation is too heavy. The last selection is ripping—I've scarcely read any of them. They will last a long time now. The Tom Jones came on Saturday, before any of the rest. Don't send me anything else—I feel too guilty. I haven't any book I could give you except Garnett's *Joan of Arc*. It is more or less interesting. Don't scorn it.

I am thinking so hard of my new novel, and since I am feeling hard pushed again, am in the right tune for it. It is to be a life of Robert Burns—but I shall make him live near home, as a Derbyshire man and shall fictionise the circumstances. I think I can do him almost like an autobiography. Tell Miss Mason the "Life" came all right, and give her my thanks. I am waiting for her letter before I write. If it would amuse you just peep round and see if you can spot anything interesting about Burns in the library, during the holiday. I've only got Lockhart's "Life." I should like to know more about the Highland Mary episode. Do you think it's interesting?

I haven't done any stories or anything lately. The strain of this business with Frieda squashes little things out of me. Perhaps after all there will be a divorce. If so, the next time you see me I shall be a married man. I am now one with all the disadvantages of illicitly.

Harold Hobson is here—and it's very jolly. But I'd rather you had come. I need one of my own friends rather badly just now. I've done 4 pictures—Harold will bring them to England and send them to you, and you can pick. But if you can get a copy of the *Idyll*, I'll do that as well.

Thanks for the Yeats. Why didn't you put my name in it? He seems awfully queer stuff to me now—as if he wouldn't bear touching. But Frieda is fond of him.

I'm going to begin again my work. One works in two bursts—Sept. to the beginning of Dec.—and Jan. till March or April. The rest are more or less triyial and barren months. I feel that I am *resisting* too hard to write poetry—*resisting* the strain of Weekley, and the tragedy there is in keeping Frieda. To write poetry one has to let oneself fuse in the current—but I daren't. The state of mind is more like a business man's, where he stands firm and keeps his eye open, than an artist's, who lets go and loses himself. But I daren't let go just now. The strain makes me tired,

I shall give you a copy of the poems and of the "Sons and Lovers" when they come out—so don't think of buying them.

I wish you all jolliness for the Christmas, and my own debt to you.

Having Hobson there was "awfully jolly" for the lovers, Lawrence told David Garnett, and doubtless the young visitor's presence kept their spirits up: it was Frieda's first Christmas away from her children. On Christmas day Lawrence wrote Mrs. Hopkin, saying among other things, "If the skies tumble down like a smashed saucer, it couldn't break what's between Frieda and me." Frieda added a postscript: "My poor husband—I daren't think of him!"

Although Lawrence told McLeod he was "resisting" poetry, he occasionally added to the *Look!* sequence. He also resumed his writing of fiction before long. Despite his intention to rest for a while "between novels," he began work on the novel that was after the war to become *The Lost Girl*, and on another book that in time was to branch off into two novels, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*. He had begun this book, *The Sisters*, in December, and thought of it at the time as becoming a novel of ordinary length (in their original editions, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* totaled a little more than a thousand pages). Besides his writing activity at Gargnano, Lawrence kept on painting.

The "Idyll" he mentioned in the December 17 letter to McLeod was a picture by Maurice Greiffenhagen of lovers, apparently a shepherd and shepherdess, embracing in a woodland. It was a favorite of Lawrence's; he had begun making a copy of it on the night his mother was dying, and later he gave Louie Burrows and Ada copies that he had made. He wanted to copy it again at Gargnano.

During the seven months there, Lawrence depended upon McLeod and the Garnetts to send him books, which he often mentioned in his letters, as some of them that have been quoted show—as in the reference to Yeats. On the day before he left Riva for Gargnano, Lawrence had asked McLeod for "something to read. I've not read a thing in English for 5 months, except *Under Western Eyes*, which bored me." He told Edward Garnett that he could not "forgive Conrad for being so sad and for giving in." He also said that he hated Strindberg, who seemed "unnatural, forced, a bit indecent—a bit wooden, like Ibsen, a bit skin-erupty." On December 2, Lawrence informed McLeod, "I've read *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, and find myself fearfully fond of Rutherford. I used to think him dull, but now I see he is so just and plucky and sound." He found little to praise in all the current literature he was reading, and was particularly critical of his fellow-Mid-

lander, Arnold Bennett, one of whose novels he had read the preceding October: "I hate Bennett's resignation," he told McLeod. "Tragedy ought really to be a great kick at misery. But Anna of the Five Towns seems like an acceptance—so does all the modern stuff since Flaubert. I hate it. I want to wash again quickly, wash off England, the oldness and grubbiness and despair."

In January, Lawrence reported to McLeod that he had seen Enrico Persevali and his strolling peasant troupe in plays by Ibsen and D'Annunzio, and in *Hamlet*. Persevali was a fat, Caruso-type Italian whose Hamlet nearly made Lawrence fall out of box No. 8 trying to suppress his laughter: "The only Englishman, and ranking here as quite a swell—they acted particularly for me." It was amusing to hear Hamlet addressed as *Signore*, this Hamlet who went about whispering "*Essere—o non essere*" and sneaking about as if "he had murdered some madam 'à la Crippen' and it was *her* father's ghost chasing him"—but Lawrence put all this, and more, into *Twilight in Italy*.

The chapters of this book that originally appeared as magazine sketches—"The Spinner and the Monks," "The Lemon Gardens," and "The Theatre"—help us fill in the pattern of Lawrence's life at Gargnano, for they are an exact account of many of the things he saw. And these essays are important in the development of his thought, for they contain the first of his attacks upon industrialized civilization. This theme suggested itself but lightly in the original sketches; Lawrence strengthened it when he rewrote the essays in 1915. In this rewriting he also improved the compositional style of the sketches. Here for example is the original description of his visit to the church, from the *English Review*:

. . . I have only been in the church once. It was very dark, and smelled powerfully of centuries of incense. It reminded me of the lair of some enormous creature, and my senses sprang awake. I expected something, I wanted something, my flesh was alive. And I hurried out again, to that wonderful table of sunshine outside. And it would cost me a great effort to go inside the church again. But its paved threshold is clear as a jewel.

The difference in the *Twilight in Italy* version is at once noticeable:

I went into the church. It was very dark, and impregnated with centuries of incense. It affected me like the lair of some enormous creature. My senses were roused, they sprang awake in the hot, spiced darkness. My skin was expectant, as if it expected some contact, some embrace, as if it were aware of the contiguity of the physical world, the physical contact with the darkness and the

heavy, suggestive substance of the enclosure. It was a thick, fierce darkness of the senses. But my soul shrank.

I went out again. The paved threshold was clear as a jewel, the marvelous clarity of sunshine that becomes blue in the height seemed to distil me into itself.

Lawrence apparently made this revision after completing *The Rainbow*, yet for the most part the passage does not suggest the stylistic mastery of the novel. The addition, in the later version, of latinized words such as *impregnated* and *affected* mars the simplicity, the intrusion of the passive voice breaks the directness, and the repetitions—which Lawrence often used so skillfully—are in the main awkward. Yet the second version, for all these faults, is superior to the first, which is too abrupt in its transitions. And it is commonplace by comparison with the second, which adds phrases and words that give a sensual immediacy to the description and project the reader into that church in a way the earlier version had not done. Even the latinized word—a fairly simple one at that—*expectant* is intensely effective in the phrase “my skin was expectant”; and “the hot, spiced darkness” takes the reader’s senses at once into that church; the word *spiced* is perfect.

One of the new ideas or symbols Lawrence was trying to grasp, through his writing, was that of darkness, which was to become an important one to him, along with that of “the blood.” In a letter (January 17, 1913) to Ernest Collings, an artist with whom he had become acquainted through correspondence, Lawrence said: “My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true.” Lawrence stood by that; it became and remained a central point in his philosophy. But not in the absolute sense, for he almost always made it clear in his later work that he meant *that the blood, the flesh, the instincts, should operate in balance with the intellect*, and not alone. Lawrence was never a formal philosopher, but, like many who are formal philosophers, he sought an ideal in equilibrium, or in the discovery of a middle way; in his own work he was later to use the term *polarity*.

Lawrence, because of his emphasis on the physical and the intuitional in a world that he felt had become overintellectualized, has often been misunderstood. In his *Twilight in Italy* essay on “The Theatre,” Lawrence not only described the acting of Persevali—in an extension of his remarks in the letter to McLeod—but also discussed Hamlet as representing “a kind of corruption of the flesh”: in Lawrencean philosophy he was overintellectualized. Lawrence had “always felt an aversion from

Hamlet: a creeping, unclean thing he seems, on the stage, whether he is Forbes-Robertson or anybody else. . . . The character is repulsive in its conception, based on self-dislike and a spirit of disintegration." Persavelli seemed just right to express "the convulsed reaction of the mind from the flesh," for he was "the modern Italian, suspicious, isolated, self-nauseated, labouring in a sense of physical corruption." Lawrence was glad when the performance of *Amleto* ended, "but I loved the theatre, I loved to look down on the peasants, who were so absorbed."

The three sketches, "The Spinner and the Monks," "The Lemon Gardens," and "The Theatre," formed, after "The Crucifix," chapters two, three, and four of *Twilight in Italy*, and they dealt with Gargnano. Of the remaining six chapters of that book, the last two described one of Lawrence's later walking tours through Switzerland; the four preceding these contained pictures of the life up at San Gaudenzio, a farm in the steep mountainside above Gargnano where Lawrence and Frieda stayed for about two weeks at the end of March 1913. They made this move about a month after a friend of the elder Garnetts' known as Mrs. Anthony, arrived at Gargnano. This Mrs. Anthony is rather a mysterious figure in Lawrence's letters; she was trying to make herself as obscure as possible, except from him and Frieda, because she was hiding in terror from her husband, a Swedish painter who was mentally unbalanced. He had followed her to England, whence Edward and Constance Garnett had dispatched her out to Italy. Her maiden name was Antonia (or Anjuta) Cyriax, whom David Garnett describes most interestingly, as "Mrs. Anthonius," in the first volume of his autobiography, *The Golden Echo* (1904). She was an artist who painted a series of watercolors of Gargnano and San Gaudenzio which inspired an authority of stature, Muirhead Bone, to praise them for their fresh and candid and "untouristlike vision" which created "stroke by stroke, imperceptibly almost, the *real* Italy which we in our pictures are always, somehow or other, leaving out." Bone wrote this in his preface to *Among Italian Peasants*, by Tony Cyriax, which Collins and Sons published in London in 1919. This book pictured in prose and painting the life at San Gaudenzio, which the author called San Lorenzo. It was, incidentally, Tony Cyriax who first gave Lawrence his nickname, Lorenzo.

Most of *Among Italian Peasants* dealt with a time after Lawrence and Frieda had left, when Tony Cyriax's little daughter had joined her in the mountainside retreat. But the book makes an interesting companion volume to *Twilight in Italy*, for it gives another view of

the people Lawrence described in those four San Gaudenzio chapters of his book. The family there were the Capelli: they appeared in *Twilight in Italy* as the Fiori and in Tony Cyriax's book as the Castelli. Three somewhat parallel passages, one from a letter of Lawrence's, one from his travel book, and one from the Cyriax *Among Italian Peasants*, will show how close to the actual circumstances and to each other the two books are. On April 5, 1913, Lawrence wrote David Garnett that "the place is almost like an inn—illegal, there is no license, so that people are always coming—handsome young men who are conscripts and just about to flee to America, and so on." *Twilight in Italy* told a good deal about the Italians going to and coming back from America, and it mentioned that the woman at the farmhouse once had a license to sell wine; this had apparently lapsed. Lawrence began the fifth chapter of *Twilight in Italy*: "Maria had no real license for San Gaudenzio, yet the peasants always called for wine. It is easy to arrange in Italy. The penny is paid another time." Tony Cyriax's book (also full of the Italians' visits to America) likewise mentioned, at the beginning of a section, the lack of a license at what she called San Lorenzo: "For many years Rosina had had a license and sold wine. But a year ago she had given it up. No one, however, paid much attention to that, and Rosina gaily served those she could trust not to tell."

The Cyriax book deals with these people and with the place at greater length than the four *Twilight in Italy* chapters, but there is no comparison between the merely competent writing in *Among Italian Peasants* and Lawrence's brilliant account of these mountainside people, their "illegal" inn, their gardens and vineyards, their dances, their yearning for America.

It was just before Lawrence moved up to San Gaudenzio that he and Jessie finally broke off communication. He had sent her the proof-sheets of *Sons and Lovers*, and had written her a letter which she had returned. The relationship was ended—though Jessie said, in a letter to Helen Corke several years after Lawrence's death, "in essentials my feeling for him has not changed in spite of other deep affection. What he said about the indestructibility of love is quite true, on a particular plane." But in 1913 the final version of *Sons and Lovers*, in which she felt "Lawrence handed his mother the laurels of victory," was more than Jessie could stand. Since her last meeting with Lawrence in the spring of 1912, he had written her several times. Soon after he had arrived in Germany, he had sent her a postcard from Trier, with a picture of the cathedral, and then he wrote a letter, apparently from

Waldbröl, in which he said he was going on with *Paul Morel*; Jessie would have to continue forgiving him. She felt that her forgiving or not forgiving him was immaterial. He had to discover something in himself, she thought, "which only the inexorable logic of circumstance could show him." Herself, she felt grievously injured and near collapse. When, a few weeks later, Lawrence wrote a descriptive travel letter to the Chambers family, he enclosed a note to Jessie, "*pour vous seulement*." He wrote excitedly "of the new attachment he had formed," telling her to keep the information strictly secret; she must not tell her sister, or Helen Corke, or anyone else. He told her, "only Ada knows," though it was not long after that he was informing Mrs. Hopkin of this, and her friend Mrs. Dax. Possibly Lawrence also told Jessie's married sister, May Holbrook, for he kept in touch with her and her husband. He reported to Mrs. Hopkin that he had "told Jessie to leave her a chance of ridding herself of my influence."

The news about Frieda had shocked Jessie, but it had not surprised her. She had always felt a sense of responsibility for Lawrence, and now she thought she would be free of that. She wrote and told him this. But she realized also that the break with Lawrence meant the extinction of her "greater self." The life that lay ahead looked, for all its freedom, bleak and ugly. Helen Corke has pointed out that at this time Jessie, in trying to readjust herself, lacked Lawrence's advantage of the moment in that she had "no change of personnel, scene or circumstances to help the process." Jessie and Helen had, however, earlier planned a Continental holiday, ironically in the Rhineland. Both girls had received letters postmarked from there, and although Jessie had told Helen that Lawrence had gone to Germany, she did not mention Frieda. It was a gruesome holiday: Jessie was depressed, her conversation was irony, she had lost her poise, and she seemed to move "in an enemy world, warily." In western Germany the August sun gleamed on ancient buildings and attractive gardens, but Jessie seemed unaware of the charm of Wiesbaden and Mainz and Heidelberg. She left Helen Corke pretty much to herself and sat reading *The Brothers Karamazov*, seeing in it "the wreckage of my life," but at the last it was spiritually refreshing because it "placed a distance between me and the catastrophe of life."

Lawrence had not replied to Jessie's letter saying she felt freed, but in the spring of 1913 he had Duckworth's send her a copy of *Love Poems*. She knew most of the contents, enjoyed seeing the pieces in print, asked her sister for Lawrence's address, and wrote him a note of thanks. He replied in March 1913 from Gargnano, in a letter which

under the circumstances contained some astonishing intimacies. And it rather monstrously suggested that Jessie join him and Frieda on the Continent: "This last year hasn't been all roses for me. I've had my ups and downs out here with Frieda. But we mean to marry as soon as the divorce is through. We shall settle down quietly somewhere, probably in Berkshire. Frieda and I discuss you endlessly. We should like you to come out to us some time, if you would care to."

Jessie did not know "whether to laugh or cry." The tone of that letter offended her: the affected lightness combined with an attempt to arouse her sympathy. She felt the letter had a "clumsiness" and was "priggish," yet it "suffocated" her. At this time Jessie's sister happened to visit her, and in her dismay Jessie for the first time showed May a letter from Lawrence. May was furious—"How dare he send a letter like this to *you*!"—and it was at her suggestion that Jessie returned it. Jessie felt that this was "a brutal thing," but she also felt the time had come for a final break. That she did not hurt him, however, the following letter to his sister (containing also a reference to Ada's trouble over a traffic violation with her bicycle) shows; indeed, in this note, with its mock-Dickensian signature ("Your afflicted brother, D. H. Gummidge"), Lawrence told his sister something that Jessie, over the years, never knew—that he felt that in returning the letter she had taken a good line of action:"

To Ada Lawrence from Villa Igéa, Gargnano, "Tuesday" [Mar. 25, 1913]

You ought to be enjoying this holiday, you hussy, why aren't you? We've had awful rain for 4 days, but now brilliant sunshine. We are going to Rome. We are tired of being buried alive.

Frieda's sister [Else] was here last Wednesday. She is in Rome for a month. She will look round for rooms for us. We leave here on Sunday—go to San Gaudenzio—which is a farm about 2 miles up the Lake. Still Gargnano postal district—stay there 2 or 3 days—then go to Verona, then to Rome, perhaps staying in Florence en route. There will be time for you to write me a card here before we go. Then I shall send you the address when we get there.

I have received £50 on account of *Sons and Lovers*. I send you £5 on account of all the insurances and things you have paid for me. You will see, when you have read these proofs, why I sent them to J. The things Frieda will write you are probably untrue. I had not heard from J for 8 months—nor written her. I asked the publishers to send her a copy of the poems. She thanked me. I sent her the proofs and a note. The note came back. I say by mistake. Still if J did it on purpose—all the better.

I shan't be sorry to move, for some things, but for others I shall be awfully miserable. This has been my first home and such a grand one. I doubt I shall never [*sic*] rise to such heights again.

In Rome we shall have only two rooms.

I had a cold, which resulted in my usual pippiness and sweetness. It is nearly gone now.

Devil of a policeman! Never mind, we have these ups and downs, even the best of us. Pay your ten bob with a grin my dear.

I wish you could have come out here for Easter—only it poured with rain. The poor folk in the hotel looked like prisoners staring out of Black Maria, their mournful faces at the window.

I *do* wish you'd tell me about those pictures? Don't you like them? If you don't, then say so. Which are you going to give Dick [Pogmore], and which Alice [Hall]. You are too bad. If they are ugly keep them for your back bedrooms.

Yes, I should be most grateful for your support just now against Frieda. She's an awful badgerer. I *do* wish you were here, and that is a fact. But we must to Rome, and you to New Eastwood. We shan't come to England before August.

Keep well. Father gets off best after all.

My love to everybody.

So Lawrence recognized at last that the break with Jessie was final. Frieda has twice commented on this in letters to the author of the present book. In one of them (May 27, 1900) she said, "L. talked to me by the hour about Jessie Chambers. He owed her a lot, considering L's home, but the human relation between them did not work, she was a bluestocking and he had more warmth for her than she for him—she sort of wanted to run him too much in that humble bullying way—she would have wanted him to be a nice tame english little poet." Of the final break with Jessie, at Gargnano, and of the competition between Jessie and Lawrence's mother, Frieda wrote (January 30, 1901): "L. felt unhappy about hurting her feelings. She was the 'sacred love,' you know the old split of sacred and profane. She tries to defend her position by insisting on the 'purity,' which gives the show away—Humanly as a whole she wasn't the person his mother was, so the best horse won—She bored me in the end. There was some correspondence between L. and her about the book, but when she had read it, she never wrote again—In writing about her, he had to find out impersonally what was wrong in their relationship, when so much had been good—but

what was insufficient in her, how could she admit or even see it? . . . L had to have a woman as a sort of confirmation or test in his writing."

In his next letter to Ada, a few days after the move to San Gaudenzio, Lawrence mentioned that his imaginative writing went on there. The novel he spoke of as "rather more cheerful than" the one he had just sent her in the proofsheets was probably *The Insurrection of Miss Houghton*, the story that eventually became *The Lost Girl*. On the same day he told David Garnett that the novel he had been writing—apparently *The Sisters*, the forerunner of *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*—had begun to seem "improper." He had put it aside to try a pot-boiler, apparently the somewhat cheerful story he mentioned to Ada; but, he told Garnett further, that was developing "into an earnest and painful work."

Lawrence's letter to Ada from San Gaudenzio had an important addition by Frieda:^u

To Ada Lawrence from San Gaudenzio, April 5, 1913

I'm afraid that you'll be aggrieved to hear that after all we are probably coming to England very shortly—Frieda wants to be within reach of the children. We are staying up here for about a week. Then we are going to Verona for a week to meet Frieda's sister on her return from Rome, then to England. We shall stay awhile at the Cearne, then probably in Sussex. Then we should see you at Easter-Whitsuntide. But I shall write you again definitely.

This is a lovely place—a farm high on the mountainside. It has grounds a mile round, and vines, olive gardens. I sit in a deserted lemon garden that gets so warm with the sun. There are little grape hyacinths standing about. They are all over the mountains—and violets. Peach blossom in rosy pink among the grey olives and cherry blossom and pear are white. We love the people of the farm, such warm folks—at evening we play games in the kitchen. On Sunday there was a band of 4—cello, mandolino and 2 guitars playing in a corner queer lovely Italian music while we danced. The peasants of the mountains were in. One was a good looking wild fellow with a wooden leg. He danced like anything with Frieda and Mrs. Anthony, a friend of ours who is staying here, and she danced well—so you see we have quite a life of it. Frieda was awfully pleased with your last letter. She uses it against me as a proof of what a difficult and unpleasant person I am to live with. I say you never meant it in that wise.

L stands for Lorenzo. Mrs. Anthony calls me Lorenzo, the people Signor Lorenzo. I shall have collected a list soon. I haven't any real

news. Soon I hope I shall see you. I am writing away at a novel rather more cheerful than *Sons and Lovers*. You must tell me what you think of that book—you'll hate it, but it is rather great, I think. A friend of mine has just designed a picture for the wrapper, that looks rather well. I still have not corrected all the proofs—I tell you I am mightily sick of it.

It seems difficult to think of being in England. I wonder if it will really come off. I am not anxious to be in my native land, but I should love having you with us at Whitsuntide, in Ashdown Forest. Is that two weeks or three after Easter?

My pen ran dry so I had to come in.

Love, and how did the bike get off, the fine.

[In Frieda's hand:] Yes, so shall I, your letter just came when L had made me so miserable that I began to think I was the scum of the earth, unfit for a human being—*His* misery was all *my* doing, so your letter came as a help to me from the Almighty. L. looks well I think but of course it is hard our life, but now I *hope* the worst is over of misery the children, illness and all. But of course he is really good and it is hard for him as it is for me. It will be nice to see you, we shall live very quietly till we are married. We might just as well!! (He says I am writing a lot to you. He is already jealous of you) I always tell him I wish he were as nice as you—so I hope to see you soon.

VI

Lawrence and Frieda stayed in Verona a few days, and on the 14th of April took the night train up through the Brenner to Munich. Lawrence's letter to Ada a few days later describes the Jaffes' house where they stayed and refers to her forthcoming marriage:"

To Ada Lawrence from Villa Jaffe, Irschenhausen, April 19, 1913

First of all the village is Irschenhausen, so you draw a line under that, then München, which is Munich, has two dots on it, and then Isartal, means Isar valley, and the Isar is a tributary to the Danube, well known in English poetry as

"Eiser rolling rapidly

"And dark as winter was the flood

"Of Eiser rolling rapidly."

It is pronounced Eser, à la Anglaise, where Hohenlinden is, and when the battle was fought God knows.

Now you can address a letter to me.

I got your letter in München and your p.c. It was a nice letter. Frieda liked hers.

We are in a lovely little house in a corner of a pine or rather fir forest looking over to the Alps, which are white with snow—they are the same ten miles away. It is quite near Icking where I was last year. The house belongs to Frieda's brother in law. It is quite new, a lovely little place. Prof. Jaffé [*sic*] lives in Munich so the house is empty. We make a home here for a week or two—quite alone.

Don't you think it is a nice idea?

The house stands on a high meadow in an angle of the wood. The meadow has blue patches of gentian and is speckled with Alp primulas, and with cowslips. The village is a tiny place. An ox brought up our luggage in dignity from the station. I sit in the little dining room in the lamp light.

It is a room all of wood. There is a warm old stove of green tiles, and queer Bavarian pottery. Directly I am going to bed, because I have a cold. When I was up at Innsbruck coming from Italy I found the whole land under snow. I tell you it was a shock, the air was so fierce after the Garda. But my cold is fleeing with the snow, which is all gone.

Now I do not know when I shall be in England—perhaps not before your wedding. I am excited to hear of Emmie Limb being bridesmaid with Hilda Pettit, and having delicate sprigged muslin frocks. Look here, don't you go and be too grand. Don't make Eddie wear a frock coat for God's sake.

I want to wear a jacket. I will wear a white waistcoat and a white buttonhole if you insist, and I would never give you away.

Parson—"Who gives this woman in marriage?"

Me—"I'm sure I don't!"

But father will no doubt be glad of the opportunity. Don't deprive him of his paternal right. You keep discreet silence about "Sons and Lovers" though.

As for the divorce it will be a very quiet affair. Don't worry. It will be nice to stay with you in Ripley. I want to go to Pentrich. And do you remember the pub where we saw Daft?, and the Womans Guild—oh Dio Dio! Give my love to everybody.

Frieda is very busy and sends her love, and she is looking after me. Give my love to Father. Has he flitted yet? Again my love to you.

Lawrence had written Edward Garnett only two days earlier, also from Irschenhausen, expressing his disappointment and Frieda's (she was "very cross") that *Love Poems and Others* had sold only a hundred

copies. The next month (on May 13) he complained to Ernest Collings that the reviewers, even those who were friends of his, "were so faint," fearful of praising him lest they be called immoral, or stupid, that it was all "enough to break the heart of a granite boulder."

Lawrence had better hopes for *Sons and Lovers*. On arriving at Irschenhausen he had told the elder Garnett that he knew he could "write bigger stuff than any man in England. And I write for men like David and Harold—they will read me, soon. My stuff is what they want: when they know what they want." He spoke of *The Sisters*, which had reached the length of one hundred and eighty pages—he expected it to go to three hundred—as "a queer novel, which seems to have come by itself," and of *The Insurrection of Miss Houghton*, now at two hundred pages, as "very lumbering," but "fearfully exciting. . . . It lies next my heart, for the present." But *The Sisters*, he felt, was more important, dealing seriously with the relations between men and women, "*the problem of today*." On the 26th of April he wrote McLeod that he had arrived at page 145, and had no notion what the book was about; he hated it, though Frieda said it was good. But to Lawrence it was "like a novel in a foreign language I don't know very well—I can only just make out what it is about."

At Irschenhausen, Lawrence was discovering a new dislike for Germany, even for southern Germany. He kept hoping the landscape would roll back and show him Lago di Garda. He could not know that Germany was only fifteen months from the march into Belgium, but even in prewar Bavaria he could feel the iron shaking of the earth. On his first visit in 1912, he had sent Edward Garnett a narrative poem set in Wolfratshausen, "The Young Soldier With Bloody Spurs," in which the soldier's cruelty to his horse is in counterpoint with his cruelty to a servant girl. Back in Bavaria in 1913, Lawrence wrote a story, with an Isartal setting, about a Prussian officer; he called it "Honour and Arms"; he told Garnett that this was his best short story so far. Perhaps at this time he also wrote "Vin Ordinaire," which like "Honour and Arms" appeared the following year in the *English Review*; "Vin Ordinaire" later became "The Thorn in the Flesh."

Edward Garnett angered Lawrence in 1914 by changing the name of "Honour and Arms" to "The Prussian Officer" and using that for the title of Lawrence's first volume of short stories, which Duckworth published under Garnett's guidance: perhaps Lawrence resented having people think that he may have written the story to order; since his correspondence shows it was completed in the spring of 1913, it was

prophetic rather than backward-looking or vogue-catching. And it was prophetic of something more than the brutalities that manifested themselves in the war, where after all they were directed against the enemy, even if he was often only a harmless civilian. "The Prussian Officer" was more concerned with the kind of militarism that the "Zabern Affair" brought to light in 1913-14. Zabern, about sixty miles from Frieda's home in Metz, was the scene, in the autumn and early winter, of pronounced military harshness against Alsatians who, though "pure" Germans might regard them as aliens, had been part of the Empire for more than forty years. In 1913 name-calling, violence, and imprisonment of civilians preceded the act that most of Germany regarded as an outrage: Leutnant von Forstner, earlier disciplined for insulting Alsatian recruits, used his saber to cut down a lame cobbler. A court ultimately freed von Forstner on the ground of "supposed self-defense." This decision so angered the Reichstag that it voted by a large majority to censure the government. The von Forstner incident was merely a symptom of much else that was going on in an army dominated by caste and a desire for conquest. Lawrence, visiting Metz with purely romantic intentions and being arrested as a spy, had there and elsewhere in Germany an opportunity to experience Prussianism at close range.

Another element in his Prussian-officer story was the suggestion of homosexuality. In the great German scandal of that time, the guilt or innocence of the Kaiser's favorite, Count Philip zu Eulenberg—who had fallen into disgrace a few years before Lawrence first visited Germany—is debatable; but the scandal had shaken the nation, particularly the court and military circles. Lawrence, who had never been herded with other men into a disciplined, all-male community, had nevertheless a fine understanding of what such enforced herding tended to produce in some, a homosexuality that often edged over into sadism. For a young man who had not yet read Freud, Lawrence had a serviceable insight into such matters. From Gargnano the preceding autumn, he had written Garnett about the latter's play, *Jeanne d'Arc*, which seemed "a living historical document," one that was "fearfully" interesting: "Cruelty is a form of perverted sex. I want to dogmatize. Priests in their celibacy get their sex lustful, then perverted, then insane, hence Inquisitions—all sexual in origin. And soldiers, being herded together, men without women, never being satisfied by a woman, as a man never is from a street affair, get their surplus sex and their frustration and dissatisfaction into the blood, and *love* cruelty. It is sex lust fermented makes atrocity."

There is the underlying impulse of the Prussian-officer story that was to be written seven months afterward. The Germany of the spring of 1913 was to provide the scenery and costumes, but the idea had been working in Lawrence's consciousness for some time. Frieda of course told Lawrence much that fitted into his forming picture of German militarism. In his own time in the army, her father, like most of his Prussian fellow-officers, was (as we have seen) a beater of orderlies, though not obsessively so. One of the stories of her youth that Frieda later recalled telling Lawrence was that of a young corporal who had revealed to her how he hated the bullying and injustice of military life; after that, the parades and bands had less glamour for her. Lawrence of course saw no glamour in the military, and both of his German army stories reflect, sympathetically, the view of the conscript trapped in the lower ranks. Indeed, both stories follow the same pattern: in both of them a soldier gets into trouble for attacking his superior; "The Prussian Officer" is more serious and intense, a profounder story.

In his first version of "The Thorn in the Flesh"—as "Vin Ordinaire"—in the *English Review* for June 1914, Lawrence did not identify the setting, but in the version that appeared in December, in the book, he mentions Metz in the first paragraph. The story describes Frieda's home, and her father appears as one of the characters, the baron whose right hand had been shattered when he was a young man, in the Franco-Prussian war. The story as it came out in the magazine had considerably milder love scenes than the later version, and the original ending was different, with the baron as a harsher man than in the later version of the story. Lawrence may have changed this ending, made the baron more "human," at Frieda's importunity, but perhaps he remembered that, after all, the baron had rescued him in Metz: without his help Lawrence might have been imprisoned or deported, either contingency of greater convenience to the baron than Lawrence's freedom, under the circumstances of Frieda's elopement. In July 1914 when Lawrence sent Garnett his short stories for book publication, he held out this one, "Vin Ordinaire," which he said needed to be written over, "to pull it together." Possibly, then, he merely felt it strengthened the story, as a story, to make the baron kinder.

In any event, Lawrence was in a state of disliking Germany, even pleasant Bavaria, at the time he apparently wrote both his anti-military stories. Frieda was straining to return to England, and Lawrence agreed to go with her. He even considered settling on the Isle of Man, where his one-time friend, the former Agnes Holt, helped her husband conduct a small school. But Lawrence now wanted most of all to return

to Italy. He wrote McLeod on June 11,^a "How rotten the English [the *English Review*] is. What do you think of Sons and Lovers? I am anxious to know. Have you seen any more reviews. The libraries refused it at first—then consented. I am leaving here in a week's time—probably for England. But don't say anything. . . ." When he did get back, he and Frieda went to the Cearne, where they stayed with Mrs. Garnett and David. On June 21, Lawrence wrote to Edward Garnett's office in London to say he was pleased with the fifty pounds he received that morning from Duckworth's, and with the reviews of *Sons and Lovers*, which Garnett had collected for him. These reviews made his return to England seem timely and auspicious. Most of them were kind to the book, though it was probably beyond the imaginations of the critics to foresee that *Sons and Lovers* would be one of the few novels of its period discussed seriously forty years later, and then with prospect of its reputation being far greater in the future. The *Saturday Review* (London) did, however, admit at the time that, "after reading most of the more 'important' novels of the present year, we can say that we have seen none to excel it in interest and power," adding that "the sum of its defects is astonishingly large, but we only note it when they are weighed against the sum of its own qualities." The reviewer in the *Saturday Westminster Gazette* deplored "the change of view (we will not call it a mistake) which has led Mr. Lawrence, in common with other novelists of great repute or promise, to place more emphasis on feeling than on action"; this "resulted in a draining of interest from the whole of his work." The book was, however, "charged with the beauty of atmosphere and observation, of which Mr. Lawrence is so complete a master." The *Academy* found the book "a very fine study of the cruelty of life, and very depressing." The *Athenaeum* reviewer sniffed out an autobiographical element he believed weakened the book, and felt that the girl would not have been "so abnormal a person as represented" if her story had been truly told; "but, although we may rebel, we are held captive from the first page to the last, and certain figures will, we think, remain engraved upon the memory."

At this time, Lawrence did not expect to see many people in England; he felt that he was cut off from his past life. But he and Frieda gathered new friends, including their intimate companions of the future, John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield. They had co-edited *Rhythm*, a magazine to which Lawrence had contributed, and were now editing the *Blue Review*, which was about to expire.

Murry was a poor boy from the South London suburbs who had gone to Oxford on a scholarship. (Lawrence: "I think Oxford did you

harm.") He moved into London journalism and eventually made a fair living as a reviewer. In December 1911 he met Katherine Mansfield, at that time little known. When she and Murry fell in love, they could not marry because her marriage to the musician George Bowden had not been dissolved: it was not until 1918 that Murry was able to marry her. Meanwhile they lived together and apart, edited little magazines, quarreled, and wrote. Murry at the time he met Lawrence and Frieda in July 1913 was almost twenty-four, handsome, wide-mouthed, with large grey eyes; he then wore his hair in a long bang coming down above his right eye. His former friend, Gaudier-Brzeska, who after quarreling with Murry smashed the head he had sculpted of him by throwing stones at it, once described Murry at the time as "strong in body, with refined features and magnificent head like a great god, an Apollo or Mars." Gaudier, who came to hate Katherine Mansfield, described her as "a curiously beautiful person, Slav in appearance, and very strong-minded." She was not tall, had intense dark eyes, and spoke with tight lips; she too wore bangs, and she had bobbed hair years before it became the fashion.

In that summer of 1913, before Lawrence and Frieda went to Kingsgate, on the Kentish coast, where they spent most of July, they called on the Murrys in London. When he knew the Murrys (as they were everywhere known) only by correspondence, Lawrence had spoken of their magazine as "a daft paper but the folk seem rather nice." When he and Frieda first went to see them, the Murrys had a three-room flat at 57 Chancery Lane, which also served as the office of the magazine. Lawrence's first view of Katherine Mansfield was of a young woman sitting beside a bowl of goldfish on the floor of a bare room. When Lawrence told this to Catherine Carswell, Frieda added that Katherine was very pretty, "such lovely legs," and Lawrence snapped, "If you *like* the legs of the principal boy in the pantomime." Murry remembered from that first day that "Lawrence was slim and even boyish," wearing a large straw hat which became him, while "Frieda's lovely fair hair glowed under her panama." They all went to lunch in Soho, and Frieda loved the Murrys at once when, in the bright sunlight on the top of the bus, she caught them making faces and sticking their tongues out at one another.

Frieda thought "theirs was the only spontaneous and jolly friendship that we had," although those aspects of the friendship were not to last. To Frieda, Katherine Mansfield was a younger sister, and Katherine immediately became the messenger to Frieda's children, going out to Hampstead to bring them greetings and letters from their mother.

Frieda had one morning waited for the children on their way to school and they had danced around her joyfully: "Mama, you are back, when are you coming home?" But the next time she met them, she discovered they had been told not to speak to her, "and only little white faces looked at me as if I were an evil ghost." Meanwhile, Frieda's attempts to obtain a divorce made no progress.

At Kingsgate, Lawrence and Frieda met other new friends as the following letter to McLeod shows; the Miss [Ethel Colburn] Mayne referred to was Violet Hunt's friend, the Byron scholar:^u

To A. W. McLeod from 28 Percy Avenue, Kingsgate, July 22, 1913

Thanks for the reviews—yes they are flattering. I saw the Nation. Dear old lady—it was an Irish spinster, a clever woman called Miss Mayne, I believe—not old, for that matter.

Oh, before I forget—send me a New Statesman, will you. I want to send them some sketches. Send me an old copy, or just the address, anything. Don't be impatient with me, either.

The Blue Review is dead—died this month.

We leave here on the 30th—going to the Cearne for a few days. I want to see you then. We go back to Germany about Aug. 8. I suppose you couldn't run down here and see us. We should love it.

We are quite swells. Edward Marsh came on Sunday (he is the Georgian Poetry man and Secretary in the Admiralty to Winston Churchill) and he took us in to tea with the Herbert Asquiths—jolly nice folk—son of the Prime Minister. Today I am to meet there Sir Walter Raleigh. But alas it is not he of the cloak.

I have been grubbing away among the short stories. God, I shall be glad when it is done. I shall begin my novel again in Germany.

We bathe and I write among the babies of the foreshore: it is an innocent life and a dull one.

Poor Philip. He'll soon be like Alexander, with no more worlds to conquer. But I wouldn't like touring Europe with no German and Italian, and yet watching the pence filter out.

Frieda sends warm greetings—une bonne poignée.

Edward Marsh, who had written Lawrence at Gargnano to ask for the use of the poem "Snap-Dragon" in *Georgian Poetry: 1911-1912*, sent him his check in care of Edward Garnett, whom he knew was a friend of Lawrence's. It was forwarded to Kingsgate, and when Lawrence delightedly wrote to thank Marsh for the three pounds, he expressed the hope that if Marsh ever came down that way, he would visit him and

Frieda. Marsh had already planned to see the Asquiths there on Sunday July 20; in a letter written that night to Rupert Brooke, he reported that Lawrence and Frieda "were a tremendous success" at the Asquiths': "He looks terribly ill, which I am afraid he is—his wife is a very jolly buxom healthy-looking German, they seem very happy together." Frieda hurt Marsh's feelings by saying he did not look like the type of man who would care for poetry. Lawrence subsequently apologized to Marsh for gaining "a false entry" by introducing his mistress as his wife.

The Asquiths had taken a small house at Broadstairs, and Lawrence and Frieda went there for dinner several times and walked with the Asquiths on the sand at the foot of the chalk cliffs, sometimes singing "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" The Hon. Herbert Asquith recalled Lawrence as "a poet living on a plane far removed from the dust of politics, but more deeply in revolt against the values of the day than any political leader." We have another portrait of Lawrence at the time, from an unpublished memoir by Henry Savage, the friend and biographer of Richard Middleton. Savage had reviewed *The White Peacock* for the *Academy*, and the letter of thanks he received from Lawrence began a friendship that lasted several years. In 1900, Savage recalled the Lawrence of nearly twenty years before:

He was young then, but a sick man; the seed of phthisis which he fought so long were already in him. At Kent, where I was once staying with him—he had just achieved a romantic elopement with the married lady he was afterwards himself to marry—I received a curious impression. We were lying sprawled on the cliffs. *Apropos de bottes*, he suddenly struck his chest violently. "I've something here, Savage," he said, "that is heavier than concrete. If I don't get it out it will kill me." He may have been referring to his physical condition, but I am inclined to think that he meant the dark, strange forces afterwards to find expression in his various novels.

The Murrys were among other visitors to Kingsgate. The first time Lawrence invited them, they failed to appear; Marsh astonished him by suggesting that perhaps they lacked the money. Lawrence believed that Murry and Katherine Mansfield were well off, and could far more easily earn money by writing than he could. He wrote Murry a scolding note on July 22, saying he would have lent him a pound; he invited the Murrys again for the next weekend, and they came down, bringing their friend Charles Henry Gordon Campbell, an Irishman then practicing as a barrister in London. They all had an exuberant weekend,

with swimming and conversation. Murry said later that Katherine Mansfield could swim superbly and that he could swim well—"the only thing I could ever do better than Lawrence"—and that they ate steak and tomatoes heartily: "For some reason those tomatoes gleam very red in my memory." Lawrence and Frieda, who planned to spend another winter in Italy, invited the Murrys to join them there. Murry said yes—if they could. When they were leaving Kingsgate, Lawrence gave them a copy of *Sons and Lovers* to read on the train, and the opening pages of the novel gave Murry an "impression of warm rich darkness."

Lawrence was glad enough, at the end of July, when it was his turn to leave Kingsgate, "that half-crystallized nowhere of a place." Creatively the weeks he had spent there seem to have been lost weeks, though after the rapid production of the previous year he needed to let his writing rest for a while. And although *Sons and Lovers* did not have a big enough sale to give him a financial guarantee for the future—indeed, Duckworth's lost money on the first edition—the book established him as a serious and important author. The coalminer's son could meet the prime minister's son and daughter-in-law, and at their house charm Professor Raleigh of Oxford.

That summer, the two most important people Lawrence came to know were, from a personal view, John Middleton Murry and Lady Cynthia Asquith. Murry, who was to become the villain in Lawrence's life—as in a sense Lawrence was to be the villain in Murry's—was for years the possible ideal friend Lawrence sought for. And Lady Cynthia—Lawrence with manifest uncertainty addressed her from Bavaria soon after as Mrs. Asquith—became a kind of ideally worshiped dream woman. Lawrence, though Frieda was always the woman he loved, again and again indicated in his work a special kind of love for Cynthia Asquith. He probably never mentioned this to her, and he remained a good friend of both her and her husband, but in his writings and perhaps even in his paintings, he at least indirectly made love to her.

PART THREE

The War Years

I

WITH THE COMPLETION of *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence had entered upon a new period of writing, his second. The *Look!* poems had almost from the first presaged this; but it took some time for the process to start, for what he produced at Gargnano after *Sons and Lovers* was of the same pattern as his earlier work. Even *The Sisters*—whose offshoots, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, were to mark the emergence of the new Lawrence—was apparently in its first phases “just another novel.”

Revisiting his native land after the publication of *Sons and Lovers* and its generally favorable reception, Lawrence discovered that he was becoming a “somebody.” And Frieda’s continued presence inspired confidence in him. He had wrenched a woman away from her husband and a guaranteed security, and from the strong love she had for her growing children; and he had succeeded in keeping this woman. Even her Lot’s Wife return to see the children did not cause her to leave him; together they faced south again, and this time they knew they would travel together for the rest of their lives.

The book that was to be *The Rainbow* burned in Lawrence now. Its main symbol became, as the story progressed, a sign of special importance to the central figure of that book, apotheosized at the end of the story. But the symbol meant something of special importance to Lawrence, too, a new way of seeing, of writing, that would be a span into his own future. It was not an easy book to write, and he had to struggle with it for a long time. He carried on this struggle in Germany, in Italy and, finally, in England. It was a great day when at last he could draw a picture of the iris over the farmfields and mines, and write across it, “I have finished my Rainbow!”

But that day was nearly two years away. Meanwhile Lawrence and Frieda had still another long time to spend on the Continent. It began on the August day of 1913 when they arrived at Irschenhausen, again

to stay at the Jaffes'. "For the time being, at least," Lawrence noted, Frieda was "getting better of her trouble with the children."

It was a restless summer for Lawrence; work on *The Sisters* went slowly during the Bavarian interlude. When the time came for Lawrence and Frieda to leave, after five and a half weeks at Irschenhausen, they went by different routes. Frieda wanted again to visit her parents at Baden-Baden, but Lawrence wanted to walk through Switzerland; at first they planned to meet at Basel after a week and go south together, then they gave up this idea and Lawrence made the trip to Italy alone, via the Saint Gotthard Pass. Frieda had had enough of scrambling over mountains: her imperial road would be the railway.

Lawrence spent nearly two weeks on his tour across Switzerland, a country he found to be "too touristy" and "banal" and "spoilt." He felt like an insect as he went up the snow-gleaming mountains, where the villages hung perilously "in the flux of death." In one valley the smoke rising from factory chimneys reminded him unpleasantly of home: "It is the hideous rawness of the world of men, the horrible, desolating harshness of the advance of the industrial world upon the world of nature, that is so painful." Only the peasants bringing their fruit into the towns seemed to escape the hideousness, but it would soon overwhelm them too. Lawrence could not force himself to feel happy in Switzerland, and even after he crossed over into Italy he still saw "the process of disintegration" at work. At least it had a certain vigor there, he felt, as he waited in Milan for Frieda. Sitting in the Cathedral Square and drinking Bitter Campari, he noted that even the city-men he saw about him there knew a life that was "still vivid," though it too existed under the threat of "perfect mechanisation." It was on this note, describing this scene and incorporating his observations, that he ended *Twilight in Italy*.

The tiny place near Lerici where Lawrence and Frieda rented a house proved to be fairly unspoiled and primitive. Their *villino* at the fishing village of Fiascherino was a square pink house divided in two by a stone staircase with a sitting room on one side and a bedroom above it, the kitchen on the other side, also with a bedroom over it. The house, set on a cliff above the sea, backed into a mountain of olive woods and lemon groves. Lawrence rented it for sixty lire a month, with twenty-five more for servants' fees. He and Frieda remained there for eight months.

Work on *The Sisters* went haltingly. Soon after arriving at Fiascherino, Lawrence had said (October 5) that the star of *Sons and Lovers*

"is already sinking in my sky, now I am well on into another very different novel," but by October 27, "I have been so much upset, what with moving and Frieda's troubling about the children . . . and what not, that I haven't been able to work." He went on to say it was "no joke to have done as Frieda and I have done—and my soul feels very tired." On December 2, work was still going too slowly: "But here, it is too beautiful, one can't work." On December 21 he told Edward Garnett, "The novel goes slowly forward. . . . In a few days' time I shall send you the first half of the MS."

And although he completed one draft of *The Sisters*—what he thought would be the final draft—by the middle of May, that sojourn at Fiascherino was a fairly unproductive period for Lawrence, especially in contrast with the equivalent stay at Gargnano. At Fiascherino, Lawrence apparently did not add a single poem to the *Look! We Have Come Through!* sequence, and he evidently did not write short stories or articles during that time. He did, however, keep fussing over a play, *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*, which was being published in New York by the man who had brought out the American edition of *Sons and Lovers*, Mitchell Kennerley; Duckworth planned to publish the play in London, using imported sheets from America.

The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd was an expansion of the short story "Odour of Chrysanthemums," and both in play and story the central character was Lawrence's Aunt Emma of New Brinsley. Soon after he had arrived in Bavaria, Lawrence told Kennerley that the play had been in Garnett's possession for nearly two years and that it needed "refining." Now he wrote from Italy:² "It pleases me very much to think the play will be published one day. . . . I do hope also that you may find my writing a good speculation. But I think you will. My thanks for advertising 'Sons and Lovers' so widely. I do like the reviews. But—bisogna dar tempo al tempo." Lawrence wrote enthusiastically to Edward Garnett about Kennerley. He was, like Lawrence, a Midlander, and in many ways would seem to have been an ideal publisher for Lawrence, as in later years he was an effective promoter of Alfred Stieglitz. But Kennerley, who was only the beginning of Lawrence's publishing troubles in America, sent in the spring of 1914 a check for thirty-five pounds that had an altered date; the bank in Spezia would not cash it for Frieda, to whom Lawrence had given it as her "first pin-money"; the bank returned the check to Kennerley who "never made it good," Lawrence wrote ten years later, "and never to this day made any further payment for *Sons and Lovers*. Till this year of grace 1924, America has had that, my most popular book, for nothing

—as far as I am concerned.” Kennerley meantime was living in first-class hotels, always keeping a bit ahead of the game until his melancholy suicide in 1950. The references to him in Edna St. Vincent Millay’s published letters indicate that his relationship with Lawrence was typical of that with his other authors, though Van Wyck Brooks defends Kennerley in *Scenes and Portraits* (1904): “He made little or nothing out of his exasperated authors, and who else would have printed them, who else would have looked at their first little books, which Kennerley delightedly acclaimed and so charmingly published? . . . He should be remembered as the friend of a whole generation of writers whom, in surprising numbers, he first brought out.” These are kind thoughts, but the lovers at Fiascherino would doubtless have preferred some hard cash.

Financially, the sojourn at Fiascherino was one of continual anxiety for Lawrence. On his arrival, he asked Edward Garnett to send ten pounds “from what I have left,” and he again requested money from time to time while at Fiascherino. That *Sons and Lovers* had lost money distressed him: “If a publisher is to lose by me, I would rather it were a rich commercial man like Heinemann.” He was not sure he wanted to continue with a small firm such as Duckworth’s, for two leading agents, J. B. Pinker and Curtis Brown, had written with good offers for his novels from publishers who could “believe in them commercially,” which Lawrence thought Garnett could not: “I must have money for my novels, to live.” Lawrence thanked Pinker: “ ‘Sons and Lovers’ does not seem to have done wonders, but I believe Duckworth and Mitchell Kennerley advertised it pretty well. As for giving you a novel—I can’t in decency, in the near future. Later on I will if I can. . . . I only write one novel a year.”

Money worries were not Lawrence’s only distraction at Fiascherino. He and Frieda became socially active in a way that had been impossible in the comparative isolation of Gargnano. *Love Poems* and *Sons and Lovers*, however poorly they may have done financially, had meanwhile made Lawrence a well-known author, and now various writers went out of their way to see him on their journeys through Italy, and the Anglo colony on the Gulf of Spezia adopted Lawrence and Frieda for a while, “so that we are always out to tea, or having visitors.” The English consul at Spezia, Thomas Dacre Dunlop (later Sir Thomas) became their good friend, and the English chaplain took a fancy to “Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence” too (“When all our dark history comes out,” Lawrence told Garnett, “I shall laugh”). When Lawrence and Frieda went to Lerici they traveled by land because Lawrence refused to ride in the rowboat

with Frieda after she nearly upset it during a quarrel they once had on the way home.

(One of the visitors to Fiascherino was Ivy Low, the young novelist who later became the wife of Commissar Maxim Litvinov. Ivy Low had written Lawrence after reading with indignation what Henry James had said of him in the course of his 1914 articles on "The Younger Generation" in the *Times Literary Supplement*, in which James had praised Hugh Walpole and Compton Mackenzie while slighting Lawrence. Ivy Low's objections to James's articles typified the response of many of the younger generation to Lawrence's work. In that same year of 1914, for example, a future friend of Lawrence's, Philip Heseltine, wrote to Frederick Delius that he had just read Lawrence's three novels and found them "simply unrivalled, in depth of insight and beauty of language, by any other contemporary writer"; and in the *New Republic* of February 27, 1915, a twenty-two-year-old writer who was to defend Lawrence several times again—Rebecca West—criticized James for granting merely "a scornful parenthesis" to "the only author of this young generation who has not only written but also created, and created with such power that he would be honorable in any generation."

✓The somewhat contrary opinion John Galsworthy delivered to Edward Garnett in a letter of April 13, 1914 has become well known: Galsworthy liked the family scenes in *Sons and Lovers* but not what he called "the love part. . . . It's not good enough to spend time and ink describing the penultimate sensations and physical movements of people getting into a state of rut; we all know them too well." The book had "genius," but not in *those* scenes. This is the kind of response Lawrence could count on, all his life, from those who spoke officially or semi-officially for "literature."

Ivy Low shared her enthusiasm for Lawrence with Viola Meynell, and these two young writers confronted their friends with an ultimatum: the author of *Sons and Lovers* was a genius, and those who did not believe this "walked in darkness" and could not be their friends. Ivy Low's letter to Lawrence brought an invitation to Fiascherino; she invested her available money in a return ticket and borrowed Catherine Carswell's best clothes.

Her visit was, to her, bewildering and disintegrating, for Lawrence began at once to hunt out all her defects, finding them "one by one, and quite a few that no one else ever discovered." She left, as she remembered, after "about six weeks," to Frieda's quite obvious relief. Ivy Low was in a trance as she returned to London; Lawrence had

shaken her self-confidence, and she felt that she could never write again and that this would be good.

Two expected guests who did not appear at Fiascherino were Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield. Lawrence had written suggesting that since Katherine had an allowance of a hundred pounds a year, she and Murry should live on it in Italy. When Murry refused to consider this idea, Lawrence wrote him that this showed that Murry did not trust her love for him; Murry insulted Katherine by working in order to give her petty luxuries she really did not want: ("A woman unsatisfied must have luxuries. But a woman who loves a man would sleep on a board.") Lawrence later wrote that he hoped Murry and Katherine would not look upon him "as an interfering Sunday-school superintendent sort of person." He felt they would all make money one day, and they would "all be jolly together." He was "fed up with miseries and sufferings."

Lawrence was still—and it was another distraction from his writing—having trouble with Frieda over their situation and over the children, though this broke out into his letters only occasionally, as when he told Cynthia Asquith, in November, that he was feeling too disagreeable to write short stories and novels. And Lawrence said in an April 3 letter to Murry, "But now, thank God, Frieda and I are together"; he reported *The Sisters* as two-thirds completed, "and the work is of me and of her, and it is beautiful, I think." On June 2 he told McLeod, "I think *the* one thing to do, is for men to have the courage to draw nearer to women, expose themselves to them. . . . Because the source of all life and knowledge is in man and woman, and the source of all living is in the interchange and the meeting and mingling of these two. . . ." Perhaps, in this harassed year, Lawrence was putting more of his energy into establishing his relationship with Frieda on a permanent basis than into his work. Yet he did a great deal of theorizing that year which may have helped his growth as an artist. He argued at great length with his two mentors—Marsh, who guided him in poetry, and Garnett, who guided him in prose. Lawrence was casting off guides.

It was a friendly enough process. Marsh even came for a visit to Fiascherino in January when on a tour with his friend James Strachey Barnes. This was after Lawrence had accused Marsh of being "a bit of a policeman in poetry." But Marsh remained his friend in those "earlier days" when Lawrence "had a rich fund of gaiety and sweetness." Marsh wrote modestly, more than a quarter of a century later, that he had tried Lawrence severely "by carping, with what I see in retrospect to have been overweening presumption, at his use of rhyme and metre."

Lawrence's quarrel with Edward Garnett was more than technical: it was also ideological and moral. Lawrence, after some deference and self-doubts, went his own way as stubbornly as he had with Marsh; and though Garnett's criticisms of *The Sisters* disturbed him, Lawrence would not change the book. Ultimately this meant a break with Garnett. Lawrence said he would not write again in the manner of *Sons and Lovers*, "in that hard, violent style full of sensation and presentation." The new book was "in another language almost"; Lawrence would be sorry if Garnett did not like it, but he was "prepared." In April 1914, Lawrence notified Garnett he was sending him all the pages typed so far by the consul, Dunlop, at Spezia; only eighty remained to be written, and Garnett should have those within three weeks. On May 8 he notified Garnett that he hoped to finish the book within two days. Actually, Dunlop's wife Madge seems to have done most of the typing. Asked in 1902 if he could recall some of the differences between that earlier version and *The Rainbow* as later published, Sir Thomas Dunlop said he and his wife would not have known of any differences, because they had "obeyed" Lawrence's injunction not to read his books, which he told them were written only to get them "off his chest." They "obeyed" Lawrence despite the fact that he sent them *The Rainbow*; such compliance with a whimsical remark of the kind almost every author occasionally makes is perhaps possible only to diplomats.

In his letters to Garnett, Lawrence continually expressed his fears as to his friend's possible response to the book. He was sure the novel was important and beautiful. "Before," he wrote in April, "I could not get my soul into it. That was because of the struggle and resistance between Frieda and me. Now you will find her and me in the novel, I think, and the work is both of us. . . . The first *Sisters* was flippant and often vulgar and jeering. I had to get out of that attitude, and make my subject really worthy."

A few days before Lawrence and Frieda left Fiascherino to go north again, Garnett wrote once more about the new book, which Lawrence now called *The Wedding Ring*. Garnett disliked it. Lawrence answered him straightforwardly, telling him he was wrong. Lawrence admitted that the book was imperfect, for he was not yet expert in what he wanted to do. But Garnett had no right to say that the novel was shaky." Garnett expected the novel to develop along the lines of certain characters: Lawrence's characters fell "into some other rhythmic form, as when one draws a fiddle-bow directly across a fine tray delicately sanded, the sand takes lines unknown." Garnett was wrong in his criticism of the psychology of the characters because Lawrence had

taken "a different attitude to my characters, and that necessitates a different attitude in you which you are not prepared to give." There was more to the book, Lawrence assured him, than the cleverness he seemed to find there. The novel was "quite unconsciously . . . a bit futuristic."

Lawrence quoted Marinetti to Garnett; in a letter to McLeod a few days before he had shown how thoroughly he had looked into the futurists: "I got a book of their poetry—a very fat book too—and a book of pictures—and I read Marinetti's and Paolo Buzzi's manifestations and essays and Scoffi's essays on cubism and futurism." At Gargnano the preceding year, Lawrence had found fault with the contemporary writers—Conrad, Bennett, Galsworthy—whose books Garnett had sent him; Lawrence was casting off the traditionalists, as he was ridding himself of his own past; and by the end of his stay at Fiascherino, where he had been creating a non-traditional work of his own, he was ready to assess the futurists. He thought they were right in trying to destroy the ancient forms and beliefs and sentimentalities, but they went about their destruction too mechanistically.

In the letter to Garnett, Lawrence spoke of his interest in Marinetti's ideal of an "intuitive physiology of matter": the non-human element in humanity had become more interesting to him "than the old-fashioned human element—which causes one to conceive a character in a certain moral scheme and make him consistent." In Lawrence's novel, Garnett should not look "for the old stable ego of the character. There is another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognizable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically-unchanged element." It was like diamond and coal, which were "the same pure single element of carbon. The ordinary novel would trace the history of the diamond—but I say, 'Diamond, what! This is carbon.' And my diamond might be coal or soot, and my theme is carbon."

Here, in an important moment, a moment of culmination, Lawrence showed that he knew what he was doing, and why he was doing it. He had reached a plateau of understanding from which he could see his writing in relation to the world about him. It was a world whose thoughts had been shaped, were being shaped, by Darwin and Marx and Freud; artistically it was a world that would soon belong, for a time, to Stravinsky and Picasso and Joyce. As Lawrence did not take anything important from the futurists, so he took nothing from these artists—indeed, he cared little for their achievements—but once again,

with theirs, his work demonstrates a modernity of vision. In 1913, as we have seen, Ezra Pound had told Harriet Monroe he thought that Lawrence "learned the proper treatment of modern subjects before I did." Lawrence wrote his manifesto to Garnett before the publication of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Pointed Roofs*, and other novels looked upon as the beginning of modernism in England; and there is no evidence that he then knew of the existence of *Du côté de chez Swann*, published in November 1913. The point is that Lawrence, in his different way, was as "modern" as the authors of any of these novels.

With the book he was then writing, he was creating a new self and a new future, in literature as he had done in life. It was a cruelly difficult process, as the tracing of it here has shown. But Lawrence was never to have again a time of uncertainty: he might find life bitter and murky, but he would never again hesitate in his writing. In the next two and a half years, he was to shape the material of *The Sisters* not only into *The Rainbow* but also into *Women in Love*.

On May 28, 1914 an event of explosive importance to Lawrence and Frieda occurred in London. In the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, Mr. Justice Bargaive Deane declared that in the case of "Weekley v. Weekley and Lawrence," the nisi decree was final.

Lawrence and Frieda moved up by nearly a month their time of departure from Italy. Lawrence walked once more through unloved Switzerland, and Frieda went by train to Baden-Baden, where she saw her father for the last time. The sick old baron was to die the following year; in those weeks before Sarajevo he kept muttering that he no longer understood the world.

Lawrence, walking north, was accompanied this time by an engineer named Lewis, from the Vickers-Maxim works at Spezia. They went through the Great St. Bernard Pass, then swung toward Interlaken and from there turned west to go into France. The exact date of their arrival in England is not known, though Lawrence and Frieda were both there by the 27th of June. The entry in Marsh's journal for that day (copied out by Sir Edward shortly before his death in 1903) showed: "Saturday June 27th. Lunched at the Moulin d'Or with D. H. and Mrs. Lawrence and Rupert [Brooke], all to Allied Artists at Holland Park."

Lawrence and Frieda stayed at 9 Selwood Terrace, Kensington, with Gordon Campbell, whose wife Beatrice was in Ireland that summer

with their year-old son. Campbell, the Irish barrister whom Murry had brought to Kingsgate to meet Lawrence and Frieda the preceding summer, was interested in literature and was trying his hand at a novel. Campbell, a month younger than Lawrence, had served for five years as an officer in the Royal Engineers. He amused Frieda with his constant grieving over "Areland," to which he later returned, as Lord Glenavy, to help organize important departments of the Irish Free State.

While staying at the Campbells', Lawrence met one of his own future biographers, Catherine Carswell. Soon after he returned to London, Mrs. Carswell (at that time Mrs. Jackson) gave a tea for him, attended by their friend in common, Ivy Low, and by Viola Meynell. Mrs. Jackson at once discerned in Lawrence "a swift and flame-like quality. . . . I was sensible of a fine, rare beauty in Lawrence, with his deep-set jewel-like eyes, thick dust-colored hair, pointed underlip of notable sweetness, fine hands, and rapid but never restless movements." Frieda seemed "a typical German *Frau* of the blonde, gushing type. She wore a tight coat and skirt of horse-cloth check that positively obscured her finely cut, rather angry Prussian features." Mrs. Jackson became aware of Frieda's handsomeness later, when she saw her in overalls and in peasant costume, "marching about a cottage."

Mrs. Jackson, who had for some years been divorced, talked to Lawrence from the first as if she had always known him. Her abrupt plunge into friendliness was evidently not of the kind that could so easily arouse Frieda's jealousy; and though Mrs. Jackson became one of the most worshipful of the women who knew Lawrence, there was always an impersonality in her relations with him; unlike the others, she made no emotional demands upon him. Soon Lawrence was reading and criticizing Mrs. Jackson's first novel—not published till 1920—an autobiographical story of her young life in Glasgow. The Murrys were offended because Lawrence had not come to see them first: indeed, this was the beginning of a life-long battle between Murry and Mrs. Jackson-Carswell.

In that summer of 1914 the Murrys were particularly sensitive and unhappy. They were poor and living in rooms they hated; Katherine Mansfield was unable to write; Murry was struggling to make a living as an art critic; and they had both been ill with pleurisy. Lawrence and Frieda, when they came to supper at the Murrys', seemed fairly prosperous; Lawrence had taken Pinker as his agent and expected to receive an advance of three hundred pounds from his new publisher, Methuen, and Frieda was looking forward to an assault upon the dress shops. Her

eagerness distressed Katherine; and she and Murry were jealous of most of the other friends Lawrence was making, in the Murrys' view, too easily—"a not unnatural jealousy," Murry has written, "considering how deep an inroad Lawrence made upon one's intimacy." At this time the Freudians had discovered *Sons and Lovers*, and one of the pioneer psychoanalysts in England, Dr. David Eder, frequently called on Lawrence to talk with him. Murry would sit by in bewilderment because people could discuss sex so seriously. Lawrence and Frieda became good friends of the Eders—Edith Eder was the sister of Ivy Low's father—and of Mrs. Eder's sister, Barbara Low, who became a well-known psychoanalyst. If Lawrence knew but little of the Freudian doctrine when he wrote *Sons and Lovers*, now he became instructed in it. As Barbara Low has told the author of this book, in a letter of January 2, 1953, "There is no doubt that Dr. Eder's views and knowledge made a great impression on Lawrence, though he feared to be influenced by Freudian Science—as you might expect!"

Once Lawrence's new friends invited the Murrys to a picnic on Hampstead Heath. As Lawrence and Frieda and Gordon Campbell and the Murrys emerged from the Hampstead tube station, a loud shriek of "Lawrence!" startled them, and they saw Ivy Low running downhill dressed in what looked like a kimono, her arms outspread as she screamed her enthusiasm. Campbell muttered "Good God!" and Katherine said "I won't have *that*!" When Ivy reached Lawrence, he turned to introduce his friends, and they had disappeared. Next time he saw them, Katherine explained that, because of her dislike of effusiveness, she would only have sulked if she had not run away.

The Murrys were present when Lawrence married Frieda. The ceremony took place at the Kensington Register Office on July 13, with the Murrys and Campbell as witnesses; Marsh was unable to get away from his office. Lawrence at once sent the news to Mrs. Hopkin: "I thought it was a very decent and dignified performance. I don't feel a changed man, but I suppose I am one." He and Frieda planned to go to Ada's, in Derbyshire, at the end of the week, he said, but he doubted that they would go over to Eastwood. He said they would go to the west of Ireland in August.

On the day after his marriage, Lawrence wrote Garnett a business letter discussing the volume of short stories Duckworth's planned to publish; for this book, later to be called *The Prussian Officer*, Lawrence suggested the name *Goose Fair*. At the end of the letter he tossed in a personal note: he and Frieda were now "irrefutably" married, and he wondered whether Garnett thought this was dull and respectable.

Then Lawrence added: "The trouble about the children is very acute just now." Frieda managed to see the children at a lawyer's office: it was, as her daughter Barbara has recalled it (in a memoir given to Edward Nehls), a nervous half hour, with Frieda smiling through her tears and the children tense.

Lawrence in his letters to Marsh at this time was discussing his short stories and a book he contemplated doing on Thomas Hardy—not poetry. Indeed, he seems to have written little poetry in the year since he left Gargnano. In the *Look! We Have Come Through!* volume, only three poems—"Wedlock," "History," and "Song of a Man Who Has Come Through"—stand between one labeled "San Gaudenzio" (which Lawrence last saw in April 1913) and one signed "Kensington" (where Lawrence lived from late June to late August 1914). After the poem written at Kensington, "One Woman To All Women," only nine more poems were to occur in the entire sequence; these nine were spread out over a period of at least two years, for the last was written at Zennor, in Cornwall, where the Lawrences lived from February 1916 to October 1917.

All these later *Look!* poems are songs of fulfillment. But they do not evade the problems of conflict: they admit the existence of these problems and confront and find a solution for them in "equilibrium"—Lawrence was later to adopt the word *polarity* instead. And it was this "balanced conjunction"—such as that realized by Birkin and Ursula in *Women in Love*—which was to remain Lawrence's ideal, in the relationship of man and woman and of spirit and flesh.

Even though Lawrence was writing but little verse at this time, he was still thought of as a poet. His poems had awakened the interest, in America, of Amy Lowell, and after her arrival in London in the summer of 1914, she invited him to dinner at the Berkeley. Her companion, Ada Russell, and Richard Aldington and his wife, the American poet H. D., were also there. Aldington recalled some dozen years later that this dinner party on the eve of war was "inane," though he found Lawrence's "fiery blue eyes and the pleasing malice of his talk" impressive. Lawrence had come into Amy Lowell's suite "with a lithe, springing step," and brought news of the war crisis. As they all sat there at the gleaming table, dusk coming down outside—the lamps had not quite yet gone out all over Europe, and Piccadilly blazed into light—Miss Lowell and her dinner guests talked only of the war that was raging in poetry. The British artists and intellectuals of the time had not thought much about the possibilities of a war between nations; that was the summer when a generation of schoolboys who went into mili-

tary service expected to be at their chosen universities for the fall term.

Meanwhile, in the poetic war, Amy Lowell was taking over the *Imagiste* movement (as it was then called) which Ezra Pound had created two years before out of a few theories and fewer poems by T. E. Hulme. The dinner parties at the Berkeley were a strategic attempt to strengthen her position. Pound, behaving like a hedgehog trying to discourage a bear, was resisting this massive, hearty, and wealthy Bostonian who had so recently broken away from traditional poetry. Now she wanted to enlist Lawrence, by Pound's standards one of the foremost of the young moderns, on her side. When she asked Lawrence to become a member of her group, he replied that he was not an imagist. For answer, she quoted the opening lines of his poem "Wedding Morn": "The morning breaks like a pomegranate / In a shining crack of red. . . ." Lawrence genially submitted, and agreed to appear in the imagists' publications, though he never gave public adherence to their credo. He also kept publishing in the volumes of Marsh's *Georgian Poetry*, though he had little in common, either, with members of that rival group: his landscapes, the most passionate post-Romantic absorption of "nature," contrasted violently with the polite scenery of the Georgians, whose verse only occasionally had a really ragged patch of nature, glimpsed beyond the tennis court.

Imagist or Georgian or not, Lawrence evidently enjoyed the talk that went back and forth across the table in Amy Lowell's suite on that warm evening of July 30, 1914. The next day he wrote Harriet Monroe that he had dined with Amy Lowell and the Aldingtons, "and we had some poetry."

It was, at least, a good way to see the old world out.

II

The next day, July 31, Lawrence left for a walking tour of the Lake Country. He went with a man named Horn who worked for the Russian Law Society; Horn brought another friend and at the last minute induced one of his colleagues at the Russian Law offices to go along too—S. S. Koteliansky, who had come to England a few years before on a scholarship from the University of Kiev, to do research in economics. As a student radical, he had been under the suspicion of the Czarist secret police, and he stayed on in England. Swarthy, with a fierce black glance, Samuel Solomonovich Koteliansky was a man whom Lawrence found "a bit Jehovah-ish." He at once liked Lawrence, whom he considered ingenuous. Koteliansky, however, never learned to care very much for Frieda.

The walking trip began as a happy one, despite the overhanging war. It was at Barrow-in-Furness on August 5, amid the steelworks and battleship factories, that the hiking party learned England had just entered the war. Barrow-in-Furness was boiling with martial spirit, and Lawrence remembered that "we all went mad." But a little later he walked down the coast a few miles, and thought with horror of what had happened. Six months later he said that he was only beginning then to come out of the stupor, the living death, that had settled upon him in that first week of August.

While at Barrow-in-Furness, Lawrence took his friends to call on the Vickers engineer, Lewis, whose parents had a cottage there. Perhaps at that moment of crisis, the last thing in the world the Lewises wanted was to have a quartet of trippers, one of them so obviously foreign, descend on them; anyhow, they were not cordial to the hikers.

On his return to London, Lawrence realized that he and Frieda could no longer blithely consider returning to Italy in October; now even the prospect of a trip to Ireland had become remote. He soon found a cottage called the Triangle, in Bellington Lane, near Chesham, Buckinghamshire, for which he paid only six shillings a month rent. He was frequently ill there and was glad enough to leave in the following January, after five months' residence.

While at Chesham the Lawrences often saw the Murrays' friends, the Cannans, who lived in a windmill at nearby Cholesbury. Gilbert Cannan, at the time a well-known novelist, was married to James Barrie's former wife, who had been the actress Mary Ansell; she was destined to flit in and out of the Lawrences' lives for years to come. The Cannans had a long-term house guest that fall, the young painter Mark Gertler, who had worn himself out with overwork and too much sociability in London and had come to the country to recover. He also became a close friend of the Lawrences'. And at the Cannans' they also met Compton Mackenzie, the successful young author of *Sinister Street*, which Lawrence privately called "frippery." But he liked Mackenzie, as he liked Gertler and the Cannans.

In a letter to McLeod (January 5, 1915), Lawrence said the Cannans were their "very good friends," and he mentioned other friends who had moved nearby:^u "The Murrays—she is Katherine Mansfield,—if you remember, they ran 'Rhythm'—have a cottage at Lee, three miles off: so we are not quite isolated." Otherwise, the Lawrences had fewer visitors from the outside than was customary. Once Amy Lowell was driven there by a chauffeur in maroon livery in a maroon automobile. Catherine Jackson, soon to marry Donald Carswell, was at Chesham

only once, for the day. Frieda later recalled that Gordon Campbell also visited them at Chesham, looking "like an Irish tramp" and "still weeping over his 'Areland.'" Koteliensky came to see them several times.

It was these Chesham months—August 1914 to January 1915—that Lawrence described to Cynthia Asquith (at the end of January 1915) as the time his "soul lay in the tomb—not dead, but with a flat stone over it, a corpse, become corpse-cold. And nobody existed, because I did not exist myself. Yet I was not dead—only passed over—trespassed—and all the time I knew I should have to rise again." His preserved letters of this time of "deadness" are fewer in number than those we usually find for other five-month periods; later in the war, when he was far more bitter about it, Lawrence was far more articulate, voluminously so, on the subject. The letters from Chesham do not always seem those of a dead man; Lawrence was sufficiently alive to express disgust and discouragement.

Before the war was three weeks old he wrote Amy Lowell, "My chief grief and misery is for Germany—so far . . . I can't help feeling it a young and adorable country—adolescent—with the faults of adolescence." His other available letters from Chesham do not reveal further "grief-and-misery-for-Germany" sentiment; they do not, on the other hand, show a growth of pro-British spirit. Lawrence's attitude, which did not centrally change during the four years of war or at any time afterward, crystallized in those early months of despair: he came to hate the war itself. "Yet," as he later said of his character Somers in *Kangaroo*, "he had no conscientious objection to war. It was the whole spirit of the war, the vast mob-spirit, which he could never acquiesce in"—the bullying, the servile conformity, the loss of individual "manly isolation."

Not long after moving to Chesham, Lawrence told Pinker (on September 5, 1914) he was beginning his book on Hardy "out of sheer rage" at the war, a rather violent attitude in which to approach the work of the quiet, gentle old man living not far away, to whom this was the war against Napoleon, with Nelson sailing down the Channel.

But Lawrence himself wanted to stay far removed from the European war. In October he wrote Harriet Monroe that he thought he was "much too valuable a creature to offer myself to a German bullet gratis and for fun," and told Edward Garnett that the war made him "feel very abstract," and that what he did or did not do was of little importance. Letters that trickled through from Germany told in stout, ardent phrases of the Richthofens' young officer-friends who had fallen in the

early battles. Word came through also of the continuing illness of Frieda's father.

Lawrence too was ill that autumn and still thought longingly of Italy. It may have been at this time that he and Frieda met Barrie, with whom he had exchanged letters while he was at Fiascherino. Lady Cynthia Asquith, who became Barrie's secretary, thought "an interesting friendship might have ensued, but unfortunately the uninhibited Frieda went straight to one particular point. She could never understand any embarrassment about money or see any reason why it should not be transferred from a well-filled to an empty pocket—had the full purse been her own, her views would have been the same. 'How do you do, Sir Barrie,' she said. 'I hear you make an income of fifty thousand a year (interesting news for Barrie!). Why shouldn't you give Lorenzo enough money to pay for our passage to Australia?' " Barrie recoiled at this, for like most people he "preferred to give unasked." Besides, Lady Cynthia further explained, "the discovery that Lawrence and Frieda were in close touch with Barrie's sometime wife, then Mrs. Gilbert Cannan, raised yet another barrier of embarrassment."

Amy Lowell, who knew the conditions at Chesham, hoped that Lawrence would soon get out of Buckinghamshire. After returning to Boston, she wrote Harriet Monroe that she thought "Lawrence has consumption, the cottage is very damp, and must be horribly cold." She felt that he should at least go to London, if he could not get to Italy, for the winter. Timid about offering him money, she told him she was sending him a typewriter; on October 16 he responded happily: "Over the type-writer I have got quite tipsy with joy: a frightfully heady bit of news . . . I shall cherish it like a jewel. I always say that my only bit of property in the world is a silver watch—which is true. Now my realm is a type writer: I am a man of property: I feel quite scared lest I shall have incurred new troubles and new responsibilities. . . . By the same post has come a cheque for £50, a grant to me from the Royal Literary Fund. But that bores me. There is no joy in their tame thin-gutted charity. I would fillip it back at their old noses, the stodgy, stomachy authors, if I could afford it. But I can't . . . And don't talk about putting me in the safe with Keats and Shelley. It scares me out of my life, like the disciples at the Transfiguration. But I'd like to know Coleridge when Charon has rowed me over." He thanked Mrs. Kennerley on his behalf. "I don't want him ever to publish me anything ever any more as long as either of us lives. So you can say what you like to him. But I think that really he is rather nice. Just ask him about my things, will you:—no more." Meanwhile, he reported, "I

am having a book of stories published shortly by Duckworth. It will be called 'The Prussian Officer and Other Stories,' because it begins with that story I call Honour and Arms: which, by the way, is sold to the Metropolitan Magazine, in America." He added a nature note, and some news of his own appearance: "We have had a beautiful dim autumn, of pale blue atmosphere and white stubble and hedges hesitating to change. But I've been seedy and I've grown a red beard, behind which I shall take as much cover henceforth as I can, like a creature under a bush. My dear God, I've been miserable this autumn, enough to turn into wood, and to be a graven image of myself." A month later (November 18), Lawrence wrote Amy Lowell about the typewriter—which the steward of the *Laconia* had brought across the ocean and forwarded from Liverpool—that it was "bubbling like a pot, frightfully jolly."

Lawrence wrote Edward Garnett in October that he and Frieda "hardly quarrel any more," but this was a condition that did not last, according to Murry's testimony. Actually, the Lawrences' quarrels were often therapeutic, were surface outlets for the conflicts of two highly charged personalities. At the deepest level, the Lawrences were inextricably bound to one another; but because the quarrels were dramatic and violent, with curses punctuated by flung crockery, the writers of memoirs tended to recall these excitements rather than the longer, if sometimes duller, periods of quietness, sweetness, and gaiety. Lawrence's tenderness should be as well known as his irritability, but as human affairs—and human reporters—go, it is not. That tenderness had surprised Frieda early in their association, when once she had bumped her head against a shutter "and Lawrence was in such an agony of sympathy and tenderness over it." Nobody had treated her so gently before. Frieda, who best should know, has said that "It was a long fight for Lawrence and me to get at some truth between us; it was a hard life but a wonderful one. . . . Whatever happened on the surface of everyday life, there blossomed the certainty of the unalterable bond between us, and of the ever present wonder of all the world around us."

A full picture of the life at Chesham appears in a letter to Amy Lowell, one of the most interesting of all Lawrence's letters:"

To Amy Lowell from The Triangle, Chesham, Bucks., Dec. 18, 1914

The day before yesterday came your letter. You sound so sad in it. What had depressed you?—Your book of poems, that they perhaps are stupid about in the papers? But there, they are always like that, the little critics. If the critics are not less than the authors they criticise,

they will at once burst into equal authorship. And being less than the authors they criticise, they must diminish these authors. For no critic can admit anything bigger than himself. And we are all, therefore, no bigger than our little critics. So don't be sad. The work one has done with all one's might is as hard as a rock, no matter how much one suffers the silly slings and arrows in one's silly soft flesh.

Thank you very much for going to Mitchell Kennerley for me. I hope you were not serious when you say that in so doing you have spoiled the "Forum" for yourself as a publishing field. Is Kennerley indeed such a swine? As for what he owes me—he does not send it, even if it is only ten pounds. I haven't kept proper accounts with him, because Duckworth made the agreement and all that. I will write to them. I also will write to Pinker, to see what he can do. I *must* get the novel out of Kennerley's hands that he has in MS.

I am re-writing it. It will be called *The Rainbow*. When it is done, I think really it will be a fine piece of work.

My book of short stories is out. I am sending you a copy. I don't think it is doing very well. The critics really hate me. So they ought.

My wife and I we type away at my book on Thomas Hardy, which has turned out as a sort of *Story of My Heart*, or a *Confessio Fidei*: which I must write again, still another time: and for which the critics will plainly beat me, as a Russian friend says.

It is Christmas in a week today. I'm afraid you may not get this letter in time: which is a pity. We shall be in this cottage. We shall have a little party at Christmas Eve. I at once begin to prick my ears when I think of it. We shall have a great time, boiling ham and roasting chicken, and drinking Chianti in memory of Italy. There will be eight of us, all nice people. We shall enjoy ourselves afterwards up in the attico—you wait. I shall spend 25/—on the spree, and do it quite rarely.

England is getting real thrills out of the war, at last. Yesterday and today there is the news of the shelling of Scarborough. I tell you the whole country is thrilled to the marrow, and enjoys it like hot punch.—I shall make punch at our Christmas Eve party, up in the attico with a Primus stove.

We have been in the Midlands seeing my people, and Frieda seeing her husband. He did it in the thorough music-hall fashion. It was a surprise visit. When we were children, and used to play at being grand, we put an old discarded hearthrug in the wheel-barrow, and my sister, perched there in state "at home," used to be "Mrs. Lawson" and I, visiting with a walking stick, was "Mr. Marchbanks." We'd been

laughing about it, my sister and I. So Frieda, in a burst of inspiration, announced herself to the landlady as "Mrs. Lawson."

"You—" said the quondam husband, backing away—"I hoped never to see you again."

Frieda: "Yes—I know."

Quondam Husband: "And what are you doing in *this* town[?]"

Frieda: I came to see you about the children.

Quondam Husband: Aren't you ashamed to show your face where you are known! Isn't the commonest prostitute better than you?

Frieda: Oh no.

Quon. Husb.: Do you want to drive me off the face of the earth, Woman? Is there no place where I can have peace?

Frieda: You see I must speak to you about the children.

Quon. Husb.: You shall *not* have them—they don't want to see you.

Then the conversation developed into a deeper tinge of slanging—part of which was:

Q. H.: *If you had to go away, why didn't you go away with a gentleman?*

Frieda: He is a *great* man.

Further slanging.

Q. Husb.: Don't you know you are the vilest creature on earth?

Frieda: Oh no.

A little more of such, and a parture of Frieda. She is no further to seeing her children.

Q. Husb.: Don't you know, my solicitors have instructions to arrest you, if you attempt to interfere with the children[?]

Frieda: I don't care.

If this weren't too painful, dragging out for three years, as it does, it would be very funny I think. The Quondam Husband is a Professor of French Literature, great admirer of Maupassant, has lived in Germany and Paris, and thinks he is the tip of cosmopolitan culture. But poor Frieda can't see her children.—I really give you the conversation verbatim.

It is very rainy and very dark. I shall try to get back to Italy at the end of January.

Give my sincere sympathy to Mrs. Russell. I hope things aren't going ~~very~~ badly with her. All Christmas greetings to you.

D. H. Lawrence

I do wish we might have a Christmas party together. I feel like kicking everything to the devil and enjoying myself willy-nilly—a wild drunk and a great and rowdy spree.

[In Frieda's hand:] It was rather mean of us to ask for you to see Kennerley—But he is a jug—He gave Lawrence 25£ for "Sons and Lovers" promised him another 25£, then arrived the bad cheque—Dont bother anymore, only he must not have the new novel, but Pinker can see to that—L. hates the whole business so much that he shouts at me every time he thinks of it! I feel a grudge against Kennerley, not only has he done me out of 25£, but every time L thinks of *Kennerley* he gets in a rage with *me*, the logic of men and husbands—You knew about my nice children and what I have had to go through—I wish I could tell you all about [it,] you are so bighearted, we think of you with great affection, one of the few oasis' [*sic*] in this desert world! We will go to Italy as soon as we have a little money—I hope you received our letters, when you wrote you had not got our last—Our Italy address is:

Lerici per Fischerino
Golfo di Spezia

I wish you could come and see us soon! Yours with many good wishes
Frieda L—

Poor Mrs. Russell [—] what a second time for her!

[In Lawrence's hand:]

(but we've not gone yet) I shall get some money in January all right
D.H.L.

Shortly afterward, a quite different kind of letter, to Gordon Campbell, revealed the developing prophetic side of Lawrence, a letter which stands among his most significant:"

'To Gordon Campbell from Chesham, Bucks., Dec. 19 [20?], 1914 ..

I was awfully glad to hear from the Murrys of the novel. They are wildly enthusiastic about it. I am very anxious for it to come. I shall be very glad when you've really got expression.

But do, for God's sake, mistrust and beware of these states of exaltation and ecstasy. They send you, anyone, swaying so far beyond the centre of gravity in one direction, there is the inevitable swing back with greater velocity to the other direction, and in the end you exceed the limits of your own soul's elasticity, and go smash, like a tower that has swung too far.

Besides, there is no real truth in ecstasy. All vital truth contains the memory of all that for which it is not true. Ecstasy achieves itself by virtue of exclusion; and in making any passionate exclusion, one has already put one's right hand in the hand of the lie.

I am sorry your man commits suicide in a pool. It is futile. If the

Bishop—I haven't got it very clearly—but if the bishop, and the young doctor, know that the great sin, or weakness—sin, I think you said—is Egotism, then is the conclusion to be that the doctor commits the final act of egotism and vanity, and commits suicide? Or is that not the end? If you are making a great book on Egotism—and I believe you may—for God's sake give us the death of Egotism, not the death of the sinner. Russia, and Germany, and Sweden, and Italy, have done nothing but glory in the suicide of the Egoist. But the Egoist as a divine figure on the Cross, held up to tears and love and veneration, is to me a bit nauseating now, after Artzibasheff and D'Annunzio, and the Strindberg set, and the Manns in Germany.

I think the greatest book I know on the subject is the book of Job. Job was a great, splendid Egoist. But whereas Hardy and the moderns end with "Let the day perish—" or more beautifully—"the waters wear the stones; thou wastest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth; thou destroyest the hope of man:

Thou prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth: thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away."—the real book of Job ends—"Then Job answered the Lord and said:

I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee[.]

Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? Therefore have I uttered that I understood not things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.

Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee[.]

Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." If you want a story of your own soul, it is perfectly done in the book of Job—much better than in Letters from the Underworld.

But the moderns today prefer to end insisting on the sad plight. It is characteristic of us that we have preserved, of a trilogy which was really Prometheus Unbound, only the Prometheus Bound and terribly suffering on the rock of his own egotism.

But the great souls in all time did not end there. In the mediaeval period, Christianity did *not* insist on the Cross: but on the Resurrection: churches were built to the glorious hope of resurrection. Now we think we are very great, whilst we enumerate the smarts of the crucifixion. We are too mean to get any further.

I think there is the dual way of looking at things: our way, which is to say "*I am all. All other things are but radiation out from me.*"—The other way is to try to conceive the whole, to build up a whole by means of symbolism, because symbolism avoids the I and puts aside the egoist; and, in the whole, to take our decent place. That was how man built the cathedrals. He didn't say "out of my breast springs this cathedral!" But "in this vast whole I am a small part, I move and live and have my being."

(I understand now your passion to face the west. It is the passion for the extinction of yourself and the knowledge of the triumph of *your own will* in your body's extinction. But in the great periods, when man was great, he has faced the *East*: Christian, Mohammedan, Hindu, all.

You should try to grasp, I think—don't be angry at my tone—the *complete whole* which the Celtic symbolism made in its great time. We are such egoistic fools. We see only the *symbol* as a *subjective expression*: as an expression of ourselves. That makes us so sickly when we deal with the old symbols: like Yeats.)

The old symbols were each a word in a great attempt at formulating the whole history of the soul of Man. They *are unintelligible* except in their whole context. So your Ireland of you Irishmen of today is a filthy mucking about with a part of the symbolism of a great Statement or Vision: just as the Crucifixion of Christ is a great mucking about with part of the symbolism of a great religious Vision.

The Crucifix, and Christ, are only symbols. They do not mean a man who suffered his life out as I suffer mine. They mean a moment in the history of my soul, if I must be personal. But it is a moment fixed in context and having its being only according to context. Unless I have the Father, and the hiera[r]chies of Angels, I have no Christ, no Crucifixion.

It is necessary to grasp the whole. At last I have got it, grasping something of what the mediaeval church tried to express. To me, the Latin form of expression comes very natural. To you, the Celtic I should think. I think the whole of the Celtic symbolism and great Utterance of its Conception has never been fathomed. But it must have been in accord with the Latin.

There is the Eternal God, not to be seen or known, so bright in his fire that all things pass away, evanescent at its touch. He is surrounded by the Hierarchy of the Cherubim and Seraphim, the Great Ones who partake of his being and transmit his glory: and they are *absorbed in praise eternally*. Beyond the Cherubim are the Dominions and Powers: and beyond these great ones, the Principalities, Archangels, and An-

gels, which come as messengers and guardians and carriers of blessing at last to mankind.

So, there are the central symbols, from the oldest vision[.]

Then God, in meditating upon himself, begot the Son. The Son receives the Divine Nature by Generation within the human flesh. In the Son, the human flesh is again crucified, to liberate the eternal Soul, the Divine Nature of God.

For the Divine Nature of God, the Spirit of the Father procreating the human flesh forms the *ego*. And the Ego would fain absorb the position of the Eternal God. Therefore it must suffer crucifixion, so that it may rise again praising God, knowing with the Angels, and the Thrones, and the Cherubim.

And, from the mutual love of the Father and the Son, proceeds the Holy Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the Reconciler, the Comforter, the Annunciation.

It is very beautiful, and a very great conception which, when one feels it, satisfies one, and one is at rest.

But Christianity should teach us now, that after our Crucifixion, and the darkness of the tomb, we shall rise again in the flesh, you, I, as we are today, resurrected in the bodies, and acknowledging the Father, and glorying in his power, like Job.

It is very dangerous to use these old terms lest they sound like cant. But if only one can grasp and know again as a new truth, true for ones own history, the great vision, the great, satisfying conceptions of the worlds greatest periods, it is enough. Because so it is made new.

All religions I think have the same inner conception, with different expressions. Why don't you seek out the whole of the Celtic Vision, instead of messing about talking of Ireland. Beatrice was somewhere on the track: but she didn't know what she was after: so she over-humanised, that is, she made subjective the symbols she used, so spoiled them: by putting them as emanations of her own Ego, instead of using them as words to convey the great whole of which her own Ego was only the Issue, as the Son is issue of the Father.

Probably this will seem all stupid to you, and you will feel you are grasping a finer, more difficult, elusive truth. But I don't believe your truths of egoistic ecstasy. Get the greatest truth into your novel, for God's sake. We need it so badly. Give us the Resurrection after the Crucifixion.

We have been reading a book on Christian Symbolism, which I liked *very* much, because it puts me more into order. It is a little half-crown vol. in the "Little Books on Art" series by Methuen[.] This is

"imperil it by disagreement." Murry felt that Lawrence had a sense of personal doom then. He told Murry there was no use in writing anything; the conditions of present life had to be changed first; he said that he would write only one more novel after *The Rainbow*, and that he was, like John the Baptist, "merely a forerunner" of the greater one who would succeed him. This would be Murry, whose very inertia was "valuable," whose effort seemed "purer." Murry felt uncomfortable: "It was preposterous that Lawrence should lean on me."

A telegram relieved the situation: Katherine Mansfield, often Murry's *deus ex machina* in his entanglements with Lawrence, wired from Paris that she would arrive at Victoria Station at eight the next morning. Murry left to meet her. She had returned only "because there was nowhere else to go"; she had, after harsh trouble, succeeded in getting into a restricted military zone to meet Carco and had been disillusioned. Now she and Murry returned miserably to their cottage, where she was ill, but she soon returned to Paris for another brief and hectic visit there.

Lawrence had kept on dreaming of Rananim, if not with the mocking Katherine Mansfield, with others: on February 1 he had written Ottoline Morrell, who had been visiting Greatham and had just left, that he wanted her "to form the nucleus of a new community which shall start a new life amongst us—a life in which the only riches is integrity of character." Lady Ottoline even had a vast estate where the scheme could be worked out: Garsington Manor in Oxfordshire. Her husband, Philip Morrell, was a Member of Parliament, as a Liberal. The Morrells made their permanent home in London, and although Lady Ottoline's husband had gone to Oxford rather than Cambridge, the Bloomsbury tribe welcomed him. During the war he became their favorite pacifist M. P.

One of the Morrells' friends was Bertrand Russell whom, as the February 2 letter to Campbell shows, Lady Ottoline planned to bring down to Greatham to meet Lawrence. Russell has said that she "admired us both and made us think that we should admire each other." Russell's growing pacifism—which would in 1916 cause his removal from Cambridge University—had produced in him "a mood of bitter rebellion," and he found Lawrence in a similar mood. Before long the two men decided to take action in the form of a series of joint lectures in London. But they began quarreling, and Russell eventually delivered his own lectures, without Lawrence. Their hectic friendship, which endured for about a year, was one of the most dramatic and interesting friendships of Lawrence's life.

The coalminer's son and the heir to an earldom were both lean, spare men, intensely energetic; but Lawrence was to live only another fifteen years. Russell, forty-two when he met Lawrence in 1915, was teaching mathematics. "Already accustomed to being accused of undue slavery to reason" at the time he met Lawrence, Russell has said of himself, he felt that Lawrence could give him "a vivifying dose of unreason." Russell has further said he "liked Lawrence's fire" and "the energy and passion of his feelings." The two men agreed on at least one point, that politics and psychology could not be divorced, and for a while Russell felt that Lawrence was "a man of a certain imaginative genius" whose "insight into human nature was deeper than" Russell's own. Russell said he gradually "came to feel him a positive force for evil"—exactly what Lawrence felt about Russell.

Lawrence's letters to him, a series of violently remarkable letters, began on February 12, 1915 with a mildly disparaging description of another member of the Cambridge-Bloomsbury set, E. M. Forster, who had been visiting the Lawrences for three days. Forster and Lawrence quarreled, yet Lawrence felt a tenderness for him. Lawrence offered Russell a short paragraph of social reform in which he said that industries, the land, and all means of communication "must" be immediately nationalized, and that all men whether sick or well should receive their wages: "Which practically solves the whole economic question for the present. All dispossessed owners shall receive a proportionate income—no capital recompense—for the space of, say fifty years." Lawrence, who was then finishing *The Rainbow*, turned to his métier, human relations; and, quite in the spirit of the last chapter of that book, he said that the shell, the old forms, must be broken. Men go to women now for mere sensation, as a form of masturbation, leading finally to sodomy; but "a man of strong soul has too much honour for the other body—man or woman—to use it as a means of masturbation [*sic*]. So he remains neutral, inactive. That is Forster." Lawrence concluded with violent suggestions that "we" must "smash the frame" of the present mode of existence. He suggested that he might go to visit Russell at Cambridge early the following month, "to meet Lowes Dickinson," Forster's friend, "and the good people you are going to introduce me to." Later, writing to Ottoline Morrell about Russell, Lawrence said that he felt "a quickening of love for him." And after Russell had agreed to the Cambridge visit, Lawrence told him it made him feel "frightfully important"; the occasion was "quite momentous" for him. He did not "want to be horribly impressed and intimidated," but he was afraid he would be. He cared only about the necessary revolution,

and he wanted Russell to be his friend: "But you are so shy and then I feel so clumsy, so clownish." He asked Russell not to have him meet too many people at once: "I am afraid of concourses and clans and societies and cliques—not so much of individuals."

It was the next weekend, March 6-7, that Lawrence went to Cambridge to see Russell and his friends. Five weeks later Lawrence told David Garnett that his Sunday morning there, when he had met Maynard Keynes at breakfast, "was one of the crises of my life."

Lord Keynes remembered that breakfast and wrote of it long afterward: at a party the night before, "Lawrence had been facing Cambridge," and had apparently not enjoyed much of it. He had sat next to G. E. Moore "in Hall that night," and the man who had just completed *The Rainbow* exchanged a cold silence with the Lecturer on Moral Science. (The picture of all this is enlivened by the recent statement in the 1903 autobiography of the American mathematician, Norbert Wiener, then a student at Cambridge, to the effect that G. E. Moore looked like Tenniel's drawing of the March Hare, and that Bertrand Russell was exactly like Tenniel's Mad Hatter.) Lawrence did, however, talk warmly and friendlily with G. H. Hardy, the Lecturer in Mathematics. At the breakfast in Russell's rooms in Nevile's Court, Lawrence was cold again, Keynes recalled; he "was morose from the outset and said very little, apart from indefinite expressions of irritable dissent." Russell stood by the fireplace, and Keynes alternately rested on a sofa and stood beside Russell, the two of them talking, trying to draw Lawrence into the conversation, but he sat on the sofa "in rather a crouching position with his head down," loathing Keynes.

Years later Lord Keynes blamed Lawrence's behavior on "two causes of emotional disturbance." One was Ottoline Morrell, who was living in two worlds, that of the Bloomsbury-Cambridge intellectuals and that of dwellers in the realm of art such as Lawrence and Mark Gertler and his girl friend, Dorothy Carrington. Lawrence, Keynes thought, was jealous of Lady Ottoline's "other world" and determined to find it antagonistic; Lawrence also disliked Cambridge for its hold upon David Garnett. "And jealousy apart," Keynes further said, "it is impossible to imagine moods more antagonistic than those of Lawrence and of pre-war Cambridge." He felt that Lawrence looked at the Cantabrigians unfairly through his "ignorant, jealous, irritable, hostile eyes," yet Keynes admitted that Lawrence was at least partly right in saying at the time that they and their way of life were "done for." Keynes even seemed a little proud that in 1928 Lawrence mentioned him in a letter as

"the only member of Bloomsbury who had supported him by subscribing for *Lady Chatterley*."

Keynes, with his eager interest in the arts and his vital support of them, would perhaps have helped Lawrence if Lawrence had become his friend. It was not a question of playing up, of toadying; Keynes would have wanted that least of all. It was a matter merely of friendliness, and Lawrence threw acid on Keynes's attempts at this. Later in the war, when Lawrence needed help and desperately wrote letters to the few high-placed acquaintances he had left, the friendship of Maynard Keynes would have been valuable. But Lawrence was being strenuously independent on that spring morning in Cambridge when he sat sullenly near the fire while the other two men stood beside it, talking and trying to catch his interest. Lawrence had his new red beard, but that was no novelty in a place where Lytton Strachey was a familiar; the other two men were thin and energetic like himself, Russell with his lively terrapin's head and Keynes with his brush mustache and the nose which in schooldays had earned him the nickname "Snout." But Lawrence sat glaringly apart.

At that breakfast which Lawrence as we have seen called "one of the crises of my life," he could not foretell that Keynes ultimately would see his old friend Russell essentially as Lawrence saw him, though without Lawrence's scorn and hatred. Keynes, accepting the brilliance of Russell's accomplishment, nevertheless perceived that Russell "sustained simultaneously a pair of opinions ludicrously incompatible. He held that in fact human affairs were carried on after a most irrational fashion, but that the remedy was quite simple and easy, since all we had to do was to carry them on rationally." Keynes found that conversations based on such assumptions were "really very boring," and he was, if unconsciously so, on Lawrence's side when he added that "a discussion of the human heart which ignored so many of its deeper and blinder passions, both good and bad, was scarcely more interesting."

Keynes and Lawrence were much closer in the deeper issues than Russell and Lawrence, yet Lawrence failed to see this and for another twelve months pursued Russell with friendship, scoldings, insults, compliments, and curses.

After that visit to Cambridge, Lawrence bitterly told Frieda that the men he had met there "walked up and down the room and talked about the Balkan situation and things like that, and they know nothing about it." And Lawrence wrote Russell that Cambridge had made him feel "very black and down." He got "a melancholic malaria" from "its

smell of rottenness, marsh-stagnancy," and he wondered "How can so sick people rise up?" He was himself "too sad" for further work on what, with apologies, he called his "philosophy." He told Russell that Ottoline Morrell was planning to have Frieda and himself take a cottage at Garsington: "She is so generous, one shrinks a bit. One feels one would rather give things to a woman so generous."

Meanwhile, Lawrence wrote her frequently; his letters to her and to Cynthia Asquith increasingly became a lectureship. With his friendships for high-born women—he was, we must not forget, married to a baroness—Lawrence resembled Rilke, who was a kind of informal, Bohemianized chaplain to a string of princesses and countesses. Lawrence during the Greatham residence occasionally saw his titled friends, when he and Frieda were in London, or when they visited Garsington. They saw Lady Cynthia several times when she came down to the Sussex coast, which lay only ten miles below Greatham. They visited her at Littlehampton, and they made frequent automobile trips to other coast towns, such as Bognor, with one of the Meynell daughters, Monica Saleeby, who was suffering from a nervous breakdown after her marriage had smashed.

Another of the Meynell girls at Greatham, Madeline, was married to Perceval Drewett Lucas. The Lucases had three small daughters, the eldest of whom, Sylvia, was partly crippled from a severe and almost fatal accident of two years before in which she had cut her leg with a knife. When Lawrence came to Greatham, the child was still undergoing operations, and whether she would be able to keep the damaged leg was still doubtful. Lawrence tutored little Sylvia—in partial return, Catherine Carswell suggested, for his lodging—and at times he also tutored her cousin, Mary Saleeby. Lawrence a bit later put Sylvia into a story in which, however, her father was the chief figure—a story whose repercussions will be mentioned later.

Though he was quiet and standoffish, most people liked and respected Percy Lucas; he apparently irked Lawrence. Percy was the brother of E. V. Lucas, a man of letters of the kind Lawrence disliked: the writer of genteel essays, the frequenter of London clubs, the wit at the banquets of journalists. His brother Percy, just turning forty, was a genealogist, an activity Lawrence scoffed at. Even Sir Everard Meynell's memorial to Percy Lucas, mentioning all the little simplicities that endeared him to the Meynells, would have met with jeers from Lawrence. That Lucas was "a Spartan in little things," that he was "an able cricketer," that the innumerable bundles of his genealogical work,

packages "so practical and yet so unutterably pathetic," were neatly tied and packed away before he left for war—all these little points of sympathy and admiration in Sir Everard's memoir would have had Lawrence grinding his teeth. And they would have given him weapons for satire. For he saw Percy Lucas as a loafer, dependent upon the bounty of Wilfrid Meynell and leaning for spiritual support upon Madeline; these things Lawrence put into the cruel portrait of Percy, as Egbert, parasitic dweller at Godfrey Marshall's family colony at Crockham, in the story he was to write, "England, My England." Yet, for all its meanness, the portrait did not completely lack sympathy: the Egbert of the story was really a victim of the ostensibly benevolent paternalism that dominated the colony.

Lawrence of course had done this kind of thing before—he had not spared his own family in *Sons and Lovers*, though the book did not appear till after his mother's death, and in any event his father could not read well enough or attentively enough to feel the sting of his son's descriptions of him; Lawrence's sisters had to practice shutting their faces against the stares when they walked down the streets in their Midland towns; George Lawrence, who read only parts of the book, said in 1950 that he "would have thrashed Bert," if he had seen him at the time, "for what he did to my mother and father in that book." But the Meynells, a close-knit family group, could not write Lawrence off as an indiscreet kinsman; he was a stranger who had accepted kindness and hospitality from them and then treated them cruelly. And through the years, Lawrence kept on skimping his friends: Ottoline Morrell, Russell, Aldington, Katherine Mansfield, and others were to feel the cut of his satire. Murry was to be the central victim. Only a few of Lawrence's acquaintances escaped: Lady Cynthia Asquith appeared in a friendly if not glamorous light in some of the stories, probably because Lawrence felt a respectful affection for her. Compton Mackenzie, who later was to be Lawrence's victim on at least two acid occasions, told the author of the present volume (in London in 1900) that Lawrence's fiction often gives a distorted view of his acquaintances because "he had a trick of describing a person's setting or background vividly, and then putting into the setting an ectoplasm entirely of his own creation." Sir Compton added that those who know these victims will never see the stories except as falsifications; but with a generous admiration for certain aspects of Lawrence's writing, Sir Compton further said that the stories have an artistic validity for other readers, who do not know the principals. And Catherine Carswell noted that although there was

"nothing superficially" resembling herself in the female character in Lawrence's "The Blind Man," and that there was "nothing that could not be easily refuted," the truth of the portrait nevertheless "smote" her as similar truths must have smitten Katherine Mansfield, Ottoline Morrell, Dorothy Brett, and others whom Lawrence had impaled: "Here was little of portraiture, still less of summing up. But what an incomparable reading of the pulse of life!"

It must be emphasized, however, that Lawrence did not lampoon all his friends, and that he did not quarrel with them all. One of his new friends from the Greatham period, for example, was Eleanor Farjeon, to whom he wrote cordially over a long period of time. And eleven years after his death, in *Magic Casements*, she provided a friendly description of Lawrence at Greatham, where as a friend of Viola Meynell's she spent part of her 1915 spring holiday. When she announced that she was going to walk across the Downs and into Hampshire, Lawrence said he would go part of the way with her, to Chichester. They left early one morning, in a Sussex mist, and kept following and losing the traces of the old Roman road to Chichester, whence he returned by train to Pulborough that evening. Miss Farjeon's experience with Lawrence the hiker showed how seriously he regarded himself in this capacity. He told her, "I must teach you to walk like a tramp. When you are going to walk all day you must learn to amble and rest every mile or so."

They sang songs and stopped at wayside pubs. Lawrence was happy all day ("We must be springlike"), but when they had to descend to East Dean and saw the smoke rising from the cottages, the blitheness left him, and he said in a sunken voice, "I know the people who live in homes like that, I know them as I know my own skin. I know what they think and do, I know their lives . . . I *hate* them!" Yet in the pub he spoke cordially to the men who came in from the farmfields for their shandygaff.

Lawrence's disgust for the artificial, a disgust that could turn to friendliness at a touch of nature, welled up when he received a summons to the bankruptcy court. He had refused to pay £150 for divorce costs; the solicitors trying to squeeze the money out of him were "beasts, bugs, leeches," and would not get a penny of his if he could help it. The publishers still owed him £190 for *The Rainbow*, which they would pay upon publication, and Lawrence felt that this was the only money he would have for two years. His hatred of the parasitic side of the law, which increases and expands with civilization, seems more bitter and violent than that of Dickens. Lawrence wrote Russell on April 29 that "a

very unclean creature" had served a paper on him at Greatham, and that he had to go before the registrar on May 10 and declare his debts. This "unclean object" had given him 25 shillings along with the paper, "for conduct money," and left Lawrence "gazing blankly at the golden sovereign." He spat on it for luck. But the experience reinforced in him his "utter hatred of the whole establishment—the whole constitution of England as it now stands. I wish I were a criminal instead of a bankrupt. But softly—softly. I will do my best to lay a mine under their foundations."

One of the mines he planted under the establishment was *The Rainbow*, already at the publishers' and scheduled for autumn appearance. In its last revision there at Greatham, the story had been greatly changed. Lawrence dropped out some of the characters—and names—he had mentioned in his earlier correspondence with Edward Garnett. He had spoken, for example, of "the Templeman episode" and said he wanted to "have Ella get some experience before she meets her Mr. Birkin." Ella in the final version became Ursula, and Birkin was excluded altogether, to reappear in *Women in Love*. From the evidence at hand, it would appear that *The Sisters* in its original form comprised a good deal of the material that later went into the "sequel." In one of his letters to Garnett, Lawrence said, "From this part I have sent you, follows on the original *Sisters*—the School Inspector, and so on." Apparently Ursula's experiences toward the end of *The Rainbow* had occurred near the beginning of *The Sisters*; the surviving manuscript of *The Rainbow* indicates, with its alterations of page numbers and in order of chapters, that these experiences had been moved back, a process which evidently pushed Birkin (the school inspector) into the second book. It is possible, then, that the opening sections of *The Rainbow*—the history of the Brangwens and of the early married life of Tom and Anna—were added later. Admittedly, the Brangwen family history, with its surface of hard realism, seems to belong more to the first phase of Lawrence's writing career than to the more symbolistic and futuristic second phase, but we must remember that, while he was working on the final version of *The Rainbow*, Lawrence was writing his study of Hardy. Also, Lawrence had evidently read Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* while in Germany—he mentioned that novel in an essay he wrote on German literature in 1913. *The Rainbow* somewhat resembles *Buddenbrooks* in the way it ranges across several generations, focusing on certain figures in each period. But, *Buddenbrooks* remains throughout a family-chronicle novel; *The Rainbow* begins in this fashion but

becomes something quite different, a vehicle for expressing the consciousness of a single character, a character of a very special kind.

This is Ella, who becomes Ursula. "Before she meets her Mr. Birkin," Lawrence told Edward Garnett, she must "get some experience"; he agreed with Garnett that "the Templeman episode"—whatever that could have been—was "wrong" in its attempt to provide that experience. She eventually underwent the experience (before Birkin) with Skrebensky, of whom Frieda Lawrence wrote (in a 1902 letter to the author), "Skrebensky is a bit like a Richthofen cousin." Frieda further pointed out that although Louie Burrows may have been the model for Ursula outwardly, "the inner relationship is Lawrence's and mine, like the ring scene in *Women in Love*, where I throw the ring at him." The January 29, 1914 letter to Edward Garnett bears this out when the blanks that appear in the Huxley volume are filled in: Lawrence had said that the character then called Ella "was inclined to fall into two halves—and gradations between them. It came of trying to graft onto the character of Louie the character, more or less, of Frieda." (One of the unpublished fragments of the *Women in Love* manuscript in the possession of Edward D. McDonald, apparently an early version of Chapter XV, describes a lover's quarrel between Birkin and Ella, whose last name is Brangwen; Ella's sister is already named Gudrun, but the character who will become Hermione is here called Ethel.)

On the day that he finished *The Rainbow*, exactly fifteen years before the day of his death, Lawrence sent Viola Meynell a sketch he had made, with rather sexual overtones, of his rainbow arching above collieries, the farmfields, and Eastwood as seen from the Breach; and it was perhaps at this time that he gave her his crude watercolor copy of Giotto's "Joachim and the Shepherds," apparently from a halftone reproduction, for he did not follow Giotto's color scheme; and where Giotto had bare rock in the background, Lawrence quite typically covered it with the living green of vegetation. He wrote:¹¹

To Viola Meynell from Greatham, Sussex, March 2, 1915

I have finished my Rainbow, bended it and set it firm. Now off and away to find the pots of gold at its feet.

I don't hear from Pinker—but from Methuen asking for 70 words descriptive for his autumn announcements[.] Vile that!

You will type me the MS, wont you?—and tell me the repetitions and the things I can cross out. I must cross some things out.

Will you keep the MS. at your house, and send me the typed copy in

batches, so I can run through it. I am *frightfully* excited over this novel now it is done.

I am going to begin a book about Life—more rainbows, but in different skies—which I want to publish in pamphlet form week by week—my initiation of the great and happy revolution.

Thank you very much for doing this MS for me.

Do you mind glancing through and seeing if you have the whole sequence of the MS from the start[—]tell me which parts you think the publisher will decidedly object to.

III

Lawrence had planned to leave Greatham in May, but he stayed on till the end of July, tutoring the children. The project of moving to Garsington, where Lawrence saw himself building a new Jerusalem within convenient distance of Oxford and Cambridge, collapsed. But he kept in touch with the Garsington-Cambridge crowd; besides Lady Ottoline, both Russell and David Garnett came down to visit him at Greatham. Garnett in April brought with him a photographer named McQueen and his future partner in the Nonesuch Press, Francis Birrell. Garnett and Birrell were conscientious objectors, and they depressed Lawrence. He told Garnett not to bring Birrell again, for Birrell made him dream of black beetles, as he had dreamed of them at Cambridge after meeting Garnett's friends there: "You must leave these friends, these beetles, Birrell and Duncan Grant are done forever." Lawrence was "not sure" about Keynes, but remembered that, at the Cambridge breakfast, "one of the crises of my life," he, the non-academic guest, had felt "mad with misery and hostility and rage."

Garnett broke off his close friendship with Lawrence, but did not become his enemy, as the rest of Bloomsbury did. Except for the continued relationship with Russell, Lawrence had quarantined himself out of the Cambridge-Bloomsbury world. By making himself a leper to its citizens, Lawrence severely harmed himself, for this group dominated a large part of British intellectual life and maintained representatives on important journals. They kept Lawrence down for a generation, belittling when not ignoring him; and now, when the passing of time has overcome their influence and permitted Lawrence to rise in England, he suffers attacks in America at the hands of critics who take their tone from yesterday's Bloomsbury. To point out that Bloomsbury discredited Lawrence is not to deny that its members had some honest differences of opinion with him, or to attribute direct malice to men such as Keynes—least of all to David Garnett, who went on

staunchly praising Lawrence when Lawrence was an unpopular cause. But over the years those who have shared the Bloomsbury state of mind have been anti-Lawrencean. The varied Bloomsbury clans—some of them famously matriarchal, some worshipping an intellectual monolith—when they saw Lawrence glaring at them from beyond their pale, saw him only as an enemy totem.

That the friendship with Russell lasted as long as it did—till the spring of 1916—was miraculous. Russell went to Greatham for the weekend of June 19-20, and it was apparently then that he and Lawrence began to discuss the idea of a joint lectureship. "For a time," Russell wrote years later, "it seemed possible that there might be some sort of loose collaboration between us." While Russell was at Greatham, Lawrence enthusiastically wrote Lady Ottoline that Russell's lectures on Ethics and his own on Immortality would result in the establishment of "a little society or body around a *religious belief, which leads to action.*" The geography of Rananim began to blend with that of Garsington, "a small world" for those who wanted to escape from the temporal and "consider the big things." Lady Ottoline should be president of the little society, which should include Cannan "and perhaps Campbell" and the Murrys; the Murrys, Lawrence assured Lady Ottoline, were "genuine" and "valuable." Soon after, he wrote Lady Ottoline again (apparently on July 12), saying that he had "rather quarrelled with Russell's lectures," but not with the man himself. Indeed, they had "almost sworn *Blutbrüderschaft.*"

Lawrence's letters to Russell (published in 1908) present a full, immediate statement of one side of the quarrel, a statement of greater value than Russell's angry recollections of 1902. Essentially what divided the men was Lawrence's "blood-knowledge" ideas: these repelled Russell, while Russell's "mental consciousness" irritated Lawrence. Yet, by Russell's own admission, he was so completely under Lawrence's spell for a time that some of Lawrence's criticisms—e.g., Russell in his self-deception did not realize he really loved the war—nearly drove him to suicide.

Some of Lawrence's letters to Russell were fairly hectic. Frieda's were, in most respects, no less interesting. One of them, unpublished, probably written at the end of May 1915, asked: "Isn't this coalition government thrilling? Surely it's 'fate' that makes the world go round, nothing could have done this except hate for the 'Huns.'" Frieda thanked Russell for having written her, and told him she knew he "must have suffered bitterly from inquisitive impertinence"; she was disappointed, however, because he had not told her anything she

"would have been the wiser for." And: "When I wrote that you were too much of the English Constitution (look, I write it instinctively with capitals,) I did *not* mean that you were *not* human enough—but too much you represent the English *as they are*, and you want to kick them, but it is too much yourself that you must kick—I hope you don't mind my saying this—I shall be grateful if you say something critical to me!" She wrote again, after Russell's visit to Greatham in June: "You were a little cross with me—It seemed to you that I did not respect enough your work, which I could never [*quite is here crossed out*] understand; that particular manmade thing you call it intellect is a mystery, rather a thrilling one to me." Russell, she felt, used his intellect to confuse people: "It's rather jolly, it's your form of 'Wille zur Macht,' I should always be frightened of your intellect I feel it against women, at present anyhow." She added, "I think what you represent is your national passion, it makes you unhappy, because you are too much in the old form of it which has had its day, you are in it and really it needs a wider more inclusive ring—So perhaps you believe in the war—Don't you think one might?" She believed that, "besides the rotten Prussianism," her native land "has got something good and a new ideal to give to itself and the world—If nations would only, only allow each others best characteristics to come out and take and learn from each other—It's all so tight now these little nations, so unembracing—All the people are so ugly now, but the other is there, in the nations and in the individuals."

Frieda herself might have got along with Russell. Many years later, she admitted that the young Lawrence's tone in his letters to Russell "seems presumptuous." She said this in a letter to *Harper's* (April 1903) after that magazine had printed Russell's violent attack on Lawrence. Speaking of Bloomsbury, Frieda said, "There was no flow of the milk of human kindness in that group . . . not even a trickle. They were too busy being witty and clever. But Russell could be kind." She believed that if Russell had understood and accepted some of Lawrence's ideas, "he might have been a great philosopher as he is a great mathematician; their friendship might have been a wonderful thing"—though from this point in time, that seems a mathematical impossibility. To return to Frieda: "As for calling Lawrence an exponent of Nazism, that is pure nonsense—you might as well call St. Augustine a Nazi." Frieda said she was "convinced that in some secret corner of himself, Russell has another image of a young Lawrence who was his friend and not the fantastic monster he makes him out."

Frieda's supposed pro-Germanism in the First World War seems mild

enough in her letters to Russell, but Ford Madox Ford and Violet Hunt remembered her, in their separate and conflicting memoirs, as being violently pro-Prussian. Ford's poem, *Antwerp*, was extremely popular at the time when, in company with Mrs. H. G. Wells, Ford and Violet Hunt visited Greatham. Violet Hunt recalled that in speaking of Ford's poem, which had been inspired by the sight of Belgian refugees at Charing Cross station, Frieda exclaimed "Dirty Belgians! Who cares for them!" After which, Violet Hunt continued, "in spite of tea and cake nicely handled, it came to a regular mill between me and the Valkyrie." Although this visit was apparently during the weekend Lawrence was away at Cambridge, Ford placed him at Greatham and gratuitously described him as "of course . . . a pro-German." During Frieda's tirade Ford had to retire to an outhouse, he recalled, because of his uniform. Ford was, as usual, romancing, for he was not appointed as an officer (according to English Army records) until August 14, 1915, about a fortnight after the Lawrences had left Greatham.

The day after their departure, Lawrence wrote Viola Meynell from Littlehampton, Sussex, where he and Frieda were staying for a few days; he used Viola Meynell's family nickname in his salutation, "My dear Prue":¹¹

To Viola Meynell from 12 Brayford Road, Littlehampton, July 31, 1915

It is a grey day with many shadowy sailing-ships on the Channel, and greenish-luminous water, and many noisy little waves. It is very healing, I think, to have all the land behind one, all this England with its weight of myriad amorphous houses, put back, and only the variegated pebbles, and the little waves, and the great far-off dividing line of sea and sky, with grey sailing ships like ghosts hovering motionless, suspended with thought. If one could only sweep clear this England, of all its houses and pavements, so that we could all begin again!

We have had lunch on the beach, everybody gone away but just a youth in a cap, and a baby, and a young woman. I think they are very poor. The young father plays with the child, the mother sits very still, and they are nice and all child-like. They always keep their faces to the sea. And I think of what they represent, inland, and how nice they are, clean and isolated, on the edge of the water, a tiny separate group. England, the English people, make me so sad, I could leave them forever. They are all like prisoners born in prison, with a strange abstractness, submissiveness, and an isolation. It is as if all their lives were passed with a prison-yard, and they knew their condemnation.

This is really a letter to thank you for the cottage once more. I am

very glad you lent it to us. It has a special atmosphere, and I feel as if I had been born afresh there, got a new, sure, separate soul: as a monk in a monastery, or St John in the wilderness. Now we must go back into the world to fight. I don't want to, they are so many and they have so many roots. But we must set about cleaning the face of the earth a bit, or everything will perish.

I hope we shall see you on Tuesday. You remember our flat in 1 Byron Villas, Vale of Health, Hampstead. We shall be there on Wednesday. Mind you come when you are up.

If you are going to town on Wednesday evening, I shall be having Charman to catch the 5.21 at Pulborough. So you might come then. Will you let me know?

Love from Frieda and me.

After Bank Holiday the Lawrences moved to 1 Byron Villas, Vale of Health, Hampstead, where Frieda could be near her children. Lawrence, telling Russell he was "*very* dislocated and unhappy in these new circumstances," felt "delivered up to chairs and tables and door-mats." He and Frieda lived next door to the poet Anna Wickham, in the ground-floor flat of a house that backed against those ponds about whose source Mr. Pickwick had speculated. Today, the poet Christopher Hassall lives near 1 Byron Villas, which in a letter (July 22, 1904) he has described as "an ugly little red brick building about fifty years old, with Victorian bow-windows, and frosted glass in the front door."

Although their furniture-hunting in the Caledonian Market and the shops on Praed Street suggested permanent residence, the Lawrences stayed at Byron Villas only until Christmas, less than five months. During that time, Lawrence and the Murrys launched their short-lived magazine the *Signature*; *The Rainbow* was published and suppressed; and Lawrence spoke continually of going to the New World. But by the end of that year he had settled in Cornwall.

Lawrence about a dozen years later sneered at the *Signature*, which he said had been started because Murry said, "Let us do something." But Murry has insisted, "We were all implicated." For one shilling a week they rented an office above a shop at 12 Fisher Street, Red Lion Square, which Lawrence remembered as "some old Dickensy part of London." A dozen people used to attend the Thursday night meetings, the closest Lawrence came to realizing his dream of a lecture series. The magazine came out only three times, in October and November. Katherine Mansfield, as Matilda Berry, wrote some fictional pieces for it, Murry wrote a three-part autobiographical speculation ("There Was

a Little Man . . ."), and Lawrence spread his essay "The Crown" over three numbers.

This essay may have been a restatement of the "philosophy" Lawrence referred to in letters to Russell and Lady Ottoline earlier in the year. Certainly it reflected Lawrence's deepest thought at the time, and it is a commentary on *The Rainbow*, which appeared on September 30. Lawrence later said that his "philosophical" writings derived from his imaginative work, rather than vice-versa: "The novels and poems come unwatched out of one's pen. And then the absolute need which one has for some sort of satisfactory mental attitude towards oneself and things in general makes one try to abstract some definite conclusions from one's experience as a writer and as a man." In "The Crown" Lawrence made his first important explanations of one of his symbolic uses of darkness, which here stood for the flesh, the senses, in their perennial war with the spirit. Light and dark were the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown, symbol of the consummated true self. The iris, or rainbow, also symbolized this true self, which could be created only after the individual had fulfilled the possibilities of the warring extremes of his own nature, the suffering that came from the dark side and the joy that came from the light. Now none of this was new, as philosophy; the images were merely different. As philosophy, "The Crown" is the essay of an inspired amateur, valuable chiefly as a denotative footnote to *The Rainbow*.

A few weeks before that novel appeared, and during this time of *Signature* activity, Lawrence and Frieda witnessed the first big Zeppelin attack on London, which prefigured the end of England as a moated fortress of safety. On the night of September 8, when Mathy in his new L31 led the Zeppelins in, Lawrence and Frieda walked across the Heath as guns boomed and searchlights raked the sky, and a fire burned far off, in the City. Lawrence the next day wrote Ottoline Morrell that the raid had been a Miltonic, "war in heaven," though "it was not angels." He saw the Zeppelin as "a long-ovate, gleaming central luminary, calm and drifting in a glow of light, like a new moon, with its light bursting in flashes on the earth, to burst away the earth also. So it is the end—our world is gone, and we are like dust in the air." This impromptu description and reaction, expressed in the hasty informality of a letter, was Lawrence's unconscious preparation for the passage he wrote in *Kangaroo* seven years later, a passage that stands above all modern writing on air raids. In that novel, Somers and his German wife see the Zeppelin "high, high, tiny, pale, as one might imagine the Holy Ghost, far, far, above. And the crashes of the guns, and the awful hoarseness

of shells bursting near the city. Then gradually, quiet. And from Parliament Hill, a great red glare below, near St. Paul's." Harriet Somers says, "Think, some of the boys I played with when I was a child are probably in it." Somers, looking "up at the far, luminous thing, like a moon," wonders whether there could be men in it, "just men, with two vulnerable legs and warm mouths. The imagination could not go so far."

Lawrence, whose recollections of that autumn of 1915 were embittered by the suppression of *The Rainbow*, said later that this was the season in which the trouble really began, for him and for all sensitive men who might want to resist the popular compulsions. "In 1915 the old world ended," and that winter "the spirit of the old London collapsed," to become "a vortex of broken passions, lusts, hopes, fears and horrors" under "the reign of that bloated ignominy, *John Bull*." A letter to Cynthia Asquith, written before *John Bull* screamed against *The Rainbow*, shows that Lawrence disliked that chauvinistic newspaper for its own sake and not as a matter of grudge. After the war, he said that no man who had lived with his consciousness awake during that reign of *John Bull* could "believe again absolutely in democracy." A people who helped that newspaper to thrive was not a people capable of governing itself.

Many of the other sensitive literary men of Europe refused, like Lawrence, to support the war effort of their own countries; men such as Romain Rolland in France and Henrich Mann in Germany. In England, most of the imaginative writers had at once rushed into uniform, or government bureaus, or espionage; among them, Lawrence's anti-war stand was almost unique, though never so widely known as the versified pacifism that such poets as Siegfried Sassoon were mailing back home from the trenches, a pacifism people tended to think of as merely a hysterical overflow of heroism. To officials, and to officious patriots, Lawrence soon became a man who, physically unfit for military service, was dangerous to have behind one's lines; among other perils, he had an alien wife.

Among the English intellectuals who did not write novels and poems—the essayists and philosophers and journalists who made up the Bloomsbury group, for example—there were many straight-out conscientious objectors. But most of them were not properly registered, for they tended to be irreligious and consequently did not belong to sects whose creeds opposed killing.¹ Keynes, who agreed with his friends that war was a barbaric way of settling international disputes, nevertheless worked for the government ("There is really no practicable al-

ternative"); after his friends with pacifist convictions had been haled before unsympathetic tribunals, Keynes would try to restore their shaking nerves with dinner parties at the Café Royal. One of these friends, Lytton Strachey, used to ask, "What difference would it make if the Germans *were* here?" Keynes's biographer, R. F. Harrod, has pointed out the superficiality, the lack of historical wisdom, in such a view; for even if the differences between German and English political organizations did not seem worth a bloody war then, to these Bloomsbury pacifists, they blundered in not taking into consideration "the roots and probable development" of such systems as the German. If Strachey had been alive during the Second World War, Harrod says, he would have sounded far less plausible asking, "What difference would it make if Hitler *were* here?" Harrod has suggested that much of what was wrong in the reasoning and behavior of the Cambridge-Bloomsbury group stemmed from the teaching of their idol—whom it will be remembered Lawrence particularly detested—G. E. Moore. His *Principia Ethica*, Harrod says, was "sadly . . . lacking in any adequate theory of moral obligation It is still for the future to decide whether it was right to be a Conscientious Objector in the First World War, but it is clear that under Moore's guidance one might easily go wrong." And Keynes, in his essay "My Early Beliefs," also projected doubts of G. E. Moore and his teaching, and in this connection noted that Lawrence was correct in observing that "we lacked reverence."

Lawrence's personal brand of antagonism to the war intensified his desire to leave England. He and Frieda now planned to settle in Florida, and other Ranim colonists could join them later. While they were waiting for their passports—Cynthia Asquith's influence apparently helped overcome Frieda's "born in Metz" notation—the trouble over *The Rainbow* broke out, five weeks after publication of the book.

In his March 2 letter to Viola Meynell, Lawrence had complained because he had to prepare an announcement for Methuen's catalogue. The present editor of Methuen and Company, John Cullen, has said [March 4, 1903], "We have no record of whether Lawrence wrote the announcement himself, but it was—and still is—usual for the author to draft the 'blurb,' and for the editors to make any alterations which seem necessary." In the description of *The Rainbow* in the Methuen announcements "for the Second Half of the Year 1915," a phrase at the beginning—"by one of the most remarkable of the younger school of novelists"—was evidently not written by Lawrence, but the rest of the description possibly was, with perhaps some editorial "interpolation." In any event, the description must have had Lawrence's approval; it

has the value of a commentary on *The Rainbow* by the author: "A history of the Brangwen character through its developing crises of love, religion, and social passion, from the time when Tom Brangwen, the well-to-do Derbyshire farmer, marries a Polish lady, widow of an exile in England, to the moment when Ursula, his granddaughter, the leading-shoot of the restless, fearless family, stands waiting at the advance-post of our time to blaze a path into the future."

The reviewers, however, cared nothing about paths being blazed into the future. They judged the book by the standards of the Victorian past, and most of them found it in every way bad. Gerald Gould, one of the few critics who did not consider the book indecent ("The most improper thing about it is the punctuation"), nevertheless said, in the *New Statesman*, that it was "just bad—dull, monotonous, pointless." But most of the attacks were from a moral base. To Robert Lynd, in the *Daily News*, the novel was "a monstrous wilderness of phallicism." In the *Sphere*, Clement Shorter invoked the days when Henry Vizetelly was put in jail for publishing Zola in England: "But Zola's novels are child's food compared with the strong meat contained in an English story that I have just read—*The Rainbow*, by D. H. Lawrence." Shorter wondered whether the firm of Methuen had actually read the book before publishing it, for it was "an orgie of sexiness" that omitted "no form of viciousness, of suggestiveness." Yet, as Richard Aldington pointed out years afterward, this book was "the product of a long patience" and "of concentrated writing and rewriting." He added that "no man, merely wishing to write a pornographic book, would dream of wasting so much time and energy." Such considerations were perhaps not uppermost in the consciousness of Detective-Inspector Albert Draper of Scotland Yard when, on November 3, he arranged to have more than a thousand copies seized at the publishers' and the printers'. The case against the book was scheduled to be heard at Bow Street Police Court on the 13th.

The publishers had not notified Lawrence of this; he heard of it through friends. On November 6 he wrote Pinker, cursing the meddlers but saying he was "not very much moved"; later in the day, however, he wrote Pinker again, saying that "on second thoughts" he wanted to discuss the matter after all; on the following Monday (the 8th) he was going up to Garsington, but on the way to Paddington station would stop in at Pinker's office: "We must do something about this suppression business. I must move a body of people, we must get it reversed." Lawrence apparently confused seizure with suppression, as in a letter to Lady Cynthia Asquith, dated only "Tuesday," from Garsington, and

apparently written on the 9th; again Lawrence spoke of possible reversal of a decision that had not yet been made.

In that same letter, he thanked Lady Cynthia for her help with the passports, which had arrived. He dreaded leaving England with its "falling, perishing, crumbling past, so great, so magnificent," yet: "My life is ended here. I must go as a seed that falls into new ground." On the 11th, after his return to London, he wrote to tell Lady Cynthia that he and Frieda planned to sail from Liverpool on the 24th, second class, on the White Star steamer *Adriatic*. He dropped some suggestions that she might join them in America, rescuing her children from the decomposing life of England, which her husband should have left long ago—but perhaps her husband was already defeated. "Remember you keep the choice of life, for yourself and your children, and probably your husband, always in your hands: *don't* ever relinquish it up." This was, perhaps unconsciously, and without unfaithfulness to Frieda, a kind of love letter. Lawrence restated the problem in his story "The Thimble," written at about this time and based partly on the circumstance of Herbert Asquith's convalescent leave after he was slightly wounded; in another version of the story a few years later, "The Ladybird," the British husband who fails to perceive the essential reality of his wife loses her to a Lawrence-like, mystic, Czech nobleman.

In the November 11 letter to Cynthia Asquith, Lawrence said he hoped she would go and stay with Ottoline Morrell and bring her some cheer; Lady Ottoline was "like an old tragic queen who knows that her life has been spent in conflict with a kingdom that was not worth her life"; she was "something like Queen Elizabeth, at the end." Frieda, who had not accompanied Lawrence to Garsington on this last visit, used to say to herself, when not feeling bitter over this new friendship, "Perhaps I ought to leave Lawrence to her influence; what might they not do together for England? I am powerless, and a Hun, and a nobody."

Now the collier's son who had not been welcome at Lamb Close was frequently an honored guest at a far more distinguished country house, where he met people of the highest intellectual and social standing in the realm; indeed, his hostess at Garsington was of greater impress even in his own county than the Barbers of Greasley. Born Ottoline Violet Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, she was the daughter of a lieutenant general and his second wife, the Baroness Bolsover. The name Bolsover occurs from time to time in references to the Midlands in Lawrence's writings, for Bolsover is close to Eastwood; it is the Cavendish-Bentinck family seat, a ruined castle among the coal mines. Lady Ottoline was

brought up near there, at Welbeck, amid the Dukeries, in 1873. At twenty-nine she had married a commoner and, kicking away the gyves of her traditional upbringing, entered the Bohemian-intellectual world of Cambridge-Bloomsbury, though without altogether giving up her birth-right. In 1908 Virginia Woolf noted in her diary that Ottoline Morrell's funeral brought out not only her literary friends but also a "vast brown mass of respectable old South Kensington ladies."

To many people, Lady Ottoline seemed a grotesque; her closest friends excuse her as an eccentric. One of them, Lord David Cecil, describes her in the *Dictionary of National Biography* as "a character of Elizabethan extravagance and force, at once mystical and possessive, quixotic and tempestuous." Osbert Sitwell has said she looked like "a rather over-size Infanta of Spain or Austria." George Santayana, arriving at Garsington, found his hostess in yellow stockings cross-gartered like Malvolio's. Siegfried Sassoon in 1916 found Lady Ottoline heavily powdered and painted, with purple hair, and wondered why she tried to look like "a sort of modern Messalina." In the 1900's, Stephen Spender used to see her going through the streets of Bloomsbury carrying a shepherdess's crook with several Pekingese dogs attached to it by ribbons; and she was astonished that passers-by looked at her curiously. She told Spender, on learning he was a socialist, that she sympathized with the workers and was even willing to love them, if only they would not "stare so."

However satiric some of these sketches are, they lack the cruelty of Lawrence's portrait of Ottoline Morrell as Hermione Roddice in *Women in Love*: "People were silent when she passed, impressed, aroused, wanting to jeer, yet for some reason silenced. Her long, pale face, that she carried lifted up, somewhat in the Rossetti fashion, seemed almost drugged, as if a strange mass of thoughts coiled in the darkness within, and she was never allowed to escape." And the actions she is shown performing are unkindier than any of the descriptions of her. This was Lawrence's choice for the queen of Ranim, as he saw her in 1916, only a year after he made that choice. But in 1915 they were friendly; she and her husband gave the Lawrences thirty pounds toward the American trip and persuaded Bernard Shaw to add five more (Edward Marsh, asked for ten pounds, lent twenty, and Pinker advanced further funds). When Lawrence left Garsington on November 11, she presented him with a pair of Hessian boots, tactfully adding an armful of flowers for Frieda and a promise of some embroidery for wall decoration.

Lawrence arrived in London two days before the prosecution of *The*

Rainbow, but whether or not he sat in the courtroom, no one has yet recorded; he probably was not there. The publisher had been ordered to show cause why an order to destroy 245 bound copies and 760 unbound copies of Lawrence's novel should not be made. Lawrence called it "a ridiculous affair, instigated by the National Purity League, Dr. Horton and Co., nonconformity"—apparently a reference to a famous divine, Robert Forman Horton (1855-1884), who belonged not only to the Lawrence family's denomination, Congregational, but also to the parish in which Lawrence was then living, Hampstead. At Bow Street the Purity legion mounted its attack behind the solicitor Herbert G. Muskett, a literary critic without credentials who appeared "for the Commissioner of Police." Muskett gave himself the pleasure of reading aloud the unfavorable reviews and of adding his own opinion that the book was "a mass of obscenity of thought, idea, and action throughout." The publishers said that at their request Lawrence twice made deletions in the manuscript and then refused to co-operate further; they regretted that they had not examined the text more carefully and apologized for having published the book. The examining magistrate, Sir John Dickinson, mingled his regrets with theirs and added that the book should have been withdrawn after those notable censors, the reviewers, had attacked the book. The register of the Bow Street Magistrates' Court shows that Sir John's decision against *The Rainbow* was: "Order to be destroyed at expiration of 7 days (in the interim to be impounded) if no appeal—10 Guineas costs."

"The real reason for the attack" on Lawrence and *The Rainbow*, Richard Aldington wrote in 1831, "was that he denounced war. . . . They can say what they like about 'obscenity.'" He repeated this in his autobiography in 1841, and in a letter in 1852 explained further: "The statement was made by Lawrence himself and I heard it discussed in 1915 'as a fact' by such sympathizers as May Sinclair." And Gilbert Cannan, in an article in the *New York Herald* in 1820, blamed the suppression of *The Rainbow* on "a confusion of mind, aggravated possibly by the hysteria due to war conditions." That autumn of 1915 was the season of the Gallipoli failure and of the first big Zeppelin raids and of the fall of the Asquith Cabinet. Indeed, the news of Winston Churchill's resignation from that cabinet broke on the day *The Rainbow* went to court, the day on which a noted literary figure, Augustine Birrell, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, said in a speech at Bristol that "he for one would forbid the use, during the war, of poetry." In that day's news, "Recruiting Problems" struck another ominous note: not enough unmarried men had volunteered, and now Lord Derby threatened com-

pulsion. It was at this time that an advertising expert, Sir Hedley le Bas, undertook the improvement of recruiting by attacks through the sense of guilt so easy to touch in those days: posters screamed at the women, "Is your 'best boy' wearing Khaki? . . . If your young man neglects his duty to his King and Country, the time may come when he will NEGLECT YOU!" That autumn, too, as the *Official History* of the war points out, Joffre and Haig had lost the futile offensive which "had not improved the general situation in any way and had brought nothing but useless slaughter of infantry." It was certainly the wrong season for a novel in which an intense Ursula Brangwen made fun of her "best boy" for taking warfare seriously: "I hate soldiers, they are stiff and wooden."

Commenting on the suppression of *The Rainbow*, the Commissioner of Police at New Scotland Yard has stated (1853), "The proceedings in 1915 were solely on the grounds of obscenity." He has not, however, produced records of the entire case, though these of course might not precisely show how the prosecution slyly worked in the idea that *The Rainbow* hampered recruiting. Journalists at the time made somewhat similar suggestions, as when the *New Statesman* on November 20 carried an article by J. C. Squire who, as Solomon Eagle, wondered whether Lawrence were "under the spell of German psychologists." In the *Athenaeum* of the same date, a writer on popular-science subjects, George William de Tunzelmann, suggested that *The Rainbow* reflected German "materialistic pseudophilosophy," the acceptance of which was responsible for "many of the humiliating weaknesses which have so hampered our action against Germany." The "de" Tunzelmann who throughout his accusation connected *The Rainbow* with Teutonic absorption in the materialistic, was perhaps reacting against his own Germanic background: his actual name was Georg Wilhelm von Tunzelmann. Whether or not his statements helped the cause of British arms, they certainly helped damage that of Lawrence, who was now left, a man too ill to hold a regular position, without a chance to make a living by his pen, for with the double stigma on him of obscenity and pro-Germanism (the latter intensified by the presence of an alien wife), he became anything but an appealing figure to most editors and publishers.

A few of Lawrence's friends and even a few strangers tried to defend him from the charges against him. Catherine Carswell reviewed *The Rainbow* favorably for the *Glasgow Herald*, which thereupon dropped this contributor of ten years' standing. John Drinkwater, in a personal call at Byron Villas, and Sir Oliver Lodge, in a letter, both expressed

sympathy, but privately. Lawrence recalled later that Arnold Bennett and May Sinclair raised "a kindly protest"; Hart-Davis says in his book on Hugh Walpole that Walpole "joined in a letter of protest against the suppression"; and the Authors' Society promised to help, but ultimately did nothing. The only attempt at positive action was by Philip Morrell, who on November 18 and December 1 raised questions in Parliament but was blandly answered each time by the Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, then rehearsing the appeasement tactics with which he was to meet foreign aggressors in the 1830's. The police action, he said, was routine, and the publishers, who were after all "the owners of what was seized," agreed with the judgment against the book. Sir John ended the proceedings of November 18 when, in answer to a question by an Irish member as to whether or not there was an official censor, he said there was none, and: "I hope there never will be one in literary matters." Certainly one was not needed when uncomfortable books could be so easily put out of the way.

Morrell's December 1 question probed the very legality of the suppression, but Sir John Simon, who said he felt that Lawrence had not been treated unjustly, explained that "the provisions of the law were strictly complied with." He did, however, suggest Lawrence could "have another copy seized by arrangement, in order that he might defend the book." After further hints by Liberal and Irish members that there had been a political as well as a moral censorship in the proceedings, the debate sputtered out. Sir John Simon explained that the action against the novel had been taken under Lord Campbell's Obscene Publications Act. This dated from 1857.

At least one of Lawrence's political friends had tried to help him, while the literary world remained fairly quiescent. Perhaps its opinion was best explained in a letter to Pinker from John Galsworthy, then the reigning Pooh-Bah of English literature and a man of supposedly liberal opinions. This letter, as yet unpublished (fortunately for Galsworthy) is harsher in its judgments than the one he wrote to Pinker about *Sons and Lovers* (published in H. V. Marrot's biography of Galsworthy). Rather preposterously calling himself pagan, Galsworthy attacked *The Rainbow* as feverish and lacking in discipline. His letter is characterized by flabby phrasing, mixed metaphor, cliché, and dogmatic statements about durability—by a man whose books have already been scheduled for quiet burial. As Philip Henderson pointed out in 1835 (with Lawrence five years dead and Galsworthy two), in *Literature and a Changing Civilisation*, the public regard for second and third raters, notably Galsworthy, and the neglect of Lawrence, indicated a degener-

acy of values: "Take any two representative passages of Galsworthy and Lawrence, put them side by side, and see the difference between a clumsy and lifeless prose and the very breath and exaltation of life itself." Henderson was speaking of Galsworthy's public prose: his "unpolished" letter is even more clumsy and dead, as stodgy and (at least in this communication) essentially mean-visioned. And although time cannot improve Galsworthy, it has corrected the deficiency in public taste which so enormously overrated him. But in 1815 Galsworthy could feel that he was looking down on Lawrence from a height, and with horror. Meeting him two years later, Galsworthy condescended to note him down in his journal as "that provincial genius. Interesting, but a type I could not get along with." Galsworthy was original in at least one respect: he found Lawrence's eyes, so lively to everyone else, "dead." Lawrence recalled in 1825 that Galsworthy had told him, "very calmly and ex cathedra," that *The Rainbow* was "a failure as a work of art." How truly Lawrence observed, "Impromptu opinions by elderly authors are apt to damage him who gives as much as him who takes."

The false hope that some other members of the literary world held out to Lawrence caused him to cancel his passage to America; on the 17th, a week before he was to sail, Lawrence told Russell that although he wanted to leave, he had decided to stay because the Authors' Society had told him the day before that they would fight for *The Rainbow* because he had not been given a chance to defend it. But soon he was planning once again to go to America and asked Donald Carswell to try to find passage for him on a cargo ship. On the morning of the 29th, when he was en route to Garsington again, this time with Frieda, he stopped at the Carswells' and, not finding them at home, left a note—"I call to see if you know anything about the ship. Let me know at once, will you?" He inquired again from Garsington, where he and the other guests romped with the children, wrapped in colored cloths "like an Eastern bazaar"—a *Mr. Britling* like episode Lawrence adapted for his Breadalby sequence in *Women in Love*.

Russell was at Garsington during the Lawrences' visit there; also a descendant of Mahomet named Suhrawady who for a while promised to lend an Oriental touch to the next Rananim; and "a young musician," probably Philip Heseltine, who had met Lawrence two weeks before. The future Peter Warlock had written his mentor, Frederick Delius, that Lawrence ("perhaps the one great literary genius of his generation") was ill and intending to go to America: could Lawrence and Frieda live on Delius's citrus plantation near Jacksonville, Florida? Delius, answering from the Continent, poured onto this dream of

Hesperides a cold northern drizzle of negation. He admired Lawrence's work but felt that California would be healthier and less expensive; Florida would be "disastrous" for Lawrence's health, though what could have been more disastrous than the twenty-two agitated months in Cornwall that were to follow, is hard to imagine. But perhaps, Delius had no wish to let the Priest of Love take over that plantation that stood in the jungle, with warping shutters and collapsing roofs, like a symbol of the broken, lost love of one's youth. So the supreme English composer of his time did not help the supreme English author. As friends of Heseltine, they might have met; two men so notably "difficult" would perhaps have quarreled, though Delius had shown that he could get along with artists as thorny as Strindberg and Gauguin; Lawrence, however, never really knew a "difficult" genius of the stature of Delius. His highest-ranking friend among the creators of his time was to be a calm-tempered young man named Aldous Huxley, whom Lawrence met for the first time in that autumn of 1915, in London.

Huxley, who has described himself as having been, at twenty-one, "an intellectually cautious young man, not at all inclined to enthusiasms," had never met, even in his own famously literary family, anyone like Lawrence, who "startled and embarrassed" him with his direct sincerity. Huxley agreed to accompany the Lawrences to a Florida Rannam, though later he was glad the scheme had not materialized, because "Cities of God have always crumbled." Another convert at the time was Dikrân Kouyoumdjian who, as Michael Arlen, was to write, in *The Green Hat*, such immortal lines as, "'It means, sir,' Napier said quietly, 'that if you weren't my father I would call you a cad.'" This new convert proved to be a very temporary one, for where could two more diverse authors be found than Lawrence and the Mayfair-hungry Michael Arlen, whom George Jean Nathan once called "a purveyor of rented dress-suit literature" of the kind which "apes the manor born"? A more permanent convert of this season was the Honorable Dorothy Brett, known in the Lawrencean entourage as Brett, or the Brett. Daughter of Viscount Esher and sister of the Rancee of Sarawak, Dorothy Brett was, like her friend Ottoline Morrell, an escaped aristocrat; Brett was ahead of the fashion, even in London Bohemian circles, in having bobbed hair and in wearing trousers. A painter, deaf and shy, she was terrified of meeting Lawrence. When she made her first visit to Byron Villas, she had Mark Gertler as escort. She saw "a large woman"—Frieda—"and a little man who scuttles out as we come in, Murry."

The red-bearded Lawrence, "very upright" in a chair, spoke in a high, mischievous voice into her ear trumpet, jeering at their friend Lady Ottoline. Brett, learning that the Lawrences planned to leave England, gave a farewell party for them at her studio on the Earls Court Road, a few days after this first meeting. The party was turned into a rout by the invasion of some two dozen uninvited guests who brought bottles and mischief. Brett remembered that strange women were carried across the polished floor, Katherine Mansfield sat on the sofa "in some man's arms," Gertler and his girl friend Dorothy Carrington (who had studied art with Brett at the Slade) staged one of their quarrels, Lawrence chatted in Italian with Viola Tree, Brett played the pianola violently, and "a very amiable, completely drunk Murry" had to be propped against the wall—indeed, it all seemed pre-war. Two nights later Brett gave another party for the same invited guests, keeping this a secret from others. In the charades, Lawrence trotted around the room pretending to be on a bicycle, his voice crying out the high ting-a-ling of the bell as he ran over everyone in his way.

Farewell parties were, however, a meaningless exercise, for the Lawrences did not leave England although they kept their eyes for some time on Florida. On November 28 Lawrence told Cynthia Asquith he had now decided to go to a place on the other side of that peninsula from Delius's property: Fort Myers, near the Gulf Coast, "a little town (5000) half negro—9 miles from the sea, on a wide river 1½ miles wide—backed by orange groves and pine forests." Donald Carswell arranged passage for Lawrence and Frieda on a tramp steamer leaving Glasgow on December 20 for the West Indies, and although Lawrence must have liked the name of the ship, *Crown de Leone*—for his "Crown" essay had, as we have seen, used the crown the lion was fighting for as a symbol of integration—again he and Frieda delayed their departure. Lawrence told Russell, a few days after the *Crown de Leone* had sailed, that they had not gone because complications of money and war had held up the departure of some of the young recruits for the Fort Myers Rannam. Once more there was talk of starting "life in a new spirit"; Russell was invited to "come and be president of us."

Murry, who had refused to be drawn into the Florida scheme, called on J. C. Beresford on December 19 and arranged for him to lend the Lawrences his house in Cornwall for a few months. Murry had been in southern France with Katherine Mansfield, then grieving over the recent accidental death of her brother, Leslie, behind the lines on the Western Front; Murry, unable to compete in her affections with the

dead brother, had returned to London. On the same day as his interview with Beresford, Katherine had located the Villa Pauline at Bando, and soon her letters drew Murry there.

Lawrence, who had discovered that he could make no more plans for leaving the country unless he had a military exemption, had reported on December 11 for medical examination at Battersea Town Hall. When, after two hours of waiting in a queue, he came to the table where the men sat to write down his name, he suddenly felt that his presence there was "utter travesty of action": he abruptly turned "and went across the hall away from all the underworld of this spectral submission, and after a while saw the fugitive sunshine across the river on the spectral towers at Westminster." It was the last time he would be able to break away so easily from a military-enrollment queue.

On December 16 Lawrence wrote Pinker, saying he was in bed with a severe cold and wondering "why one should ever trouble to get up, into this filthy world. The war stinks worse and worse." He was "very anxious to see" the edition of *The Rainbow* that B. W. Huebsch was publishing in America: "I shall hate it if they have mutilated it." Pinker must have sent him a copy of this at once, for Lawrence replied in a letter dated only "Saturday," which would have to be December 18, his last Saturday at Byron Villas:^u

To J. B. Pinker from 1 Byron Villas, "Saturday" [Dec. 18, 1915]

The omissions from the American *Rainbow* are not very many.

Methuen edition

p. 220: lines 20-24 (3 lines)

(He wished he were a cat . . . her flesh)

p. 300: line 18 (let me come—let me come)

p. 318: lines 7-10 (4 lines)

(Ursula lay still . . . about her mistress)

p. 425: lines 4-26 (24 lines)

(But the air was cold . . . always laughing)

p. 446: lines 10-40 (30 lines)

(She let him take her . . . house felt to her)

They are not many: yet they make me sad and angry. If we buy sheets from America to bind here, we ought to print these pages and insert at the back, just saying: ["] The following pages from the Methuen edition are printed incomplete in the present edition."

We might also put a report of the process—the suppressions—at the end of the book.

Shall I send you back this copy of the American edition, or shall I keep it?

There may be one or two small omissions, I have not searched very thoroughly, but I don't think there is much.

I am still laid up.

The excision on page 300 refers to a passage on page 303 of the current American (Modern Library) edition of *The Rainbow*, in which the words Lawrence quoted in his letter are omitted after "his soul groaning over and over." The cut on page 318 took out three short paragraphs which in the American edition (Modern Library, pages 320-21) are missing between the paragraph in which Winifred Inger says, "I shall carry you into the water," and the one which begins, "After a while the rain came down on their flushed, hot limbs, startling, delicious." In the Methuen version, the following material had caused more trouble than anything else in the complaints against the book itself:

Ursula lay still in her mistress's arms, her forehead against the beloved, maddening breast.

"I shall put you in," said Winifred.

But Ursula twined her body about her mistress.

The other excisions were of love scenes between Ursula and Skreben-sky. At least one of them (page 432; Modern Library edition, 436), following the sentence—"In passionate anger she upbraided him because, not being man enough to satisfy one woman, he hung round others"—was important for an understanding of the story:

"Don't I satisfy you?" he asked of her, again going white to the throat.

"No," she said. "You've never satisfied me since the first week in London. You never satisfy me now. What does it mean to me, your having me—"

It was an embittered Lawrence who left Byron Villas on the first day of winter. After a few days with friends in one of the northern suburbs, he and Frieda went to Ada's, at Ripley, for Christmas. Frieda, he noted about a week earlier, "has seen her children once or twice, and has almost ceased to fret." But for him, the months in London had been disastrous, what with the crushing out of *The Rainbow*, the collapse or at least weakening of several friendships, the prospect of continued poverty, the unnerving chauvinism of the time, and the per-

sistence of the war. In his letters of that period, Lawrence frequently saw London in the image of hell. The 1915 Christmas in the Midlands was hardly more comfortable; Lawrence's older sister Emily was on hand, too, her husband and Ada's both away at war; George Lawrence, now an engineer in Nottingham, appeared also, to quarrel with his brother over politics (he was what he calls "a convinced Liberal") and religion (he was what his brother called "a radical nonconformist"). D. H. Lawrence could now see only a future of Guild Socialism for his own country, which to him meant only a reduction of everything to the lowest terms. He looked forward to Cornwall and Florida, where life could be aimed at the highest.

IV

During the first part of his stay Lawrence liked Cornwall, which he then regarded merely as a stopping-place on the way to Florida. Living in the large old farmhouse at Portcothan was "like being at a window and looking out of England to the beyond"—it was his "first move outwards, to a new life." But soon the Cornish people, in whom he had at first found a pleasant gentleness, began to disgust him, particularly a local landlord named Hawken who boasted of evicting an old woman from one of his houses. Hawken, "mean and stupidly cunning and base," was probably the inspiration for a portrait in *Kangaroo* some six years later: Jaz Trewhella, the sly little Cornishman transplanted to Australia in that novel.

But on that bleak coast, not far from romantic Tintagel, Lawrence felt happily removed from "questioning and quibbling and trying to do anything with the world. The world is gone, extinguished, like the lights of last night's Café Royal"—though alas! for his peace of mind, Lawrence brought some Café Royal lights along with him, the nervous Heseltine and the "blatant" Kouyoumdjian-Arlen. At the end of his third week at Portcothan, Lawrence wrote Gertler (on January 20) a letter^a reporting, "I've been laid up in bed again with a vile inflammatory cold. Now I am a mere rag, contemplating my latter end." He went on:

But it is better being in bed here, than in London. Here I can lie abed and watch the sea coming into the little cove, between the black rocks, and bursting in foam high over the yellow-brown cliffs. Which is a very great consolation.

I like Cornwall, it is a bare, forgotten country that doesn't belong to England: Celtic, pre-Christian. There are very rough winds and very fine black rocks and very white bursting seas. And the house

is big and silent and forsaken, looking down the lane at the bay.

Kouyoumdjian is here and I don't care for him. He is going away in a few days. Heseltine is here, and I like him. At night we write a play, which is rather fun.

He was not sure how long they would stay in Cornwall and hoped their next move would be "out of England." Word from the Murrys was that they were "exceedingly happy" at Bandol: "They have both found themselves, and each other and the blessed sun also, at last. I am very glad." He hoped the spring would blossom for Gertler and for Dorothy Carrington, whom Lawrence liked "very much at the party. If you could only give yourself up in love, she would be much happier. You always want to dominate her, which is no good. One must learn to relinquish oneself, not to bother about oneself. You hold too closely to yourself, for her to be free to love you." Lawrence sent "warm greetings to Brett and Carrington. Frieda sends her love, and says she is happy down here."

While convalescing, Lawrence corrected proofs of his travel book, *Twilight in Italy*, whose publication had been arranged (as *Italian Sketches*) by Duckworth the preceding summer. Dr. Maitland Radford, son of Ernest and Dollie Radford, came from London to check Lawrence's health: he told his patient to keep warm, quiet, and peaceful. He had felt a numbness down his left side, and his left hand had been virtually useless. "The stress or the nerves sets up a deferred inflammation in all the internal linings," Lawrence reported; by February 7, "all that fever and inflammation and madness" had nearly gone, and he could once again walk to the sea. Frieda, who had been worried about his illness (which he blamed on "soul-sickness after London and the state of things"), wrote Russell inviting him for a visit: "To me it would be such a help—I feel it such a responsibility—it's too much for me—He might just die because everything is too much for him—But he simply mustn't die—It's not as if [*he scratched out*] it concerned me alone—" She felt that Florida was "the only solution," and she resented the lid that had been put over "all life." Lawrence was full of ideas and wanted to write, but was too ill to do so.

He was, however, collecting his early poems in a volume, *Amores*, to be published later that year by Duckworth. And on February 11 he wrote Catherine Carswell about a new publishing scheme; he had thought he was dead, but was now "beginning to feel strong again: life coming in at the unseen sources." He and Heseltine hoped "to publish any real thing that comes, for the truth's sake, and because

consummate artist," but personal relations with him were difficult. Heseltine told Delius, later, that "the affair by which I found him out is too long to enter upon here"; Heseltine's biographer, Cecil Gray, writing after Heseltine's suicide (1830), could not learn what the 1916 "affair" was, but surmised it concerned Lawrence's meddlesomeness. Robert Nichols recalled that when the Lawrences were living in Hampstead in 1915, they tried at different times to get both him and Heseltine to marry a girl they knew, to the amusement of both young men and of the girl. But the Heseltine-Lawrence trouble may have been caused by Ottoline Morrell's showing Heseltine a letter Lawrence wrote her about two of Heseltine's girls. In any event, Heseltine wrote Lawrence accusing him of treachery, and Lawrence replied, "I request that you do not talk about me in London." Heseltine then sent him excerpts from imaginary reviews of a scandalous book on Lawrence by Heseltine; this, he gleefully reported to Delius, left Lawrence "quite comically perturbed." He might well have been: he was a serious artist already badly hurt by the public press, and these "reviews" presaged many that were to come. But all this was comic to Heseltine, who was callow, maladjusted, and unhappy; and he had a barb of cruelty in him. He retained, however, a grudging respect for Lawrence, and within a year was back in his camp.

Another of Lawrence's friendships that came to an end in that spring of 1916 was never to be revived—that with Russell. Lawrence had written him on February 11 asking whether Russell's lectures were "really a success, and really vital," and Russell had answered four days later out of deep misery: he once again contemplated suicide, and only pride and obstinacy, he told Lawrence, kept him going. He thought his lectures good, but they were having no vital effect: he was engulfed by trivialities. Lawrence four days later wrote him another scolding letter, asking what was "the good of living as you do, anyway?" He hoped Russell would "live for ever," yet when Russell made his will, would he please make Lawrence "in some part" his heir, leave him "enough to live on"? About a month later, on March 19, Lawrence wrote again, hoping Russell was not "still cross with me for being a schoolmaster and for not respecting the rights of man"—Russell must visit them at the new cottage: perhaps a "jolly" new world was being born; he hoped soon "to dance in the springtime." He assured Russell, "Nothing is born by taking thought," which was precisely the wrong thing to tell, or try to tell, Russell.

Apparently Lawrence wrote him once more, in the late summer, a letter which has not been preserved: rather than assume the courtesy

of answering it, Russell courteously turned it over to Murry, who replied on September 3 (in a letter now in the British Museum). Murry thought Frieda was now completely triumphant, though insecure; Murry hoped that Lawrence did not now turn on him and rend him. (He regretted that Russell and Lawrence had broken off, for he thought that Russell was certainly the one man capable of giving Lawrence understanding and tolerance—an interesting misconception. Keynes's ideas of Russell's limitations have already been quoted; they were echoed in an article in 1852 by McEwan Lawson, who asked, "May it be that Bertrand Russell, like other giants, has lived too much in one cave, that he has only had one eye, and consequently has missed those realms of reality which constitute the environment the human soul needs if it has to change and grow and make this world what it was meant to be?" And George Santayana's posthumously published third volume of his autobiography expressed a similar judgment (1852): Russell's information, though accurate and wide-ranging, "was necessarily partial, and brought forward in a partisan argument; he couldn't know, he refused to consider, everything; so that his judgments, nominally based on that partial information, were really inspired by passionate prejudice, and were always unfair and sometimes mad." Santayana felt that although Russell was many-sided, he was "a many-sided fanatic." Santayana's final verdict was that, in failing to achieve his potential, "Bertie petered out." But he has lasted long enough—after changing from pacifism to support of war measures—to make one of his one-sided attacks on Lawrence, who had long before, and more permanently, "caught" Russell, in the caricature of him as Sir Joshua Malleson, one of the minor figures in *Women in Love*. Sir Joshua is "a learned, dry baronet of fifty, who was always making witticisms and laughing at them heartily, in a harsh horse-laugh." His "mental fibre was so tough as to be insentient."

The Lawrence-Murry friendship was destined to last longer, though Lawrence's persuasiveness in uprooting the Murrys from their happiness at Bandol and putting them down in stony Cornwall, imposed a severe strain upon that friendship. Lawrence wrote coaxingly of the cottage adjoining his, which he called "Katherine's tower." The Murrys must come and live there; no more talk of treachery; they must learn to trust one another. "No more quarrels and quibbles. Let it be agreed for ever. I am a *Blutbruder*: a *Blutbrüderschaft* between us all. Tell K. *not* to be so queasy." But Katherine had lived in Cornwall, where she had seen a woman torturing a cat, and she knew the Cornish people; in a poem she had spoken of their eyes as "stupid, shifty, small and sly."

She wept when she and Murry left the sunshine of Villa Pauline. And the early April day when Lawrence met her and Murry at the St. Ives railway platform was not a day presaging confidence. The weather was cold, the sky grey; gulls circled, crying bleakly. For Lawrence's sake the Murrys pretended to be happy, but they wanted to weep.

Lawrence, some of whose furniture Gertler had sent on from London, took Murry shopping for plain, cheap furniture at Benny's salesroom in St. Ives. Lawrence had painted his own chairs and tables a bright blue, but Murry, with Katherine looking on approvingly and the Lawrences "comically dismayed," painted his furniture black. The Murrys, during their stay, never rose above that blackness. They found the Lawrences' violent quarrels particularly depressing, though Murry has said, in Lawrence's behalf, that he came in time to understand how a woman could exasperate a man into a murderous frenzy "really quite outside the scope of moral judgment."

Murry's greatest difficulty, that spring, was with Lawrence's proposals of *Blutbrüderschaft*. Murry imagined a frightening ritual among the Druid stones on the dark moors. He later understood that what Lawrence was suggesting resembled the relationship between Gerald Crich and Rupert Birkin in *Women in Love*, which he had begun to write—from the material left over from *The Sisters*—without telling the Murrys. He may have been reticent about the story because it dramatized the present situation of the four of them. When Murry read *Women in Love* for the first time five years later, he failed to recognize himself and Katherine Mansfield as Gerald Crich (encased in the envelope of Thomas Philip Barber, of Eastwood) and Gudrun Brangwen, though the episode of Gudrun's taking Birkin's letter from the mocking Halliday in the Pompadour Café was drawn from life: Katherine Mansfield had seized and walked off with a copy of *Amores* which the anti-Lawrence crew in the Café Royal were making fun of. But Murry did not associate himself and Katherine with *Women in Love* until Frieda told him, years afterward, that they were in it. Then Murry saw that the conversations between Gerald and Rupert paralleled those between Murry and Lawrence at High Tregerthen in 1916.

As the two men walked over the moors, Murry kept insisting he needed no sacrament: "If I love you, and you know I love you, isn't that enough?" But Lawrence would rage at him, "I hate your love, I *hate* it. You're an obscene bug, sucking my life away." And one night the Murrys heard Lawrence, next door, crying out to Frieda, "Jack is killing me." Certainly Lawrence, in his insistence upon the blood-brotherhood ceremony, seems immature, but in his life as in his writing,

symbols were important to him, and everything from the smallest household task he made into a kind of religious ritual. As for the common charge of homosexuality against Lawrence, Murry in his autobiography said (as previously quoted) that "what is generally understood by the word homosexuality" could not be attributed to Lawrence; Frieda, in a letter of January 21, 1851, said that in the Lawrence-Murry relationship, "Lawrence never had any sexual feelings." Murry says that the wrestling episode in *Women in Love* perhaps suggests the kind of ritual Lawrence wanted in his *Blutbrüderschaft*; in that chapter, "Gladitorial," the slender Rupert shows astonishing strength and agility in throwing the muscular Gerald, and the two men agree that the physical closeness of such activity "makes one sane." Similar scenes—the towel-rubbing incident in *The White Peacock* and the ritualism-oath scene in *The Plumed Serpent*—in other Lawrence novels seem to suggest, more than anything else, a compensatory urge, an identification of a frail body with a strong, through a vicarious athleticism.

The program was too much for Murry; and Katherine, left alone in her cottage (she could hear Frieda moving about in the next one), wrote letters of complaint to distant friends. At last she made Murry tell Lawrence that the northern shore of the peninsula seemed a foreign country to her, and that they must find a cottage on the south coast. Murry soon located one at Mylor, by one of the creeks of the Truro River, near Falmouth, for eighteen pounds a year. Katherine went to London for a few days, and Murry loaded their belongings on a cart. Lawrence, helping him, would not say good-bye; Frieda lightly promised to visit them. As Murry departed, he felt that he had said farewell to Lawrence forever.

V

The Military Service Act of 1916 began to worry Lawrence. He wrote Gertler (apparently on April 29) that "We are all a little bit blue, looking forward to being compelled to serve. I expect men like Murry and myself will be put into this 'reserve,' to do some sort of clerking. It is very disgusting, but what will be will be." Lawrence was amused because Edward Marsh was "beginning to rake in his debts. I had better send him a few unpublished stories" in lieu of money owed. "It is no use praying to the Lord, because the Lord is the richest man of all. I have got something like £15 between me and complete starvation. Somehow, I don't care. One has had time to be nauseated with all care."

The Lawrences had occasional visitors: Catherine Carswell, Dollie

Radford, Barbara Low, and two American admirers, Robert Mountsier and Esther Andrews, journalists. Murry came over once with his Oxford friend, Frederic Goodyear, whom Lawrence liked. Goodyear, in love with Katherine Mansfield, was due to go to the Western Front, where he was soon killed, again reminding that little group of friends that the war was stubbornly going on across the Channel, while generals were taking years to discover that Boer-War-style cavalry charges could not be successfully launched against machine-gun emplacements.

Lawrence occasionally visited the Murrys, bringing little cheer to Katherine Mansfield, who fretted because her neighbors at Mylor tried to involve her in church bazaars. Once Lawrence almost drowned when the dinghy in which he was riding nearly upset when a storm rose suddenly. But another voyage Lawrence made that year was far more annoying, a trip he made at the invitation of the government. The local postman chuckled as he handed Lawrence the fateful official envelope. The postman, an over-age Wesleyan preacher, loved the idea of hell for other men: "He had a religious zest added to his natural Cornish zest in other people's disasters."

On June 28, Lawrence and Frieda went to Penzance, and from there he was sent to Bodmin, sixty miles away; his German wife had to go back over the moors alone. In the chapter of *Kangaroo* called "The Nightmare," Lawrence told of his experience at the barracks, and of his rejection: two days and a night of the military life, in the prison-like barracks, were enough for him for all eternity. The doctors' suggestions that he should perform some type of service to help his country meant no more to him than the noise of a passing cart. Murry, also physically unfit, went to London to accept work in the War Office, but Lawrence seems to have been one of the few men of his time who escaped such duties altogether. Ironically, later in the war, when he wanted employment, he could find none, of any kind. Yet even the Cambridge-Bloomsbury group engaged in war work. The cynical pacifist Lytton Strachey presided over a house near Pangbourne, Bucks, where exhausted war-workers could spend recuperative weekends, and a number of intellectuals put in their war work at Garsington, where Osbert Sitwell, himself a Grenadier Guards officer, recalled that "some of the best brains in the country" dug and dugged in this "arcadian colony" while Lady Ottoline Morrell sat in a green, eighteenth-century drawing room "eating bull's-eye peppermints." Siegfried Sassoon, likewise an army officer, remembered that the laboring intellectuals would come into the manor house at night, "to puff church-warden pipes by

the fire and talk cleverly in cultured and earnest tones about significant form in the Arts and the misdeeds of the Militarists."

Lawrence was aiming satiric shafts at Garsington these days. He told Catherine Carswell in a letter^a of November 21, 1916 that he was sending her his novel "at last. Thank God I have got it out of the house. . . . Of course there is a last chapter, an epilogue, yet to be written: but that must wait for the wheel of time to turn." He wanted both her and her husband to read the manuscript, "make any corrections necessary," mark any discrepancies. "*Don't let anybody else read it. I want to know what you both think of it. I think it a great book, whatever anybody else says. Ask Don if he thinks any part libellous—e.g. Halliday is Hesceltine, the Pussum is a model called the Puma, and they are taken from life.*" No one else was, he said, yet a few days later he wrote Mrs. Carswell again:^a

To Catherine Carswell from Zennor, Cornwall, Nov. 27, 1916

I heard from Ottoline Morrell this morning, saying she hears she is the villainess of the new book. It is very strange, how rumours go round.—So I have offered to send her the MS.—So don't send it to Pinker till I let you know.

I got Sportsman's Sketches and have read them. No, I don't like Turgenev very much; he seems so very critical, like Katherine Mansfield and also a sort of male old maid. It amazes me that we have bowed down and worshipped these foreigners as we have. Their art is so clumsy, really, and clayey, compared with our own. I read "Deerslayer" just before the Turgenev. And I can tell you what a come-down it was, from the pure and exquisite art of Fennimore [sic] Cooper—whom we count nobody—to the journalistic bludgeonings of Turgenev. They are all—Turgenev, Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, Maupassant, Flaubert—so very *obvious* and coarse, beside the lovely, mature and sensitive art of Fennimore Cooper or Hardy. It seems to me that our English art, at its best, is by far the subtlest and loveliest and most perfect in the world. But it is characteristic of a highly-developed nation to bow down to that which is more gross and raw and affected. Take even D'Annunzio and my Trespasser—how much cruder [and] stupider D'Annunzio is, really. No, enough of this silly worship of foreigners. The most exquisite literature in the world is written in the English language.

Don't talk much about my novel, will you? And above all don't give it to anybody to read, but Don. I feel it won't be published yet, so I would rather nobody read it. I hope Ottoline Morrell won't want the

MS. And if you can prevent Aunt Barbara from knowing you have the book by you, *do*—because, having read the beginning, she is sure to claim the right to read the rest.

How are you feeling?—better, I hope. And how is your work going now? Let it go as slowly as it likes.

It is a sunny cold morning—I shall go out now.

Why Lawrence suddenly caricatured Lady Ottoline as the monstrous Hermione is difficult to determine now. That they had a lover's quarrel, like Birkin and Hermione, is unlikely; that part of *Women in Love* was apparently quite imaginary. Lord David Cecil, who wrote the article on Lady Ottoline in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, told the author of this book in a letter of March 20, 1853:

Frankly, I do not know the full story of Lawrence's quarrel with Lady Ottoline. Like yourself, I am pretty sure that the relation between them was of an "abstract" character. Lady Ottoline was a very complex character, too complex really to be described in a brief letter in a way that I feel does her justice. The relation between patron and artist is always a difficult one, especially in a case like hers when the patron was a kind of artist herself—in the art of living, and had all the temperament that goes along with the artist. Possibly Lawrence found her too dominating and disliked being under an obligation anyway.

Lady Ottoline's daughter, Mrs. Igor Vinogradoff, said (in a letter of September 16, 1853), "I think what happened when L. met my mother was that they both had strong sensitive passionate sympathetic personalities and they clicked. . . . Her interest in writers of that generation *really* sprang from a genuine almost priggish-Victorian desire to help and encourage, and not from self-vanity, as so many people suppose, and imply in books written lately." As for a possible love affair, Mrs. Vinogradoff remembered "my father saying that Frieda told him she wouldn't have minded L. and my mother having an ordinary affair—what she couldn't stand was all this 'soul-mush.' "

Lawrence's last letter to Ottoline Morrell—before the correspondence resumed a dozen years later—was (in the Huxley collection) that of May 24, 1916. He told her that he had just sent back the proofs of *Amores*, to be dedicated to her, and that he had crossed out all the dedication but her name, because people were "so jeering and shallow." The Duckworth edition came out in July with the bare dedication "To Ottoline Morrell," but Lawrence apparently forgot to correct the Huebsch edition. When that appeared in New York, several months

later, at the time the trouble was swelling, the dedication bloomed into: ". . . in tribute to her noble and independent sympathy and her generous understanding / these poems are gratefully dedicated." Augustus John recalled in *Chiaroscuro* (1852) that Lady Ottoline had insisted upon his reading *Sons and Lovers*, about which he was skeptical; he read and "hastened to announce my conversion," which was received "in chilly silence," for "it turned out I was just too late. . . . The Master had by then offended his disciple somehow, and his name was not to be mentioned."

Women in Love was not all satire of Lawrence's recent friends, a kind of *Point Counter Point* of pre-1920 England. Lawrence in the Café Royal-Soho-Country House episodes was doing more than merely lampooning people and institutions that annoyed him: these places were the advanced outposts (however "pacificistic" in temper) of a society that mechanized human beings, and that mechanized them into the slaughter of war. But *Women in Love* is much more than "social": its people have (despite Lawrence's dislike of Dostoevsky) a Dostoevskian intensity. And its picture of England—its landscapes invoked for the reader as only Lawrence could invoke them, its gritty mining towns and spacious country houses, its views of "diseased" parts of London, and its climax in the fierce white Alps for which the principal characters have left England—brings to English literature a richness of texture that for comparison must go back to the Elizabethans. Yet it is all in the modern mode, effectively using *symbolisme* as in the terrible scene when Ursula agonizingly watches Birkin throw stones at the pond to shatter the female image of the moon—or in that equally terrible scene when the rabbit gashes Gudrun's arm in Gerald's presence: "The long, shallow red rip seemed torn across his own brain, tearing the surface of his ultimate consciousness, letting through the forever unconscious, unthinkable red ether of the beyond, the obscene beyond"—the latter a passage incorporating the newer discoveries of psychology as well as the most effective modes of the futurism that Lawrence studied so thoroughly in Italy.

In this vein, the African statues at Halliday's Soho flat serve as an important symbol, out of which some of the leading themes of the book develop. One of these "strange and disturbing" foetus-like carvings—a woman with "transfixed, rudimentary face" who is in childbirth—shocks Gerald, though he also feels it as "rather wonderful, conveying the suggestion of extreme physical sensation, beyond the limits of mental consciousness." This last may seem to suggest Lawrencean approval of the statue; but Lawrence was rarely black-and-white simple;

in attacking overintellectualization and the evils it had brought to modern man, he did not recommend a return to savagery, as he showed clearly (among other references) in his first Melville essay in *Studies in Classic American Literature*; in his admiration of natives and peasants, he yearned after some of the freshness of the primitive spirit, but several times in his writings he said he could never haul down the flag of his "civilized consciousness." By the time he wrote *Women in Love*, Lawrence had read Tylor and Frazer, Jane Harrison and Gilbert Murray (Frobenius apparently came to him somewhat later), and was well versed in anthropology—indeed, he was ahead of most twentieth-century writers in making use of such knowledge. As for the popularity of primitive art forms, this that had begun at just about the time Lawrence first went to London. Gauguin, now safely dead, was becoming fashionable; the German painter Kirchner had in 1904 begun popularizing African and Melanesian art which he discovered in the Dresden Ethnological Museum, and the advance-guard *Brücke* group drew upon this art; in Paris at this time, Negro sculpture influenced the *Fauves* circle and Picasso; in London, Roger Fry and others wrote essays on primitive art, and in several European capitals, ballet patrons were soon being shaken by the "barbaric" rhythms of *Le sacre du printemps*. Lawrence's introduction of the "primitivist" motif into *Women in Love* was not merely an attempt to catch the vogue or even to satirize it, or to provide decoration or chiaroscuro—the black flesh against the white of the naked Bohemians at Halliday's flat—though all these ingredients were present. But, as with everything he touched, Lawrence adapted these elements to his own vision. (That Heseltine, the original of Halliday, told Delius in a 1916 letter that he had an African carving in his London flat provides an interesting footnote for *Women in Love*.)

Unpublished parts of the manuscript of *Women in Love* (in the possession of Edward D. McDonald) add considerably to our background information about the book. A prologue chapter, set several years before the beginning of the published novel, describes the meeting of Gerald Crich and Rupert Birkin and their trip through the Tyrolean Alps with "a common friend, Hosken, a naval man"—the Lupton who becomes Gerald's brother-in-law in the first chapter of the final version. "The absolute recognition" had passed between Gerald and Birkin, who "knew [that] they loved each other, that each would die for the other." Birkin reflected on the magnetism of both the "ice-crystal" and the "universal heavy darkness" types of men: "He wanted to cast out these desires, wanted not to know them. Yet a man can no more slay a living desire in him, than he can prevent his body from

feeling heat and cold." Apparently Birkin's relationship with the Ethel who in the final version of the book becomes Hermione is an attempt to put himself beyond such feelings, as he does somewhat more successfully with the Ella Brangwen who becomes Ursula. Ursula, in a rejected fragment of epilogue, goes to Italy (apparently with Birkin) after Gerald's death in the Alpine sequence with which the book ends; in this fragment, Ursula a year later receives a letter from Gudrun, who has left Loerke and has borne Gerald a posthumous son, Ferdinand Gerald Crich: "His hair is like the sun shining on the sea." Still another rejected ending was a comparatively "happy" one, with correspondences to Lawrence's later (1919) play, *Touch and Go*. In this attempt to end the novel, Lawrence did not kill off Gerald but sent him back to England, Gudrun following. Loerke offers to marry her, though she is with child by Gerald, who himself now considers marriage—if she will pledge that "you'll care for me more than the child," a problem which Gudrun believes is essentially Gerald's to solve. This is a recurrent Lawrencian theme, in his life as in his work, and its introduction here repeats the motif of Will Brangwen's love for his daughter Ursula in *The Rainbow*—as the rejected epilogue plays again upon the Alpine motifs and the "ice-crystal" quality of Gerald, related in turn to the primitive-art symbols that recur throughout *Women in Love*.

In one of the key chapters, "Moony," Birkin recalls one of the statues he used to see at Halliday's—not the one that shocked Gerald, but another female figure in which Birkin saw "thousands of years of purely sensual, purely unspiritual knowledge." This was a kind of "knowledge arrested and ending in the senses, mystic knowledge in disintegration and dissolution, knowledge such as the beetles have, which live purely within the world of corruption and cold dissolution." There was necessity in "this awful African process"; but "it would be done differently by the white races," which, "having the arctic north behind them, the vast abstraction of ice and snow, would fulfill a mystery of ice-destructive knowledge, snow-abstract annihilation." This foretells the death of Gerald in the Alps, a death caused not by accident but by something within Gerald himself, bringing about the "snow-abstract annihilation." Birkin, on the other hand, saw his own destiny in terms of the stars, and was able to realize something like "an equilibrium" with Ursula, "a pure balance of two single beings," like "two equal stars balanced in conjunction."

Women in Love looked more deeply into the fundamental problems of modern man than most books of this time have done—an enormous

achievement for the sick and disappointed Lawrence in war-raging, fear-haunted England; indeed, for this entire destructive century.

Apparently worried lest other acquaintances begin to identify themselves as characters in *Women in Love*, Lawrence told Gertler on December 5, "In my novel there is a man—not you, I reassure you—who does a great granite frieze for the top of a factory, of which your whirling, for example, is a part"—referring to a recent production of Gertler's. "We knew a man, a German, who did these big reliefs for great, fine factories in Cologne"—the kind of disclaimer Lawrence's friends had begun to recognize as a danger signal. Lawrence had earlier in the year run into other *roman à clef* trouble when he learned that Percy Lucas, who will be remembered as a Meynell son-in-law, had died of wounds in France on July 6. Lawrence's mean little sketch of him, "England, My England," had appeared in the *English Review* of October 1915 and in an American magazine six months later. In that story the Meynell family was held up for all to see, quite recognizably, with Godfrey Marshall setting up Crockham, a colony of cottages for his daughters, one of whom was married to Evelyn Daughtry (in later versions, Egbert), who languidly lived off the Marshall bounty. Lawrence even blamed the accident to the little girl on the son-in-law, who in the story carelessly left a scythe lying about. Yet Percy Lucas was a man who, although past the age of forty, and the father of three children, volunteered for service. Lawrence might have been moved by Second Lieutenant Percy Lucas's last letter to E. V. Lucas, which told of his being wounded in the pelvis and on the thigh by German machine-gun bullets, and sitting for eight hours in a crater under continual shell-fire, until stretcher bearers carried him two miles to a dressing station. All this he recounted to his brother in the most circumstantial manner, with no self-pity. He had been taken down the Seine for two days, in a barge, to a base hospital. He was unable to sleep, and was bilious and dyspeptic, but calmly looked forward to the return to England. The attending medical officer wrote E. V. Lucas that "there seemed to be a fair chance of recovery till gangrene set in." The doctors amputated his leg; he died six hours later. Lawrence, hearing from Catherine Carswell of Percy Lucas's death, wrote, "I wish that story at the bottom of the sea, before it had ever been printed." But he added that it nevertheless seemed to him that "man must find a new expression, give a new value to life, or his women will reject him, and he must die." Lawrence regretted that he had "gone to live at Greatham," and he hoped the story would not hurt Madeline Lucas: "That is all that matters. If

it was a true story, it shouldn't really damage." And in a postscript he said, "No, I *don't* wish I had never written that story. It should do good in the long run." And in 1922 he used it as the title story for a collection. He continued skimping his acquaintances, whether he liked them or not and whether they liked it or not, but "England, My England" remained his cruelest *à clef* story.

During that year of 1916, Lawrence did not stir out of Cornwall. On August 14 he told Mrs. Carswell: "I can't come to London—spiritually I *cannot*. But Frieda wants to come, to go chasing her children. . . . But I had much rather be Daniel in the lion's den, than myself in London. I am really terrified . . . I am *much* too terrified and horrified by people—the world—nowadays." On November 14 he told Gertler: "It is so quiet and remote down here, there is nobody to quarrel with," though apparently he and Frieda did not pass up argumentative possibilities between themselves. Catherine Carswell, who had been to Tregerthen for a brief visit in September, heard from the Lawrences the story of one of their recent quarrels. Lawrence had begun singing, thinking the quarrel was over, when Frieda came up behind him and gave him the Hermione-to-Birkin treatment, though instead of bashing him on the head with a piece of lapis lazuli, she had used a stone dinner plate. He had not heard her approach because of his slight deafness: "That was like a woman," he said, sneaking up to deliver a blow from behind when the quarrel was apparently over—a blow which might have killed him. But, Mrs. Carswell noted, he bore no grudge. He may have interpolated that quarrel into *Women in Love*, where in the quarrel scene Hermione wields the lapis lazuli with her left hand: recently an American scholar in London (Edward Nehls) noted that Ottoline Morrell's copy of the novel has at this point in the story a marginal annotation, "Frida [*sic*] was left-handed!"

On her visit to Cornwall, Mrs. Carswell aroused her host's disapproval because, having brought no dressing gown, she got up one night for a book and appeared before the Lawrences in "an ankle-length petticoat topped by a long-sleeved woolen vest"; Lawrence's ingrained puritanism showed in the scolding he administered. She left Cornwall earlier than she had intended, for her lonely husband telegraphed her to return to London, which she did immediately, to the chuckling tune of Lawrence's mockery.

In an unpublished letter of September 14, to Dollie Radford, Lawrence said that Frieda had been promised another interview with her children. He felt she should let them alone till they grew up: "Then, if there is a connection, it is undeniable: if there *be* no active love, noth-

ing can create it. It wearies me." Frieda's daughter Barbara, in a memoir she wrote for Edward Nehls, recalled that Frieda took them all to an opera and gave them each ten shillings. The older girl, Elsa, said to Barbara in the ladies' room, "You are not to *like* Mama, you know, just because we have got ten shillings." The money was formally returned to Frieda by Ernest Weekley.

Lawrence was still thinking of leaving England. On December 7 he wrote to Amy Lowell that he would like to go to Italy if travel regulations permitted. He referred to the political turnover that had taken place a few days before:¹¹ "We have got Lloyd George for Prime Minister. That is a bad look-out for England. There was in Asquith the old English *decency*, and the lingering love of liberty. But Lloyd George is a clever little Welsh *rat*, absolutely dead at the core, sterile, barren, capable only of rapid and acute mechanical movements. God alone knows where he will land us; there will be a very big mess. But the country at large wanted him . . . 'Whom the Gods wish to destroy, they first make mad.' " Lawrence in his correspondence, as in his public writings, continually spoke this way of Lloyd George, even before Versailles, even before he had shown that he dared not dismiss Haig, whom he had distrusted—and even before the astute little Welsh lawyer had been fooled by one of Haig's staff officers when he visited Flanders at the time of the Passchendaele slaughter; the staff officer arranged for able-bodied German prisoners to be removed from the corps cages so that Lloyd George would see a "weedy lot" of captives and would believe that Haig's attacks were demoralizing the German army. Lawrence, once the canard that he was a kind of proto-fascist is put aside, may be often seen as a man of acute political insights.

On December 21 he wrote McLeod,¹² "What that Welsh rarebit of a Lloyd George intends to inflict on us in the future, God above knows. He is an empty activity, and soon we shall find ourselves sheering giddily into chaos." Two days later Lawrence wrote Campbell, saying that he and Frieda could no longer visit London, now that the fare between there and St. Ives was three pounds and fifteen shillings. Murry's novel, which he had read in manuscript (*Still Life*), he felt was replica rather than creation. Murry was¹³ "utterly unwilling to take himself for what he is, a clever, but non-original, non-creative individual . . . I dislike him that he must assume himself the equal of the highest. That is the very essence of his malady, and all his twist and struggle is to make this falsehood appear a truth to himself." It was indeed a bitter season for Lawrence, an "ugly" and "loathsome" Christmas. Yet always there was hope: "The coming year will see the collapse

of a great deal of us, and I hope we shall be able to begin something new."

Despite his misery during 1916, that year was an important one for Lawrence, for it was then he completed his greatest work, his *Brangwensaga*. He knew better than to rewrite *Women in Love* during the four years it lay awaiting publication. For, although he often wrote magnificently during the rest of his life, he never again achieved the integration of *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*.

With the coming of 1917, Lawrence began to think once more of the American escape. In the previous autumn, he had lamented to Koteliansky, "Where is our *Rananim*? If only we had had the courage to find it and create it, two years ago. Perhaps it is not utterly too late." On January 5, 1917, Lawrence told Catherine Carswell he felt like a cornered fox and was trying to get his passports to America renewed. On the 13th he wrote her: "I still dream of that far-off retreat, which is the future to me." On the 22nd he asked Campbell's help with the passports: "I hope, in the long run, to find a place where one can live simply, apart from this civilisation, on the Pacific, and have a few other people who are also at peace and happy, and live, and understand, and be free." Campbell, he knew, would understand, though he hesitated to renounce the world: Lawrence hoped one day he would do so. On the 25th he asked again for Campbell's help, and explained that by "the Pacific" he did not mean California but the Marquesas Islands, a place suggested by a recent reading of Melville; Lawrence was in the process of beginning his *Studies in Classic American Literature*. He asked Campbell: "Have you read anything lately? I have found Fennimore [sic] Cooper and Herman Melville such a treasure—and Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. They are so mature—even beyond us." (Letter of Jan. 25.) The last idea became one of the leading motifs of the *Studies*. Lawrence had read Cooper with Jessie Chambers, but Melville was a new experience; and in taking Melville seriously, Lawrence was one of the first voices in the great Melville revival.

In *Kangaroo*, Lawrence's autobiographical character, Somers, also requested passport validation in that January, from Cornwall: "A man culminates in intense moments. This was one of Somers' white, death-like moments, as he walked home from the tiny post-office in the hamlet, on the wintry morning, after he had posted his passports asking for visas to go to New York." He felt as if he were walking in "a strange, arrested land of death . . . It almost frightened him. 'Have I done wrong?' he asked himself. 'Am I wrong, to leave my country and go to America?'" But whatever guilt feelings Lawrence himself may have

had were soon converted to anger: "They will not give me a passport for America," he wrote Mrs. Carswell¹ on February 13. "And only, if you please 'in the interest of National Service.' A new deviltry, this National Service . . . I can't live in England. I can't stop any more. I shall die of foul inward poison. The vital atmosphere of the country is poisonous to an incredible degree: to me at least. I shall die in the fumes of their stench. But I *must* get out." It was "the country of the damned. I curse it, I curse England, I curse the English, man, woman, and child, in their nationality let them be accursed and hated and never forgiven."

Not that Americans were perfect. The visiting journalist, Robert Mountsier, who had returned to New York, left his friend Esther Andrews in England, feeling "very miserable." Yet, "There is something very nice and loveable in him. But alas, underneath is the old worldly male, that is bent on this evil destructive process, and which battens on the ugliness of the War. There is a great ugliness and vultureness underneath, quite American." But Lawrence hoped the good would "triumph in him also."

Himself, he had just completed *Man and Woman*—the collection later to be published as *Look We Have Come Through!*—the only Lawrence book to appear in 1917. The poetic experience that had begun in 1912 culminated there at Zennor: and it speaks much for Lawrence's courage, for his persistence in hope, that he ended on a note of personal victory and gave the poems so defiantly assertive a title. His life may have been overwhelmed with despair, a despair reflected in parts of his work, yet his writings had remained positive, forward-going, full of the wonder of life-seeking. In one of the last of the *Look!* poems, named "Manifesto"—written at Zennor—he spoke of the "strength and affluence" given him by one woman, and "All the rocking wheat of Canada, ripening now, / has not so much of strength as the body of one woman"; he worked out through the poem a principle of union-in-apartness resembling Birkin's "balanced conjunction of two single beings"; in such apartness and conjunction, Lawrence said in this poem, "we shall be free, freer than angels, ah, perfect"; and:

Every human being will then be like a flower, untrammelled . . .
 we shall love, we shall hate,
 but it will be like music, sheer utterance,
 issuing straight out of the unknown,
 the lightning and the rainbow appearing in us unbidden,
 unchecked,
 like ambassadors.

A few days after completing the *Look!* manuscript, Lawrence told Campbell, on February 23:¹¹ "It is spring coming here: already the birds singing and the silveriness in the air. I wish to God it was spring in the world of people." The next day he wrote Catherine Carswell a hortatory and prophetic letter:¹²

To Catherine Carswell from Zennor, "Saturday" [Feb. 24, 1917]

I don't know what to say about you and Carswell. It is misery, and there it is. It has got to be borne, and nothing from outside can help.

But there is this, it won't *really* hurt you, in the long run. Nothing bad will happen *inside* you and Don. Be sure of that. And only misery will hurt outside: not vital damage. One has to make up one's mind to endure, and not lose any faith, or even any triumph. Though the enemy seizes my body for a time, I shall subtly adjust myself so that he pinches me nowhere vitally, and when he is forced to release me again, I am the stronger.

Even, I hope Don will learn the great lesson, really to reject the world of man, as it now is. I hope he will learn the bitter lesson of repudiating his oneness with the rest. You won't be happy with him till then. So be of good courage, and, instead of wishing to shelter him, send him forth to find out which side he really belongs to.

You see, he must not wish to be successful at the law: it is Dead Sea Fruit. So let him taste the fare of the world of which his law is part. Let him eat the crust, since he deserves the crumb. Harden your heart in faith against his suffering, and love him sternly, with hope of a new life and a new world. Love the great spirit of the next even more than you love him—it is the only way.

There is the great act of rejection necessary on his part. You are much nearer to it than he. And you can never do it for him: every man must reject himself from himself, he must perish in the old self, and there is no vicarious perishing. So harden your heart for the last extremity, and you will see what new life comes forth out of this death. "Except a seed fall into the ground and perish. . . ." And this is the perishing. But you have all the while the faith of the new life. Never relinquish that, however beset you are. It matters *more* than love, the faith in the creative spirit. One must have a citadel in one's soul, where one *never* gives in to anything but the supreme faith; not even to love. You have that inside yourself: and he must have it inside himself. He has stood with one foot on each side the Rubicon. Now he will be dragged back into the old world, so his soul will cross over entirely into the new.

. Don't be *innerly* downcast: it will come out as I say. *You* cannot bear

him again out of *your* womb. He must be born of himself out of his own unknown. And your sheltering of him would only *frustrate* his death and re-birth. Your cherishing of him in sleep would only *deny* him his right to real existence. Your desire to foster him and shelter him is *too strong*. It is an enclosing him in an old womb, like a woman who grips her child inside her and won't let it be born.

He must be born of himself, without your ordaining. He must die *his own death*—you can never die it for him—and to attempt to spare him is to take away his great opportunity; as if Mary the Mother of Jesus had snatched him up and saved him from the crucifixion. Here you have no power. He must go down into a separate grave and rise again in pure singleness. *Then* you will be happy together, you and he.

It only needs to have faith which is unshakeable against everything, a faith in the creative unknown.

That letter, written at a period when Lawrence was not regularly exercising his imaginative faculty, has the force of a creative essay. Lawrence perhaps realized, as Rilke did, that letters could be creative; and like Rilke he might have said that "when occasion offered," he "carried on a part of his productivity with letters."

Lawrence told Amy Lowell, on March 23, of a series of essays he was writing: "Hilda Aldington is very sad and suppressed, everything is wrong. I *wish* things would get better. I have done a set of little essays called 'The Reality of Peace,' very important to me. I wish they would come out in America, in which case I shall send them to you." On April 2, Lawrence told Pinker: "Harrison wrote me about the 'Reality of Peace' articles, saying he will do the last three in three consecutive months. I hoped he would have done them all . . . but he says he can't. So I suppose we shall have to swallow this. Perhaps we might place the first four elsewhere . . ." Austin Harrison published three of the essays in the *English Review* in the summer of 1917, but the remaining four have apparently been lost; the three that survived were reprinted in *Phoenix*, but never materialized as a book. In August, Lawrence told Pinker he was writing a new book, *At The Gates*, which was "based upon the more superficial *Reality of Peace*. But this is pure metaphysics, especially later on: and perfectly sound metaphysics, that will stand the attacks of technical philosophers." But Pinker could not place this book, whose manuscript was among those Pinker returned to Lawrence in 1920, when they parted company. It too seems to have disappeared.

In April 1917 Lawrence, leaving Frieda in Cornwall with Esther

Andrews, went to London for about a week. He had gone, via Bristol, by way of Eastwood and Ripley. He was sorry to find Mrs. Hopkin ill at Eastwood, and his sister Emily wretched with diarrhoea at Ripley. It was a time of colitis and collapsing bowels, and when he returned to Cornwall he found Frieda ill too. A letter to Catherine Carswell mentions his own sickness and suggests the unhappy time he had in London:"

To Catherine Carswell from Zennor, Cornwall, April 28, 1917

I didn't come to see you again, because on the Sunday, after I saw you on the Friday, I collapsed with sickness and diarrhoea, and was quite laid up. That was at Kot's. However, on Wednesday I managed to scramble out to Hermitage, to Dollic Radford's cottage, and was better. Last night I got back here: Frieda not at all well: Esther Andrews well.

You were very sad when I saw you: and there seemed nothing that could be said. Things must work themselves out. It is a great weariness. I felt, that as far as peace work, or *any* work for betterment goes, it is useless. One can only gather the single flower of one's own intrinsic happiness, apart and separate. It is the only faithful fulfilment I feel that people *choose* the war, somehow, even those who hate it, *choose* it, choose the state of war, and in their souls provoke more war, even in hating war. So the only thing that can be done is to leave them to it, and to bring forth the flower of one's own happiness, single and apart.

It is so lovely here, now, my seeds have come up, there is a strange joyfulness in the air. For those of us who can become single and alone, all will become perfectly right.

You were queer and sad as the train went off at Leicester Square Station. But don't be sad. In the innermost soul there is happiness, apart from everything.

Come and stay here if ever you can, and if you feel like it.

Frieda sends her love, Esther Andrews wishes to be remembered. I think Frieda has some inflammation of the bowels. I have sent for the doctor. It is rather a worry.

Write and let me know how you are.

Mrs. Carswell left a record of the Lawrences' house guest, who "was unhappy, and in the strength of her unhappiness could not resist attaching herself to Lawrence and trying to match her strength against Frieda's—disastrously to herself." Mrs. Carswell, who had "heard the particulars from both Lawrence and Frieda," found the report of this

affair in Mabel Dodge Luhan's *Lorenzo in Taos* "both misleading and incorrect." Mrs. Luhan said Frieda had told her that in this affair Lawrence had been "unfaithful" to her for the first time, adding "with a kind of bitter triumph" that "it was unsuccessful." Frieda, sniffing mischief, "showed the girl to the door," the last phrase being an *East Lynne* touch of the kind frequently used by Mrs. Luhan, who in reporting conversations is somewhat on the transalpine side of Ford Madox Ford and just barely on the cisalpine side of Frank Harris.

The complications in Lawrence's life in Cornwall in 1917 increased when the military authorities called him again in June. On the 23rd he left Frieda at the doorway of the stone cottage, at seven in the morning, and as he set off across the fields he told her he would be back by nightfall. And this time his humiliation was indeed briefer. At Bodmin Barracks it took the doctors only two hours to tell him that, although he was "unfit," the day of rejections had passed; he would be put into C 3, light non-military service. But he was confident that so many men were eager to perform C 3 duties that he would not be disturbed. A two hours' ordeal was all that day, two hours of being squeezed, auscultated, and peeped into, and then he was home as prophesied by nightfall.

It was at about this time that Lawrence and the neighboring young farmer, William Henry Hocking, developed an intense friendship. In *Kangaroo*, Lawrence gave the young farmer the name of John Thomas Buryan. Catherine Carswell, who discussed the matter with Lawrence, explained this Cornish friendship as a sacramental matter; he made it plain to her that "the sin against the Holy Ghost" was not involved. He would often go to the Hockings' farm at night to talk to William Henry and give French lessons to his younger brother, Stanley. It was like old times at the Hagg's. And Lawrence worked with them in the fields, talking of philosophy or of earthy matters, just as in the past with the Chambers family, in the hayfield at Greasley. The Hocking girls, Mabel and Mary, would bring dinners in a basket, and they would all sit together eating on the stony moorland. Mr. Chambers might almost be expected to appear and say, "Work goes like fun when Bert's here." Indeed, William Henry Hocking remembered, in his 1953 talk on B.B.C., that he had once told Lawrence, "You're getting more like us every day." Lawrence tried to show the Hockings how to tie corn sheaves in the style of the Midlands, but they preferred the Cornish method.

Sometimes Frieda would go to tea ("croust") at the farm, but the family never felt at ease with the grand lady as they did with her hus-

band. The Hockings were among the Lawrences' few friends in Cornwall, along with Katie Berryman of Zennor, from whom they got bread and baked rabbit and saffron cakes; she remained their friend when even the Hockings were affected by the growing hostility to the red-bearded man and his German wife. The Cornish people suspected them of provisioning German submarine crews on that coast, though as Frieda has pointed out, they could not have spared even a biscuit a day, in their poverty, even if they had been in touch with those crews. But they were suspected of all kinds of spying activities. One day, Coast Guards leaped out at them from behind a bush on the moors and accused Frieda of carrying a camera: "I opened the rucksack and held the loaf of bread under their noses. I had to show my contempt, if they hanged me for it the next moment." This was only one incident among many: the poison of suspicion began to eat into the simplest acts of their lives. Once when Frieda felt ecstatic on the seashore and began to run about gaily, her white scarf waving in the wind, Lawrence cried out, "Stop it, stop it, you fool! Can't you see that they'll think you're signaling to the enemy!"

The sly, small Cornish eyes that Katherine Mansfield had written of were now fixed on the Lawrences at all hours. Testimony to the effect that the Cornish "suspicion of foreigners was beyond belief" at this time appears in the autobiography (*Adventures of a Bookseller*, 1937) of Giuseppe Orioli, who first met Lawrence there in Cornwall. He remembered "a nice old woman at Zennor" who, although she had lost no relatives in the war, said she would like to hang the Kaiser and eat his heart. (Frieda: "I, the Hunwife in a foreign country!") Orioli also knew in Cornwall a lecturer on Italian art who had years before married an Englishwoman and given up his native German citizenship to become an Englishman. But the Cornish people followed him when he went for walks on the moors and, with the immunity and the aura of heroism bestowed upon snoopers in times of hysteria, they searched his cottage whenever they pleased. His heart was too weak to permit him to walk into the nearest town, Penzance, and after the local merchants refused to deliver groceries to him, some girls Orioli knew used to bring food out to him. One day the police found a note he had left for the girls; his pathetically simple desire for a harmless confection cost him his life, for his persecutors insisted that *macaroons* was a code word for the petrol with which he was supposed to be supplying enemy submarines: "From that day onwards he was tortured by them into such a state of depression and misery that he killed himself."

Such stories indicate that Lawrence imagined no single inch of his

own persecution. It might have been bad for him to have gone to Florida, but nothing could have been worse than Cornwall then. On August 10 he wrote Catherine Carswell:²¹ "Did I tell you we've got a piano—old, red silk front—five guineas—nice old musty twang with it." But even this battered old instrument became a source of trouble, for when Lawrence and Frieda pounded out Hebridean folk songs on it and sang the words, the local Celts thought these were German words—not that the Lawrences had not defiantly sung a few *lieder*. But by this time the guilt-by-association technique had reached almost to the breaking point. The final episode of the Cornish troubles occurred at the home of Cecil Gray, the young man who had given Lawrence and Frieda the Hebridean music, of which he had made a professional study.

Gray was a composer and a friend of Philip Heseltine. Heseltine reappeared in Cornwall in April without bringing his bride of a few months. He settled in a cottage between Penzance and Zennor and once again began praising Lawrence's work: he now wrote his friends about the greatness of the "peacc" essays. But he became uneasy when, in the summer, the authorities began to tighten the conscription laws. Gray in his autobiography, *Musical Chairs* (1848), said that Heseltine had a "nervous disorder" and a medical certificate that guaranteed him permanent exemption; but he fled to Ireland in August and stayed there till the war was nearly over.

In Cornwall, Gray had moved into Bosigran Castle, just above the cliffs in a wild corner of the coast. The Lawrences went there to dinner in October on a night Lawrence was to memorialize in *Kangaroo*. Some men burst in: "You are showing a light." Gray later recalled that wind had disturbed one of the curtains so that a flickering light was there to convince the snoopers that Gray and the Lawrences were communicating with a submarine. Frieda rejoiced that some of the men had, while listening under the windows, fallen into mud. She remembered that when the intruders clumped in, "Lawrence just looked at those men. What a manly job was theirs. . . ."

Gray had to pay "a vindictively heavy fine"; the Lawrences had a different punishment. On the morning of October 12—their cottage had been ransacked during their absence the day before—an army officer appeared with a policeman from St. Ives, who had been forced to visit the Lawrences before and liked them, and with two detectives whom Lawrence described as louts and dogs. Although reminded that they had been over Lawrence's papers the day before, the "detective louts" began prying again, finding such trophies as the meaningless word-

sounds of the Hebridean "Seal Woman's Song" and a book with suspicious diagrams, Lawrence's college botany notebook with his poems written in the blank pages. The immune investigators peeped into cupboards, ruffled the bedclothes, and looked into the clock. Then the officer read out an order: the Lawrences must leave Cornwall within three days, must avoid living in any "prohibited area," and must report to the police wherever they moved. Lawrence asked the officer the reason for this and was told, "You know better than I do." When Frieda exploded about "English justice," Lawrence told her to be silent. "He was so terribly quiet, but the iron of England had stabbed his soul once more, and I knew he suffered more than I."

Not long after, Lawrence described the experience in a letter to Sir Montague Shearman, Judge of the King's Bench, friend of Campbell and Gertler: "We don't know in the least why this has taken place. Of course my wife was corresponding with her people in Germany, through a friend in Switzerland—but through the ordinary post." Lawrence was perhaps too ingenuous when, on the day of the order of ejection, he wrote Cynthia Asquith, "I cannot even conceive how I have incurred suspicion—have not the faintest notion," though he was entirely correct in saying, "We are as innocent of pacifist activities, let alone spying of any sort as the rabbits in the field outside."

But the military officials had an order signed by Major General Sir William George Balfour Western, grizzled hero of several African campaigns and of the current war, in which he had been wounded. To him at his desk in Salisbury, the Lawrences were names on a piece of paper necessary to sign for the sake of administrative order; the Cornish people—capable, Gray wrote, of "the purest form of disinterested, impersonal malevolence that I have ever encountered"—had prepared their case well; there was no appeal; the Lawrences left Cornwall on October 15.

William Henry Hocking drove them to the station; he had become cautious, and some of his family had avoided saying farewell to the departing exiles. In *Kangaroo*, Lawrence described graphically the trip to London on the Great Western Express, the train full of singing soldiers and sailors from Plymouth. The wife was relieved to get out of Cornwall, but the husband "sat there feeling he had been killed. . . . He had always *believed* so in everything—society, love, friends. This was one of his serious deaths in belief."

Frieda said in her memoir, "When we were turned out of Cornwall, something changed in Lawrence forever."

VI

Lawrence had telegraphed Dollie Radford to ask whether he and Frieda might briefly find refuge at her home when they arrived in London. Mrs. Radford was frightened, but she took them in. On October 16, his second night in London, Lawrence called on Lady Cynthia Asquith at her wartime residence in Portman Mansions. She noted in her diary, "He looks terribly ill—as though every nerve in his body were exposed." He was in a railing mood, for he had to report to the police. That experience, however, amused him, for the police had never heard of the Lawrences; they apparently worked "none too smoothly with the military." In writing of this to Gray, he again saw London in the image of hell; people were no longer people, but "factors, really ghastly, like lemures, evil spirits of the dead. What shall we do, how shall we get out of this Inferno?"

A letter to Catherine Carswell dated only "Monday" (probably October 22 or 29) from 44 Mecklenburgh Square—a house famous for its literary residents, a house bombed in two world wars—reported: "Hilda Aldington has lent us her room here for the time—a very nice room. So far as housing goes, we are safe and sound for the moment." As to Cornwall, "I know nothing further about my 'case,' so far but Cynthia Asquith is making enquiries, and I hope to get it settled. I want to go back to Cornwall before Christmas." A few days later, he told Mrs. Carswell that Rananim was on again, shifted now to South America. As soon as they could break free, "we shall sail away to our Island—at present in the Andes . . . Eder knows the country *well*." The Rananim personnel now included Dr. and Mrs. Eder, "William Henry and Gray, and probably Hilda Aldington, and maybe Kot and Dorothy Yorke." He hoped the Carswells would go too, though Mrs. Carswell was expecting a child.

Dorothy Yorke, an interesting addition to the Lawrence group, was an American girl whom they all called Arabella. Like H. D., she was from Pennsylvania; Hilda Doolittle was a native of Bethlehem, Dorothy Yorke of nearby Reading. She was, in that year of 1917, twenty-five, six years younger than H. D. Some of the similarities and differences between the two women are perhaps suggested in Aldington's novel, *Death of a Hero*.

When the Lawrences lived in the Aldingtons' room at the front of the Mecklenburgh Square house, on the first floor, Dorothy Yorke stayed in the attic: it was all "very jolly," Lawrence afterward recalled. Dorothy had been brought to the place by the journalist John Cournos,

who had left for Petrograd with Hugh Walpole and other members of the Anglo-Russian Commission, shortly before the Lawrences departed from Cornwall. Cournos, a native Russian, had met Dorothy Yorke when he was trying to bring *la vie de bohème* to Philadelphia before the war. At nineteen she was, he remembered in his *Autobiography*, "tall, slender, graceful; with black copper-tinged hair; with brown eyes; with high, and as it were, carven cheekbones; her complexion was what I would call flushed, and . . . she had, I thought, a quiet restrained beauty, with an exotic flavor." This is Lawrence's Josephine Ford, of *Aaron's Rod*, "a cameo-like girl with neat black hair done tight and bright in the French mode. She had strangely-drawn eyebrows, and her colour was brilliant." Lawrence described her as licking "her rather full, dry red lips with the rapid tip of her tongue. It was an odd movement, suggesting a snake's flicker." Her quietness "had the dangerous impassivity of the Bohemian, Parisian or American, rather than English." Cournos had fallen violently in love with her, and she returned his affection at times. Whenever he thought he had shaken himself free of her, malicious coincidence would bring them together again: unaware that she was even in Europe, he would bump into her on the street in Paris or London. After the last of these encounters, in 1917, she assured him she loved him intensely; but when he returned after the Russian Revolution had brought his mission to an end, she informed him that she was in love with one of his closest friends.

Richard Aldington has more than once complained that the people who helped Lawrence in 1917 found themselves "mercilessly satirized" a few years later in *Aaron's Rod*. Besides Dorothy Yorke as Josephine, Aldington is apparently Robert Cunningham ("a fresh, stoutish Englishman in khaki . . . He drank red wine in large throatfuls"); Hilda Aldington is Robert's wife Julia ("a tall stag of a thing" who "sat hunched up like a witch . . . She had dragged her brown hair into straight, untidy strands. Yet she had real beauty"); Cecil Gray is Cyril Scott ("a fair, pale, fattish young fellow in pince-nez and dark clothes"); and Augustus John is the artist Struthers, who showed poor manners by talking through an opera performance—Cynthia Asquith recalled that performance, and stopping with Lawrence, on the way, at John's studio, where Lawrence chanted, "Let the DEAD PAINT THE DEAD!"—and John in his *Chiaroscuro* remembered that at the end of the opera, "Lawrence announced that he would like to howl like a dog." Lawrence, writing *Aaron's Rod* in Berkshire the following spring (he finished it in Italy in 1921), drew heavily upon the London of late 1917, but if he satirized acquaintances and people who befriended him,

he also made fun of himself, as Rawdon Lilly, particularly in the chapter "A Punch in the Wind," in which Jim Bricknell plants his fist in the stomach of the "windbag" prophet.

This was an actual occurrence at the Radfords' cottage in Berkshire, where the Lawrences had moved in December after the Aldingtons requested to have their flat again. Lawrence had spent Christmas in the Midlands, and then he and Frieda stayed at Hermitage for the first quarter of 1918. And it was there they received a visit from the man who became Jim Bricknell in *Aaron's Rod*, one of Lawrence's most successful comic characters. Lawrence introduced him first at Shottle House, another of those variants of Lamb Close. He gave Jim an Irish mother—an important touch—and for a father, a man quite different from any of the Cambridge-educated Barbers: Alfred Bricknell was Alfred Brentnall, who used to torment the boy Lawrence at the colliery pay offices. Lawrence, it will be remembered, had already portrayed him, in all his nastiness, in *Sons and Lovers*; now, in putting him into the mine-owner's house, beard and Derbyshire accent and all, Lawrence was perhaps suggesting that lower types of people were now creeping into high places, a favorite theme for twentieth-century novelists. He also made the son, Jim, crude. In the "Punch in the Wind Chapter," Jim invited himself, by telegram, to visit Lilly and his Norwegian wife, Tanny, at their "labourer's cottage" in the country. He was an ex-officer who had become "a sort of socialist, and a red-hot revolutionary of a very ineffectual sort." He felt Lilly was the only man in England who could "save" him, though he was unable to answer Lilly's question, "From what?" He had visions that told him Japan and Ireland were "the two poles of this world"; when asked what kind of visions, he could only retort that they were indescribable. He ate continually, and when not devouring a meal kept chewing pieces of bread, as if to fill his inner hollowness, and through it all kept wheezing how splendid Christ was, how wonderful sacrifice could be. Lilly finally told him he wished he would leave. Jim's love was messiness: "It wouldn't matter if you did no harm. But when you stagger and stumble down a road, out of sheer sloppy relaxation of your will"—and this is when Jim delivered his punch in the wind: "I knew I should have to do it, if he said any more." In one of Lawrence's best comic scenes, Lilly sat fighting to regain his breath without letting the other two know he had lost it, while Jim kept saying that he liked Lilly "better than any man I've ever known," as Tanny reproved her husband and asked him what he expected.

The original of Jim Bricknell was the son of a field marshal who was one of the successful British generals in the Boer War, in which his

son had also fought, as a member of the Gordon Highlanders. This son, Captain James Robert White (1879-1886), helped organize the Irish Citizen Army at the time of the transport workers' strike in Dublin in 1913. Living conditions for the working class there had been so notably bad that, when the strike began, the men had the sympathy of most of the world; but they soon alienated much of this because of the violence of their army, trained by Captain Jack White in the use of hurleys. Like Jim Bricknell, Captain White was not permitted to live in Ireland for a time. Lawrence met him in London, when White was conducting meetings on behalf of the strikers, and the acquaintance continued. White worked with the Red Cross in France during the First World War, but in 1916 served three months' imprisonment for trying to organize a miners' strike in Wales to prevent the execution of James Connolly. White wrote several pamphlets on politics and, in 1930, an autobiography which caused one reviewer to suggest that if Captain White were trying to portray himself as a blackguard, much of the black might be burned cork. The book had the appropriately Bricknellish title, *Misfit*.

The violent Jack White was not the only man of action Lawrence knew at this time. It is not easy to think of him working for Soviet Russia, but in a letter of February 16, 1918, Lawrence suggested to Catherine Carswell that he might assist Maxim Litvinov, recently appointed the first Soviet ambassador to the Court of St. James. When the British refused to oust the Czarist officials from the embassy, the Litvinovs set up a "people's embassy" in offices at 21 Victoria Street and asked for volunteer help. Lawrence told Mrs. Carswell:¹¹ "If you see Ivy tell her from me I'm so glad Litvinov has got this office: I hope she'll become a full-blood ambassadress, I do. It pleases me immensely. I sit here and say bravo. I almost feel like asking Litvinov if I can't help—but I don't suppose I'm of much use at this point. Tell Ivy, if there is anything interesting, I do wish she'd write"—and evidently the matter ended there. (When *Women in Love* came out a few years later, Litvinov may have been surprised to find in it a minor character named Maxim Libidnikov, though this may have been partly a portrait of Koteliansky.)

On the same day, Lawrence wrote Gertler:¹² "I didn't like your last letter about women—viz. prostitution. I have an aesthetical or physical aversion from prostitutes—they smell in my inward nostrils." He was writing his "American" essays, but doubted they would "ever be published while this world stands. True, it seems cracking. But curse the old show, it will go on cracking for another century without tumbling

down." Dollie Radford—whose husband was going mad—now wanted her cottage again: "I am at the dead end of my money, and can't raise the wind in any direction. Do you think you might know of somebody who would give us something to keep us going a bit. It makes me swear—such a damned, mean, narrow-gutted, pitiful, crawling, mongrel world that daren't have a man's work and won't even allow him to live." He had been suffering for three weeks with a sore throat, "which gives me a qucer feeling as if I was blind." It was an evil world: "Nowadays one can do nothing but glance behind to see who is creeping up to do something horrible to the back of one's neck." Toward the end of their stay in London, the Lawrences had known they were under continual surveillance: Aldington, Gray, and other visitors had found detectives in the hall. There had been parties at Mecklenburgh Square, and poets arguing, and charades such as the one of the Garden of Eden which Frieda remembered: "Lawrence was the Lord, H. D. was the tree, Richard Aldington waving a large chrysanthemum was Adam, and I was the serpent, and a little scared at my part"—but the real serpent was the spy beyond the door. Even in Berkshire, the Lawrences were under scrutiny, and detectives had also gone to Professor Weekley to ask whether he had any information he might lodge against Frieda. She saw her son, Montague, at this time, in the uniform of the Officers' Training Corps, and shocked him by saying, "Let me hide you somewhere in a cave or in a wood, I don't want you to go and fight, I don't want you to be killed in this stupid war."

Lawrence loved Berkshire. He wrote of the beauty of the place in *Aaron's Rod* under the name of Hampshire, and in *Kangaroo* under the disguise of Oxfordshire. In his long story, "The Fox," he described the region under its own name, and mentioned White Horse Hill in the western distance. For his human figures in that story Lawrence took two girls he knew at Grimsbury Farms, near Hermitage. He and Frieda used to stay at Grimsbury when dislodged from the Radfords'. In "The Fox," first written in 1918 and put into final form in Sicily in 1921, these girls—whose real names were Violet Monk and Cecily Lambert—became Nellie March and Jill Banford. Jill Banford may also be partly taken from Dollie Radford's daughter, Margaret, whom Lawrence disliked. Comically enough, the fox-like Lawrence was continually complaining in his letters that Margaret Radford wanted to drive him away from Hermitage, and this was precisely what she wanted to do in the story, though she failed there. But in life, Lawrence had to leave his beloved Berkshire, of which he had written to Cecil Gray that winter: "I

no longer want the sea, the space, the abstraction. There is something living and rather splendid about trees . . . I never knew how soothing trees are—many trees, and patches of open sunlight, and tree-presences—it is almost like having another being. At the moment the thought of the sea makes me verily shudder."

His next move was north, back to the Midlands. On April 3 he wrote Catherine Carswell that he and Frieda were going to Ripley to visit Ada for a week; she had located a cottage for them near Wirksworth, the ancestral home of the Beardsalls, in Derbyshire. Lawrence said to Mrs. Carswell: "Oh God, the bombs! One fell in the garden of 42, Mecklenburgh Square—all back windows smashed in 44. Thankful we weren't there." But he also had more cheerful news, concerning his unpublished manuscript: "Did I tell you George Moore read *Women in Love*, and says it is a great book, and that I am a better writer than himself. That is really astounding."

Lawrence and Frieda liked the cottage near Wirksworth and returned south while Ada made arrangements to rent it, at her expense, for a year. Back at Hermitage, Lawrence read Gibbon and was "quite happy with those old Roman emperors"—indeed, he was happy with all of Gibbon, upon whom he drew extensively for the history textbook he was soon to write. He abandoned *Aaron's Rod* for a time and began to get ready two volumes of poems for the press: *Bay*, which did not come out till 1919, and *New Poems*, the only book of his to be published in 1918. His single published volume of the preceding year, *Look! We Have Come Through!*, had not been charitably handled by the reviewers; in December 1917 he had complained to Amy Lowell, "As usual the critics fall on me: the Times says 'the Muse can only turn away her face in pained distaste.' Poor Muse, I feel as if I have affronted a white-haired old spinster with weak eyes." Lawrence could not have known Bertrand Russell's comment on the volume, a copy of which Ottoline Morrell showed him one day after breakfast; Lady Ottoline's daughter, Mrs. Vinogradoff, has in a letter recalled Russell's "saying in his nasal dry voice: 'They may have come through, but I don't see why I should look.'"

Lawrence's writing, indeed, met with little encouragement, public or private, in these years. When he had been in the Midlands a little more than a month he wrote Gertler from Mountain Cottage:

To Mark Gertler from Middleton, Derbys., June 14, 1918

I got your letter yesterday—bloody, things are. I have just filled in forms of application for money—help from the Royal Literary Fund—

but I was not very polite and cringing, so probably shall get nothing. Curse them, that's all—curse them once more, fat fleas of literature that they are.

I got military papers from Cornwall to be medically re-examined—sent them back—but expect any day to have more from Derby. Again curse them.—I will not be made to do any serving of any sort, however. Your “commission” is another hope for roping you in. Blast it all. There is no hope on earth—not the slightest hope from the people up here, I assure you.

I don't know about coming to London—don't know what I shall or can do—don't know anything—am awfully fed [up?]. Tell Kot I may flee down and hide with him—God knows. How is he? Is he metamorphosing into some sort of unnatural ichthyosaurus now—some black-crested lizard—in his No. 5 [Acacia Road] isolation? The house is like a cave.—I thought you were coming to see us—can't you manage it?—Oh God!

We are spending a day in the place where I was born—Eastwood. For the first time in my life I feel quite aimiably [*sic*] towards it—I have always hated it. Now I don't.

I haven't got any news. We are both well. I am not working at the moment—don't want to.

Would you send this letter to Mary Cannan? She helped me last time, in getting money from the Royal Literary Fund—perhaps she would again.

I'll write again, let us hope in better form.

Lawrence had previously told Cynthia Asquith that he felt like Ovid in his Thracian exile, despite the beauty of the Midlands setting, the hillside cottage above the gorge known as the Via Gellia: “It is in the darkish Midlands,” he told Mrs. Carswell, “on the rim of a steep deep valley, looking over the darkish, folded hills—exactly the navel of England, and feels exactly that.”

Dorothy Yorke was a visitor in June and went back to London “in tears and grief,” quite in the spirit of her counterpart, Josephine Ford, in *Aaron's Rod*. At this time, Lawrence asked Gertler how Ottoline Morrell was and whether “she would like to see us again—if we went to Garsington? I feel somehow, that perhaps we might”—a complete change of tune from the complaints to Gertler, only three months before, about the “old carrion” who was trying to prevent the publication of *Women in Love*. It would be easy to say that Lawrence was weary of cold and lonely cottages and that he longed for the warm and spacious Garsington: it would be easy to say that, if so much proof of Lawrence's

truculent independence were not at hand. Actually, he liked Ottoline Morrell, despite the faults he found in her. But it took him ten years to become her friend again.

Recent experiences which had embittered him with democracy had increased his respect for aristocrats. He told Cecil Gray on July 3 that he was to write a history textbook for the Oxford Press; he was "in a historical mood" and felt that men had not changed much over the centuries; most of the species he found contemptible and in need of "proper ruling" by a few capable individuals. But this was "impossible, because they can only be ruled as they are willing to be ruled: and that is swinishly or hypocritically." These ideas are implicit in the book Lawrence wrote, and they account for some strong objections to it, particularly his concluding passage which says that the salvation of Europe will depend on "one great chosen figure" who will be "supreme over the will of the people." And throughout, Lawrence praises the strong man, even Bismarck, whom the English were at that time blaming for so many of their troubles; Lawrence found him "remarkably great." Attila, to whom Lawrence years later wrote an admiring poem, is dramatized as "a haughty little creature" who "had a prancing way of walking, and he rolled his eyes fiercely, filling the onlookers with terror, enjoying the terror he inspired." Part of Gibbon's description of Attila will indicate some of Lawrence's immense debt to his predecessor: "The haughty step and demeanour of the king of the Huns expressed the consciousness of his superiority above the rest of mankind; and he had a custom of fiercely rolling his eyes, as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired."

Other passages reveal other close derivations, though Lawrence also put a good deal of himself into that book, which is far more vivid than the usual school text. A publisher friend of Lawrence's, H. Vere Collins, in a letter to the author, says he was impressed with Lawrence's knowledge of history and "suggested that he should not write a formal, connected, text-book, but a series of vivid sketches of movements and people. He suggested *Movements in European History* for the title. I thought that good. I then induced my chief, Humphrey Milford (later Sir Humphrey Milford), Publisher to the University of Oxford, to give me leave to encourage him to do a book to be offered to the Oxford University Press." When the book was finished, early in 1919, "Milford sent it to Oxford to be read by one or more of the history specialists. I believe it was approved by C. L. Fletcher (who was a Delegate of the Clarendon Press). The only criticisms made, so far as I can remember, were of some small details of dates and names." Lawrence agreed to a

pseudonym on the title page: when the book appeared in 1921, its authorship was ascribed to Lawrence H. Davison, though later editions bore Lawrence's correct name.

While Lawrence was working on the book, he and Frieda escaped from Middleton for a while, in August 1918, to London (as usual "boring and stultifying"), to Hermitage, and to the Forest of Dean for a visit to the Carswells. Lawrence, whose only pair of trousers was extensively patched, was more youthfully gay than the Carswells had ever seen him. He made much over their three-months'-old baby, John Patrick Carswell, for whom Frieda embroidered a colored frock; Lawrence dedicated his poem "War Baby" to little John Carswell. He later used the setting—the vicarage where the Carswells then lived—for his story "The Blind Man," in which Mrs. Carswell became Isabel Previn.

Soon after his return to Middleton, Lawrence wrote Donald Carswell, on September 11:¹¹ "To-day being my 33rd birthday—sacred year—comes the papers calling me up for medical re-examination. I am determined to do nothing more at the bidding of these swine." The following day he wrote Cynthia Asquith to ask her help in obtaining some war work for him: "I can type, rather badly—not shorthand." This was the lowest mark of his fortunes: "Surely I am a valuable person," he assured Lady Cynthia. He also wrote Arnold Bennett at the Ministry of Information; could Bennett find some work for him, since Bennett considered him a "genius"? Frieda recalled that Bennett replied that this was no reason he should give Lawrence work, and Catherine Carswell reasonably commented that certainly Lawrence's genius would be a handicap in any position Bennett had at his disposal. Lawrence should take up schoolmastering, Mrs. Carswell felt, but wondered "what school would open its door to a man whose book had suffered public prosecution for obscenity?" Lawrence did not discover till some years later that, in his behalf, Bennett had privately given some money to Pinker.

On September 26 Lawrence reported for medical examination in a big schoolroom in Derby. The account of this ordeal in *Kangaroo*, as the experience of Somers, is thorough and intense. "He stood there with his ridiculous thin legs, in his ridiculous thin jacket, but he did not feel a fool." Here, among his own people, he had been treated insolently ("his appearance had been anticipated, and they wanted to count him out") as he had not been treated at the medical examinations in Cornwall. Now he kept his face composed, though he knew it was white, and "the slight lifting of his nose, like a dog's disgust, the heavy, unshakeable watchfulness of his eyes brought even the judgment-table

to silence: even the puppy doctors." Not until he walked out, "with his jacket about his thin legs, and his beard in front of him," did they lift "their heads for a final jeer." If Lawrence-Somers had felt a bit persecuted, he could hardly be blamed. And although the people of his own Midlands were not the sly peepers of Cornwall, even there in Nottingham and Derby they felt the war as something more than a drain on manpower and food supplies: there had been a munitions factory explosion in Nottingham in July, while in the previous year Scotland Yard had uncovered in Derby a plot among pacifists to assassinate Lloyd George. Lawrence, however much he may have ruffled the suspicions of fervent patriots of the time, knew his own essential innocence; but like many a man before and after him, he was a victim, in a time of panic, of oversimple minds driving themselves to viciousness.

In *Kangaroo*, Lawrence-Somers saw human bodies being handled as if they were furniture, and determined that he would never "be touched again. And because they had handled his private parts, and looked into them, their eyes should burst and their hands should wither and their hearts should rot." When Lawrence returned home to Mountain Cottage after the medical examination, he wrote Cynthia Asquith that "these accursed people" would never "paw" him again. He asked her once again for help, perhaps to find him a job at the Ministry of Education; he had had enough of being "kicked about like an old can . . . If these military *canaille* call me up for any of their filthy jobs—I am graded for sedentary work—I shall just remove myself and be a deserter." On the same night he wrote Mrs. Carswell that he was "done with society and humanity—Labour and Military alike can go to hell"; he had "a jolly good personal life, with a few people who are friends, and the rest can do as they like."

His bitterness was never against life itself, but against the stupid things people did with life. His anger was at the money-changers in the temple, and not at the temple; not even, indeed, at money itself. And except for his bursts of anger, he was usually "jolly" himself. Even at this sour time, when he went to London again, the sick Katherine Mansfield reported in a letter that Lawrence, who came to her bedside day after day to cheer her, "was just his old, merry, rich self, laughing, describing things, giving you pictures, full of enthusiasm and joy in a future where we become all 'vagabonds' . . . Oh, there is something so loveable about him and his eagerness, his passionate eagerness for life—that is what one loves so." Katherine Mansfield, the former mocker at Rananim, now seemed almost to share in the dream of it. Murry, coming home wearily from his work at the War Office, felt "out of it" when

he heard all this gay talk of a new life in another country. A specialist had told him, but not Katherine, that with care she might live another four or five years: "You couldn't begin a new life in a new country on such slender capital."

Lawrence and Frieda had influenza in London, and in November were at Hermitage, recovering. They had intended not to go back to Derbyshire, but now Lawrence contemplated a return, probably because their flight had angered the rent-paying Ada. From Hermitage he wrote Amy Lowell about the play he had recently finished, *Touch and Go*, a quasi-sequel to *Women in Love*, with some of the same characters but with none of the power of the novel. "Not wicked but too good is probably the sigil of its doom," he wrote to Amy Lowell about the play, which Katherine Mansfield found "*black with miners*."

The Armistice overtook the Lawrences at Hermitage. In *Kangaroo*, Somers and Harriet "sang German songs, in the cottage, away there in the country: and she cried—and he wondered what now." Richard Aldington has taken this to mean that the Lawrences spent the night of November 11 there, but David Garnett has insisted they were at Sir Montague Shearman's party at his flat in the Adelphi, a party of which Sir Osbert Sitwell and others have written. Most of Bloomsbury wandered in and out, or went to their old headquarters at 46 Gordon Square. Garnett has recalled that Lawrence delivered a tirade against the war, at Shearman's. "It was a remarkable day," Garnett has written the author (August 28, 1852), "and every event in it is clear. I had started that day by going to work as an agricultural labourer. It struck me that evening that my personal liberation was arriving fast, and naturally I was in no mood for Lawrence's jeremiad." Elsewhere Garnett has written that, amid the glitter and happy turbulence of that party, Lawrence "held forth on the worse and more destructive war which would follow immediately," all this declaimed "in a spirit of hellish prophecy and hate." It is possible that Lawrence moved up the Second World War by some twenty years. At least he should be given credit for seeing, through the saturnalia of Armistice night, that the old war had settled nothing. It took even the brilliant and expert Keynes, who was also at that party, several months to discover this.

VII

After the Armistice, Frieda stayed on for a while in London, while Lawrence dutifully returned to Derbyshire. From there he wrote Katherine Mansfield a series of eight remarkable letters in the lyric vein, beginning with a description of his arrival, at the end of Novem-

ber, on a pouring black night, and of the local coachman waiting with what he called the "Vektawry," then the dark trip "through a rustle of waters" to the cottage, where the neighbor, Mrs. Doxey, had a fire in the grate, and tea ready. The next morning found "the world rather Macbeth-looking—brownish little strokes of larch trees above, the bracken brown and curly, disappearing below the house into shadowy gloom"—and most of these letters to the sick girl in London continued in this vein. When writing to her, Lawrence was thinking creatively, imaginatively, and ideas he later used in stories began to spring up through his prose. Once, for example, Lawrence told Katherine, after a heavy fall of snow, of a pheasant that had crept near their house for shelter: the description of this pheasant ("his green head and his long, pointed feathers . . . clear as he is and formal on the snow") should be matched with that of the peacock Lawrence wrote of to Cynthia Asquith, a crying peacock he dreamed of as being mauled in mid-air by two dogs until it fell to earth and "a woman came running out of a cottage not far off, saying it would be all right"; these memories and images were, in fusion, probably the motive for his writing the story "Wintry Peacock." In another of the letters to Katherine Mansfield, Lawrence told of a December train ride between Wirksworth and Ripley, when he saw the flames of the iron works at night from Butterley reservoir, and on the railway platform "everything was lit up red—there was a man with dark red brows, odd, not a human being. I could write a story about him. He makes me think of Ashurbanipal." And Lawrence did write a story beginning, "Flame-lurid his face as he turned among the throng of flame-lit and dark faces upon the platform"—the story "Fannie and Annie," which like "Wintry Peacock" was included in the *England, My England* collection in 1922.

In a letter written apparently in early December of 1918, Lawrence mentioned to Mrs. Carswell another of his efforts of the time:² "I have written four little essays for the Times—'Education of the People'—good, but most revolutionary. Still, as it is Education, not politics, Freeman might print them"—but he did not. George Sydney Freeman, editor of the educational supplement of the *Times*, returned the essays to Lawrence with the suggestion that they be made into a book; Lawrence apparently rewrote them in Sicily in 1920, but for publication they had to await the posthumous *Phoenix* volume. Lawrence's motive in writing the first draft of these essays, in the late autumn of 1918, was probably that he wanted to establish himself as something of an authority on education in order to obtain an administrative position in that field.

In an unpublished letter of December 6, 1918 to Eleanor Farjeon's brother Herbert, Lawrence asks to borrow the Everyman's edition of *Legends of Charlemagne* (by Bulfinch) for his history volume, but he does not seem to have used it as a source.

Frieda returned from London in time for that Christmas of 1918, which she and Lawrence spent at Ripley. It was a Merrie England Christmas party, with young and old celebrating vigorously. Then, on the day after Christmas, some of them went "roaring off in the dark wind to Dr. Feroze's—he is a Parsee—and drank two more bottles of muscatel, and danced in his big empty room till we were staggered, and quite dazed." Lawrence, never one to let an interesting character go to waste, used Dr. Feroze in the second chapter of *Aaron's Rod*, in which (in Christmas season) "the little greenish man, evidently an Oriental"—and also a doctor—has an argument with Aaron in a pub. Aaron felt a menace in the man's "black, void, glistening eyes."

After Christmas, Lawrence felt "infuriated to think of the months ahead, when one waits paralyzed for some sort of release," he told Katherine Mansfield. "I feel caged somehow—and I *cannot* find out how to earn enough to keep us—and it maddens me." He still felt the pull of America, as he told Amy Lowell in a letter written after he returned home the following day:⁴

To Amy Lowell from Middleton, Derbys., Dec. 28, 1918

Why haven't we heard from you for so long? Did you get my "New Poems"? You have not written since October, I believe, not since you sent Can Grande.

Christmas is over now, and we must prepare for a New Year. I hope it will be a real new year, and a new start altogether. The old has been bad enough.—I was in London in November—saw Richard, who was on leave. He is very fit, looking forward to peace and freedom. Hilda also is in town—not so very well. She is going to have another child, it appears. I hope she will be all right. Perhaps she can get more settled, for her nerves are very shaken: and perhaps the child will soothe her and steady her. I hope it will.

England is wintry and uncongenial. Towards summer time, I want to come to America. I feel that I want to be in a new country. I expect we shall go to Switzerland or Germany when Peace is signed. Frieda wants to see her people. Her brother-in-law is now Minister of Finance to the Bavarian republic, one of my friends is something else important, and F's cousin—Hartmann von Richthofen, whom they turned out of the Reichstag six months ago, because he wanted peace—he is now a

moving figure in Berlin. So Germany will be quite exciting for us. But I want to come to America: I don't know why. But the land itself draws me.

We shall see you there. What are you doing in the meantime?—are you coming over here? And why haven't you written a line.

Remember us to Mrs. Russell. A good New Year to you.

New Poems was the first of Lawrence's books to appear under the imprint of Martin Secker, who in 1821 became Lawrence's principal publisher in England for the rest of his life (to be succeeded in the depression of the 1830's by his original publisher, the house of Heinemann). Secker, described by Frank Swinnerton as "resolute in negative" but "with a kind heart and a reluctance to give pain which have landed him in many difficulties," had made an impressive beginning with some of the newer writers such as Mackenzie, Cannan, and Walpole; in taking up the neglected Lawrence in 1918 he showed a sense of adventure, for it might be expected that the book would have a bad press. Typically, the anonymous reviewer in the February 1919 *Athenaeum* said that Lawrence had since the early days tortured his poetic gift "with a kind of neurotic fury." Nevertheless, Lawrence's "gift was struggling into sight again," partly because of a "return to conventional verse form." Ironically, most of the "new" poems were old poems, dating from the Croydon period and earlier; some of them even show traces of the aestheticism of Wilde, Symonds, and Le Gallienne, as "Embankment at Night: Outcasts" does—"Oh, the singing mansions, / Golden-lighted tall / Trams that pass, blown ruddily down the night!"

Lawrence had his set of poems that were actually new, *Bay*, ready for publication by Cyril Beaumont, who did not bring them out until November 1919. In September 1918, Lawrence complained to Cynthia Asquith that Beaumont, who already had held the poems for at least six months, was "waiting for some opportunity or other." As Lawrence's only publication in book form in 1917 was poetry (*Look! We Have Come Through!*), likewise for 1918 (*New Poems*), so in 1919 *Bay* was to mark his only appearance in a volume of his own:

Bay came out in the very month that he left England. Meanwhile, he had most of a year of continued poverty and neglect and illness. His letters, in these days of living in chill cottages, almost invariably contained health bulletins. Often he would report that Frieda had a cold; several days later he would report that he had caught it. On January 23, 1919, for example, he told Catherine Carswell that Frieda had a severe cold. He was glad the Carswell baby had recovered from his

illness ("My God, teeth already! He'll be smoking a cigarette in our faces before we know where we are"), but not long after he was reporting his own poor health to Amy Lowell, to whom he said on February 5:¹¹ "It is very cold here. We have both been ill. I want spring and summer, terribly." Within a month he was nearly dead of influenza (he told Amy Lowell on April 5 he had "nearly shuffled off the mortal coil"), and from this he had a slow recovery.

During this time he had a serious quarrel with Murry, who had been made editor of the *Athenaeum*. Lawrence appreciated Murry's suggestion that he become a contributor and said he would "try to be pleasant and a bit old-fashioned." He even offered to be anonymous. His first contribution, under the signature Grantorto, appeared in the April 11 issue as "The Whistling of Birds." It was an essay signaling his return to life from the perils of illness and war: he described the fading of frost, the arrival of warm winds, and the triumphant whistling of the returning birds. Murry liked this but rejected "Adolf," the story of the Lawrence children's rabbit which disappeared at the end of the sketch with his white tail bobbing at the reader as if to say "Merdel!" in his face—most unsuitable for the *Athenaeum's* staid readership. Murry, who felt his position "precarious," wanted to change the magazine gradually, from a "journal of reconstruction" to a literary paper, and Lawrence even under a *nom de plume* was too violent. Katherine Mansfield wrote Koteliensky on April 7 of "a rumpus" with the Lawrences: "I see this 'rumpus'—don't you? a very large prancing, imaginary animal being led by F.—as Una led the lion. It is evidently bearing down on me with F. for a Lady Godiva on its back." Katherine wanted none of this: "I have not the room now-a-days for rumpuses. My garden is too small and they eat up all one's plants—roots and all." Lawrence told Katherine in a "Thursday" letter (April 10?), "The complication of getting Jack and you and F. and me into a square seems great—especially Jack." Lawrence had been "sure of" Katherine "ever since Cornwall, save for Jack—and if you must really go his way, and if he will *never* really come our way—well! But things will resolve themselves." Resolve themselves, however, "things" never did.

Murry braved the "rumpus" in May, a month after the Lawrences had left Mountain Cottage, at the expiration of their year's lease, and had moved back to the Radfords' cottage in Berkshire. Murry had heard of a cottage near Newbury which he thought might be pleasanter for his wife in her illness; on his way to look over the house, he stopped

to see the Lawrences, who joined him in his inspection tour; and on Lawrence's recommendation he did not rent the cottage. Lawrence, sickly and tired, was still Rananiming, hoping for a new start in a new country. Murry, who "had no particular faith in this remedy and no chance of applying it," was glum and unresponsive as Lawrence damned England. Murry's sharpest memory of this meeting was "of the sight of the bright yellow wood chips which we gathered from the coppice": Lawrence mentioned these in several letters of the time and was to recall them later in *Kangaroo*, in his passage about the hazel copses and "the real old English hamlets, that are still like Shakespeare—and like Hardy's woodlanders." Murry said those Berkshire wood chips were "more golden-rich than any . . . I have seen since."

Shortly before leaving Derbyshire, Lawrence had discussed with Dr. Eder the possibility of going to Palestine—Eder was now an executive on the Zionist Commission. But Lawrence was soon thinking of America again, as he wrote Amy Lowell from Hermitage:"

To Amy Lowell from Chapel Farm Cottage, Berks., May 26, 1919

I had a letter from Huebsch the other day, about the publishing of the poems etc. He seems very nice. He said he would arrange for me to lecture in America. I am not best in lecturing, but don't mind if it *must* be done. I am making every arrangement possible to come to New York in August or September. I want very badly to come—to transfer myself. Huebsch said you told him you didn't think Boston would be the place for me to lecture in. Are you shy of me?—a little doubtful of the impression I shall, or should make? I hope not. I believe you are the only person I know, actually, in America, so I was hoping you'd help me a bit to find my feet when I come. Anyhow, tell me how you feel about it, won't you. Probably I shall come alone, and Frieda will follow. If you don't want to be bothered—I admit it is a bother—just tell me.—I do hope your health is good now.

Have you any news? any publications?—I have nothing—except I had some proofs of a little vol. of verse that C. W. Beaumont is hand-printing. It is illustrated by absurd and unsuitable wood-cuts, by Anne Estelle Rice. Do you know her? She is American, one of the Matisse crowd from Paris—married a man called Drey. Well, her wood-cuts are silly, to my poems.

Here it is hot and dry, summer has about exploded into leaf this year; violence is really catching. We are waiting to be able to move. Frieda badly wants to go to see her people, but heaven alone knows when it will be possible.

I always hope to see you and have some happy times. Remember us to Mrs. Russell.

In panic, Amy Lowell warned Lawrence that New England would not receive him cordially. Even Boston's great Athenaeum library found it necessary to conceal the "superb" *Sons and Lovers* in its "scruple" room. America would only disgust Lawrence, for Americans could not "see the difference between envisioning life whole and complete, physical as well as spiritual, and pure obscenities like those perpetrated by James Joyce." Lawrence replied that he knew America was no El Dorado; he was not eager to lecture; he felt he could earn a fair living by his writing. "All I want is to feel that there is somewhere I could go, if necessary, and somebody I could appeal to for help if I needed it." Amy Lowell had fought valiantly for modern poetry and had compelled in Boston and Brookline a certain acceptance of her Bohemianism and cigar-smoking—after all, she was a Lowell—but the prospect of the Lawrences' appearing there terrified her, and she wrote each of them a letter urging them not to come. The advice was accepted, for when Lawrence did leave in the autumn, he went to Italy. Before his departure he sold Amy Lowell's typewriter to Catherine Carswell's brother for five pounds.

His financial situation had improved slightly in 1919. On May 5 he wrote Pinker: "Thank you for the cheque for fifty-five pounds which came so nicely on Saturday," and five days later he thanked Edward Marsh for sending "the twenty pounds from Rupert" Brooke's will: "Queer, to receive money from the dead: as it were out of the dark sky." He believed "in Rupert dead" and fighting beside him, though he disliked Oliver Lodge's brand of spiritualism, with its "hotel bills and collar studs. The passionate dead act within us and with us, not like messenger boys and hotel porters. Of the dead who really live, whose presence we hardly care to speak—we know their hush." Ironically—as Christopher Hassall has disclosed since Sir Edward Marsh's death (1853)—Brooke did not specifically leave Lawrence money; in sending it, Marsh showed an executor's discretion and a good heart.

By the first week of July—when the naval blockade had helped starve the Germans into signing the Versailles Treaty—Lawrence planned to go to London to apply for passports again. He told Cynthia Asquith, "It was a great mistake that we did not clear out in 1915, when we had those other passports." He felt, despite Amy Lowell's warnings, that he could "make enough to live on in America, fairly easily."

Later in July, Lawrence and Frieda went to Pangbourne as guests of

Rosalind Baynes, whom they had met through Eleanor Farjeon, whose brother Herbert was married to Rosalind Baynes's sister. Rosalind Baynes, mother of three children, had been married since 1913 to Godwin Baynes, a psychoanalyst of the school of Jung. Her father, Sir Hamo Thornycroft, was the sculptor who set up the famous statue of Cromwell outside the House of Commons.

From Myrtle Cottage, Lawrence gave a summer report to Mrs. Carswell, in which he spoke of the farm girls he used as characters in "The Fox":^u

To Mrs. Carswell from Pangbourne, Berks., "Friday" [August 1919]

We are here—since July 28th—Rosalind Baynes lent us her house—pleasant house—hate Pangbourne itself.

Thos. Cook said passports would not be granted till Peace was *ratified*. God knows when that will be. Will Don please fill in the passport, and forward it to Thos. Cook. At any rate it will be ready.

We are here, I think, till the 25th—then to Hermitage, either to stay in the Cottage or with those farm girls. The wretched Margaret [Radford] is at the cottage now—she turned us out. She leaves on the 23rd, but comes back again in September for a week or fortnight—so we shall probably stay at the farm. We had my younger sister here last week—now my elder sister.

I don't quite know what is going to happen with us. I shan't go to Germany at present—nor even America, I think. When I come near to the thought of U.S.A.—New York, Prince of Wales, etc.—it sickens me.

What is your place like? This hot weather I suppose you live out of doors. Are you leaving at end of August?

Nothing happens—except Martin Secker wants to bring out my Collected Poems—why, heaven knows.

Hope J. P. is well and happy, also his mother.

[P.S.] See that Don endorses a photograph.

"Nothing happens": as far as writing was concerned, it was a fairly uneventful summer. His principal activity seems to have been the rewriting of "The Fox," which Katherine Mansfield liked best among Lawrence's stories. That summer Pinker returned the story "Monkey Nuts," a little comedy about some soldiers in Berkshire who meet a land girl named Stokes, possibly based upon the farm girl named Monk whom Lawrence had also used in "The Fox." That summer he wrote

the preface for his play *Touch and Go* (published 1920), in which he discussed the labor problems occurring in the play and said Galsworthy's *Strife* was bathetic. A more important product was the preface, written at Pangbourne, to the American edition of *New Poems* which Huebsch was to publish the following year. Lawrence felt the preface really belonged to the *Look!* volume, "but is it not better to publish a preface long after the book it belongs to has appeared?" This *New Poems* preface could stand as an introduction to all Lawrence's verse: "Poetry is, as a rule, either the voice of the far future, exquisite and ethereal, or it is the voice of the past, rich, magnificent . . . The poetry of the beginning and the poetry of the end must have exquisite finality, perfection which belongs to all that is far off." But there was another kind of poetry, that of "the immediate present" where there was "no perfection, no consummation, nothing finished. The strands are all flying, quivering, intermingling into the web, the waters are shaking the moon." For "life, the ever-present, knows no finality, no finished crystallization." Of such poetry, the best was that of Whitman, who "truly looked before and after. But he did not sign for what was not." Most *vers libristes*, Lawrence thought, made the mistake of trying to formalize their material: after breaking "the lovely form of metrical verse" they failed to realize "that free verse has its own *nature*, that it is neither star nor pearl, but instantaneous like plasm." As an explanation of the "secret" of Lawrence's poetry, this preface stands beside the essay which discusses his attitude to prose in "The Novel" (in *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*): as in the *New Poems* preface, the essay "The Novel" of a few years later goes to the source of Lawrence's vision, in which he discusses the "relatedness of all things" as "quick."

At last the passports came. Lawrence refused to go to Germany with Frieda, who left England in October. Like Somers parting from his wife in *Kangaroo*, he "said good-bye at the Great Eastern Station, while she sat in the Harwich-Hook of Holland express. She had a look of almost vindictive triumph, and almost malignant love, as the train drew out. So he went back to his meaninglessness at the cottage." But he soon decided to leave, and arranged for the recently demobilized Aldington to take over the place, an action which resulted in a bit of comedy, for the subleasing Radfords kept forgetting to turn over Aldington's rent to the original owner, and Aldington eventually had to hire a lawyer to get him out of the mess. But by that time Lawrence had left England; and it is significant that in two of his early-postwar

novels, *The Lost Girl* and *Kangaroo*, his two leading characters, upon leaving England, saw it as a coffin sliding into the sea.

England: how well Lawrence knew it, from the coal-and-forest Midlands of his childhood to the Cornish coast and the copses of the southern counties; he had lived three and a half years at the southern edge of London, and from time to time in London itself; he had made excursions to Barrow-in-Furness and to the York and Lincoln and Kent and Welsh coasts—England was in his bones, but it was not to have those bones, or his ashes.

After 1819, his journeys to England were few and brief: in 1823, 1825, and 1826. Each time, Lawrence found the place "hateful." His reasons for this, as we have seen, went back to his childhood, when he saw the "soulless" mine owners make the mass of men work underground like moles; and malignant censorship contributed to his loathing of England, and the bullying of the wartime officials and other busybodies, even though Lawrence could admit that some of the evils of those days were "necessary" evils. "The conscription, all the whole performance of the war was absolutely circumstantially necessary," he wrote in *Kangaroo*. "It was necessary even to investigate the secret parts of a man. Agreed! Agreed! *But—*" And there it was: "*But—*. He was full of a lava of rage and hate, at the bottom of his soul. And he knew it was the same with most men. He felt desecrated."

The rage had an impersonal quality. Lawrence never sentimentalized his own predicament, never fixed up with self-pity: his typical hero, Paul Morel of *Sons and Lovers*, did not enjoy the grimness of his lot, but accepted it without crying, "Why must this happen to *me*?" And Lawrence's later autobiographical heroes were likewise without snuffing self-pity; like Lawrence they were often angry men, but they were angry at the perversion and abuse of the good. Lawrence never cursed life itself: "Once be disillusioned with the man-made world," he wrote in 1826, "and you still see the magic, the beauty the delicate realness of all the other life." As one of the few authors of his time with a sense of values that was both deep and consistent, Lawrence viewed everything from the sympathetic point of life itself, of growth. When he saw life being murdered, growth being stifled, his rage was not on behalf of himself, who was only a channel of rage, but on behalf of life and growth.

And in 1819, "this England of the peace was like a corpse"; life and growth were elsewhere. In the darkness of November he turned again to the bright fields of the Mediterranean South, the fruitlands, the flowery valleys, the glowing seas. He would go to Italy, where Frieda

would meet him, as before. He had heard of a farm in the Abruzzi, near Cassino, and this would be a good place to live for a while.

Shortly before he left, Lawrence walked down a crowded London street with Aldington, who noticed how the passers-by glared with quick hostility at this bearded man, even threw a few jests his way, which he ignored. Aldington felt relieved when "the tall slim figure with the firm quick tread" disappeared down the steps to the underground—an appropriate last glimpse for Aldington, who wrongly thought he would never see Lawrence again. Aldington felt that in any event it was better for this man whose very presence aroused the jeers of strangers in his native land, to leave it.

When the Carswells saw "the solitary pilgrim off" at the station on November 15, he "felt the wrench of departure, but he was glad, very glad, to be going." Like his hero in *Kangaroo*, he now

left England, England which he had loved so bitterly, bitterly—and now was leaving, alone, and with a feeling of expressionlessness in his soul. It was a cold day. There was snow on the Downs like a shroud. And as he looked back from the boat, when they had left Folkestone behind and only England was there, England looked like a grey, dreary-grey coffin sinking in the sea behind, with her dead grey cliffs and the white, worn-out cloth of snow above.

PART FOUR

The Wander Years

I

TWO POOR TO PAY FOR A SHIPPIER, Lawrence sat up on shrilly crowded trains that dragged across Europe. He found Paris "nasty," and the French repellent. He arrived at Turin with red eyes and stretched nerves, and spent two days wrangling with the wealthy old Englishman at whose villa he stayed. Except for a change of names and a shift of the setting to Novara, Lawrence faithfully reproduced this visit in chapters 12 and 13 of *Aaron's Rod*: this annoyed his host, who later complained that, among other crimes, Lawrence had made him seem dull. Richard Aldington, despite his own protests against Lawrence's treatment of the Aldington set in that novel, believed that the originals of Sir William and Lady Franks should have been "honored at sitting as models for an artist in words."

Like Aaron in the novel, Lawrence had argued half-mockingly with the old man, who spoke for security and a plump bank balance against Lawrence's "naked liberty." The host was one of the best-known Englishmen in Italy, who since 1880 had built a fortune as a ship owner there and in Sicily. He took a leading part in charitable activities and, during the war, in promoting the British cause locally. The original of Sir William Franks was Sir Walter Becker (1855-1887), knighted the year before he met Lawrence.

On his way farther south, Lawrence swung over to Lerici for a day, arriving at Florence on November 19, in cold black rain. Norman Douglas had booked him at his own pensione, the Balestri, where Lawrence settled in a huge "stone-comfortless room" with a view of the river. Douglas had a sycophant in tow, a European-American named Maurice Magnus who eyed Lawrence "in that shrewd and impertinent way of the world of actor-managers: cosmopolitan, knocking shabbily round the world." Asked about Magnus, Douglas explained that he had been Isadora Duncan's manager and a journalist, before the war editor of the *Roman Review*; he had a back-alley knowledge of most of the European capitals. Frieda, who met Magnus later, has recalled Lawrence's horror

at seeing Magnus toadying to the lordly and imperative Douglas: "To Lawrence's logical and puritanical mind Magnus presented a problem of human relations." Douglas told Lawrence, "All the better for me, ha-ha!—if he *likes* to run around for me. My dear fellow, I wouldn't prevent him, if it amuses him."

On meeting Magnus, the tailor's grandson Lawrence had at once sized him up: "He stuck out his front rather tubbily, like a bird, and his legs seemed to perch behind him, as a bird's do." Lawrence had never met anyone like him, dapper and yet down-at-heel. Aside from his backstage manner, Magnus was an American and a Jew, and Lawrence was never really comfortable with members of either denomination. He tried to convince Magnus that his own hair and beard ("Such a *lovely* color!") were not dyed.

He was "rather glad" when Magnus departed for Rome, though shocked at the man's traveling first class; even Douglas seemed a bit put out at that. Lawrence had only nine pounds with him, and twelve more in the bank in London, while Frieda on her way to Germany had run into "a nightmare of a muddle," delays and hardships, her trunks stolen in Holland. Magnus, leaving Florence on the midnight train, cooed that traveling was so beastly anyhow, why not go in style?

Frieda recovered her trunks but not their contents. When she arrived in Florence at 4 a.m. on December 3, Lawrence took her for a drive in an open carriage. She saw the bridges and towers in the haze of moonlight: the David and the other public statues proclaimed to her that this was a male town. When she came to know the Anglo colony, she thought Florence was a Cranford, a male Cranford: "And the wickedness there seemed like an old maid's secret rejoicing in wickedness." Lawrence emphasized this aspect of Florence in the café and party scenes of *Aaron's Rod*. In them he neatly portrayed Oscar Wilde's little humming-bird of a friend, Reggie Turner, as Algy Constable. Douglas, who appeared as Argyle, roared his protest a few years later in his anti-Lawrence pamphlet: "Me, under the transparent disguise of Jimmie McTaggart or something equally Scotch . . . [a] high-handed old swaggerer, rather unsteady on his legs."

While storing up all this Florentine material for later use, Lawrence stayed just three weeks. On December 9, he and Frieda went south. At Rome, they appeared at the pensione where Catherine Carswell's Italian cousin, Ellisina Santoro, had taken rooms for them, but the proprietor would not admit them when he discovered that Frieda was German. Ellisina Santoro took them in, and almost at once someone in

her mixed and turbulent household robbed them. In his embarrassment Lawrence said nothing, for their hostess, who had refused to accept money for their lodging, would have insisted on paying back the amount of money stolen. After a few days Lawrence and Frieda went to the Abruzzi, to a farmstead above the village of Picinisco, which proved to be too cold and primitive: they could not recommend it to Rosalind Baynes, as a home for her and her children. The Lawrences' journey there reappeared, in circumstantial detail, in *The Lost Girl*: the railway trip to Cassino, which lies six miles below Picinisco, and then the bus ride into the ice-fanged mountains. From Picinisco—Pescocalascio in *The Lost Girl*—they had to scramble like goats for two miles along a steep mountain pathway, to the rude home of the Cervi family. There, the former model for Mrs. Baynes's father, Thornycroft—the Italian farmer Orazio Cervi; Pancrazio in the novel—welcomed them to his farmhouse, through which hens wandered while the mule stood in the doorway to deposit his droppings. The pilgrims soon had had enough; on the Saturday before Christmas the snow fell all day; on Monday, Lawrence and Frieda got up in the pre-dawn blackness and walked several miles to find a bus that banged them into Cassino. Lawrence saw on the great mountain "the monastery crouching there above, world-famous, but it was impossible to call then . . . We fled south," to the white sunlight of Capri.

The Lawrences remained two months in that "gossipy, villa-stricken, two-humped chunk of limestone," where the slanderous chit-chat would make Suetonius blush and Tiberius "feel he's been a fleabite." While there, Lawrence twice returned to the mainland, once with Frieda to the Amalfi coast to look for a small house, and once alone to visit Magnus at Monte Cassino.

Meanwhile Katherine Mansfield, feeling miserable at the Italian Riviera town with the symptomatic name of Ospedaletti, had moved to Menton, where Lawrence early in February wrote her, "I loathe you. You revolt me stewing in your consumption . . . The Italians were quite right to have nothing to do with you." And Murry was "a dirty little worm." All this was passed on to Murry, then in London, who has written, "This letter to Katherine was so monstrously, so inhumanly cruel that I wrote and told him that he had committed the unforgivable crime: that I sincerely hoped that we should never meet again, because, if we ever did meet again, I should thrash him."

That Capri did not bring out the best in Lawrence, a letter of the time to Amy Lowell further indicates:"

To Amy Lowell from Palazzo Ferraro, Capri, Feb. 13, 1920

Today I have your letter, and cheque for thirteen hundred Lire. How very nice of you to think of us this New Year. But I wish I needn't take the money: it irks me a bit. Why can't I earn enough, I've done the work. After all, you know, it makes one angry to have to accept a sort of charity. Not from you, really, because you are an artist, and that is always a sort of partnership. But when Cannan writes and tells me he has collected a few dollars—which, of course, I have not received—he wrote me to tell me he was collecting a few, but never wrote again. Cannan annoys me with his sort of penny-a-time attempt at benevolence, and the ridiculous things he says about me—and everybody else—in the American press. I am a sort of charity-boy of literature, apparently. One is denied one's just rights, and then insulted with charity. Pfui! to them all.—But I feel you and I have a sort of odd congenital understanding, so that it hardly irks me to take these Liras from you, only a little it ties me up. However, you must keep one's trust in a few people, and rest in the Lord.

I am extremely sorry you are not well, and must have an operation. Such a thought is most shattering. Hope to heaven it won't hurt much and will make you right.—Blackwell is a good publisher for getting at the young life in England. He's much more in touch with the future, than old Macmillan.

Secker has done another edition of my *New Poems*, properly bound now. I shall have him send you a copy. I asked Beaumont to send you a copy of a tiny book of mine "Bay," which he has hand-printed. He is not very responsible—tell me if you have received it.

No, don't go to England now, it is so depressing and uneasy and unpleasant in its temper. Even Italy isn't what it was, a cheerful insouciant land. The insouciance has gone. But still, I like the Italians deeply; and the sun shines, the rocks glimmer, the sea is unfolded like fresh petals. I am better here than in England.—Things are expensive, and not too abundant. But one lives for the same amount, about, as in England: and freer to move in the air and over the water one is, all the while. Southwards the old coast glimmers its rocks, far beyond the Siren Isles. It is very Greek—Ulysses['] ship left the last track in the waves. Impossible for Dreadnoughts to tread this unchangeable morning-delicate sea.

Frieda came down to Florence from Germany: a bit thinner and wiser for her visit. Things are wretchedly bad there. I must have food

sent all the time to F's mother from England, and for the children—there absolutely isn't enough to eat.

We have got two beautiful rooms here on the top of this old palace, in the very centre of Capri, with the sea on both hands. Compton Mackenzie is here—a man one can trust and like, which—as far as the first goes—is more than one can say of Cannan.—But Capri is a bit small, to live on. Perhaps I shall go to the mainland—perhaps not. Anyway this address will always find me. I have just begun a new novel.

I feel we shall see you in Italy. I do hope you will be better. Is Mrs. Russell with you always? A thousand greetings from both.

Out of the money which he had thanked Amy Lowell for sending, Lawrence mailed off five pounds to Magnus. Lawrence had heard from him in Capri and had felt a between-the-lines appeal for funds. On receiving them, Magnus wrote at once to say they had saved his life; he had fallen into an abyss; he was now on his way to Cassino, and Lawrence should join him there. The hinted disasters seemed to Lawrence an American hyperbole, but Magnus had phrased his invitation nicely, for although "he was a common little bounder" he had a "curious delicacy and tenderness and wistfulness." Lawrence delayed going and then received another letter, in which Magnus seemed to have his hand out for more money, "as if he had a right to it." This annoyed Frieda, but Lawrence wanted to see the monastery, so one February morning he got up before dawn to cross to the mainland: "Strange dark winter morning, with the open sea beyond the roofs, seen through the side window, and the thin line of the lights of Naples twinkling, far, far off."

At the end of the day Lawrence arrived at the monastery after a long ride from the railway station, up the twisting road. Magnus, who came through the gateway to greet him, "walking with his perky, busy little stride, seemed very much at home in the place." He was a convert, and a good friend of the guest-master, who greeted Lawrence and assigned him a room which looked down on "the gulf where the world's valley was," and on the far mountains where the twilight still glowed on the snowy peaks. Magnus cried out in eagerness at the view: What peace—what better than to end one's days there? And indeed, as Lawrence looked out the next morning on the valley and the mountains, he felt the anguish of being a child of the present: the monks in the garden below, the farmers and their bullocks in the fields, belonged to that splendid and terrible past of the Middle Ages, with its nonchalance and

grandeur and violence. Far below, the railway trains scudded along under their white smoke, stopping at the station where trucks waited and people, tiny as flies, swarmed around the coaches: "To see all this from the monastery, where the Middle Ages live on in a sort of agony, like Tithonus, and cannot die, this was almost a violation to my soul, made almost a wound."

Lawrence wrote his long description of Monte Cassino in the introduction he provided for Magnus's book, *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*. In this introduction, Lawrence told of his acquaintance with Magnus and of that visit to Cassino. When, twenty-four years later, bombs destroyed the monastery, Lawrence's prose invocation of it could still bring back the presence of the place as no one else's descriptions or any photographs could do. Lawrence wrote his Magnus memoir two years after his visit to Monte Cassino, but his projection of the atmosphere was as forceful and intense as if noted down at the moment—perhaps more so, for his sharp visual memory often operated best in retrospect; long afterward, he could remember exact details of a place, remember them in poetic abundance, and could then transfigure them beyond the range of mere reporting. He did this with Monte Cassino, its long cold arched corridors, its wonderful marble church, its colonnaded Bramante courtyard, and its matchless panoramas of the world below.

Lawrence put Magnus into all this: the plump little squeaking man trying to be sincere, but always as sycophantic in his devotion to the church as in his devotion to Douglas. He had a wife somewhere, estranged; but his mother "was his great stunt," and he carried everywhere a rather dramatic picture of her. Magnus showed Lawrence his manuscript about the French Foreign Legion, which he had joined during the war under the mistaken impression that he could in this way fight against the Germans he hated so much. After a little taste of North African barracks life, he had deserted. Lawrence found *Dregs*, as Magnus originally called his story, poorly written and lacking in focus, like everything else in the life of Magnus, who was "always working, but never *properly* doing anything." And always he seemed to expect money from Lawrence, who for this very reason wanted to withhold it. He had deliberately left his check book in Capri, though he kept sharing his pocket-money with Magnus. But when Lawrence offered him twenty-five lire at departing, Magnus sadly rejected the paltry gift.

Instead of staying a week at the monastery, Lawrence left—almost as if in flight—after two days. His experience there had been an intensified vision of *The Ways of Modern Man*, presented in the form of tempta-

tions. The monks in the unheated stone building—Lawrence sat shivering in a borrowed overcoat—tried to recapture the past; the peasants in the sloping fields lived more in the blood, in mindlessness, yet money was “their mystery of mysteries, absolutely.” Then there was Magnus, the true modern man, split like the other types but more horribly so: the furtive little city man imprisoning himself in all that discomfort to play around the edges of monkhood.

So Lawrence fled like Joseph, leaving the borrowed overcoat, from that “last foothold of the old world” to “democracy, industrialism, socialism, the red flag of the communists and the red, white and green tricolor of the fascisti. That was another world . . . barren like the black cinder-track of the railway, with its two steel lines.” Yet this was the avenue of escape: “Sitting there in the dining-car, among the fat Neapolitans eating their macaroni, with the big glass windows steamed opaque and the rain beating outside, I let myself be carried away, away from the monastery, away from Magnus, away from everything.”

And on February 26, five days after his return to Capri, he carried himself away from that “stew-pot of semi-literary cats” and crossed to Sicily to find a place to live. He had liked only a few people on Capri. Mackenzie, of whom he wrote friendlily to Amy Lowell, he mocked at in letters to others: “One feels the generations of actors behind him and can’t be quite serious.” Merely to note “he seems quite rich, and does himself well, and walks a sort of aesthetic figure” was, for Lawrence, to disapprove. Yet Mackenzie treated Lawrence kindly: because of his negotiations, Mackenzie made it possible for Lawrence to have Martin Secker as his permanent publisher, an excellent choice; and Mackenzie lent Lawrence a typewriter. But he found Lawrence puzzling, particularly one day when as they walked together along the Via Tragana, Lawrence proclaimed that there would not be another war and then suddenly shouted, “I won’t have another war.” Mackenzie felt this went beyond “the limits of egocentricity”: yet Lawrence was speaking not for himself, but for all men. In his portrait of Magnus, Lawrence said he was engaged in a war against “these foul machines and contrivances that men have conjured up . . . I, a man will conjure them down again . . . I am not one man, I am many, I am most.”

But Lawrence still strongly asserted his individuality. He could report zestfully to his Eastwood socialist friends, the Hopkins, that the colored kerchief they sent him for Christmas was immediately appropriated by a Roumanian of their political faith who “with true socialistic communism must at once carefully fold the hanky and try it round his neck, looking very much pleased with himself and cocking his black

eyebrows." Yet Lawrence found people to like, besides Mackenzie, on Capri; for example old Charles Ellington Brooks, the island's beachcomber, a faded scholar and translator of the Classics. And the Lawrences were happy to discover Mary Cannan on Capri, "one of the decentest people" there, now Gilbert-less. It was about this time that Gilbert Cannan had been certified as insane, though Aldington, who saw him not long before that, had found nothing in his behavior to suggest insanity: "A highly strung man agitated by grief and exasperated by treachery might easily say and do things which two complaisant or unintelligent doctors could certify." Aldington added that Lawrence agreed with him that Cannan was no crazier than anyone else. But Murry, who had always felt that Cannan hid megalomania just below the surface of his consciousness, had seen him after his return from America, a "disquieting" encounter: "He talked strangely of the magnitude of his own exploits there." Murry, seeing Cannan as detached from all reality, "fled, miserably, from the stare of that wild unseeing eye, with the certainty that I should never encounter it again." Lawrence was soon to encounter it, however, for Cannan came down to the Mediterranean.

This was after Lawrence had moved to Taormina, Sicily. There in the first week of March, 1920, he rented for a year the upper floor of Fontana Vecchia, a large-roomed old farmhouse with a garden amid olive and lemon and almond trees. When he looked in one direction he saw, across "the sunny Ionian sea, the changing jewel of Calabria, like a fire-opal moved in the light," and in the other direction Mt. Etna, "low, white, witch-like under heaven, slowly rolling her orange smoke and giving sometimes a breath of rose-red flame"; the Greeks, who in recognizing Etna's remoteness from the world called her the Pedestal of Heaven, "had a sense of the magic truth of things. Thank goodness one knows enough about them to find one's kinship at last."

Lawrence found Sicily "peaceful and still," the earth "sappy," and he liked "the strong Saracen element in the people." He and Frieda reveled in the greenness and the bright flowers: "Sicily tall, forever rising up to her gem-like summits, all golden in the dawn, and always glamorous . . . Sicily unknown to me, and amethystine-glorious in the Mediterranean dawn: like the dawn of our day, and the wonder-morning of our epoch." Lawrence came into this brilliance and warmth after the years of darkness and cold and mist of war-time England. The imaginative part of his talent ripened now in the Mediterranean sun.

During the two years he lived at Fontana Vecchia—years broken by trips to Malta and Sardinia and two summers on the Continent—Law-

rence completed *The Lost Girl* and *Aaron's Rod*, wrote his two books on the unconscious, and some of his finest short novels and stories as well as most of the *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* poems. These last, particularly, glow with the hot, rich colors of Sicily.

The best known of these poems, "Snake," tells of an experience shortly after Lawrence moved to Fontana Vecchia, "on the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking." He had gone down to the water trough, "in pyjamas for the heat, to drink there," and had seen the yellow-brown snake that "sipped with his straight mouth, / Softly drank with his straight gums, into his slack long body, / Silently." Several years before, in "The Reality of Peace," Lawrence had written:

If there is a serpent of secret and shameful desire in my soul, let me not beat it out of my consciousness with sticks. Let me bring it to the fire to see what it is. For a serpent is a thing created. It has its own *raison d'être*. In its own being it has beauty and reality. Even my horror is a tribute to its reality. And I must admit the genuineness of my horror, accept it, and not exclude it from my understanding . . . Come then, brindled abhorrent one, you have your own being and your own rightcousness, yes, and your own desirable beauty . . . But keep to your own ways and your own being. Come in just proportion, there in the grass beneath the bushes where the birds are . . . But since it is spring with me, the snake must wreath his way secretly along the paths that belong to him, and when I see him a serpent in the sunshine I shall admire him in his place.

This was one of the seeds of the poem, waiting in Lawrence's consciousness till that burning Sicilian noontime when he saw the snake he liked despite his human education, which told him that gold snakes were dangerous and should be killed. "Was it cowardice that I dared not kill him? / Was it perversity that I longed to talk to him?" He felt honored that the snake should seek his hospitality. But as the reptile wriggled away, "into that horrid black hole," revulsion came over the man and he threw a log at the snake, which "writhed like lightning and was gone," leaving the man full of regret at his own meanness, thinking of the albatross. For the snake seemed "Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld, / Now due to be crowned again," while the man felt that he had missed his "chance with one of the lords / Of life" and that he had "something to expiate: a pettiness."

The other Sicilian poems were of this kind: vivid projections of the physical aspect of an experience, with a "philosophic" lesson drawn from it. Hence the poems give some unforgettable images of place and

thing as well as an inward picture of Lawrence. In "Bare Fig Trees," Lawrence described the subject acutely, then presented it as an "equality puzzle," with every twig "the arch twig" and "Each imperiously over-equal to each, equality overreaching itself / Like the snakes on Medusa's head." In "Hibiscus and Salvia Flowers," Lawrence pictured the local bolshevists wearing hibiscus flowers as boutonnieres on Sundays, and he asked them, "Come now, speaking of rights, what right have you to this flower?" In "Peace," the black lava was congealed on the doorsteps of the island, but the volcanic hill above seethed with "white-hot lava" waiting to burst forth and wither the earth again: "Call it Peace?" And similarly, in other poems, the almond blossoms, the iron-like bare almond trees of another season, the red moon of the southern night, the anemones and cyclamens, all stood for more than their livingly rendered presences on the page.

Lawrence's prose flourished, too, at this time. The "new novel" he spoke of in the letter from Capri to Amy Lowell, was probably *The Lost Girl*, begun at Gargnano in 1912 as *The Insurrection of Miss Houghton*. The manuscript had "lain in Bavaria since early 1914." Lawrence told Secker on January 16: it was "two-thirds finished—quite unlike my usual style." He informed Catherine Carswell on February 5 that he was still expecting it in the mails. Apparently it arrived within a week, and Lawrence at once saw its inadequacy. Rewriting it from the beginning he could call it a new novel, and by March 21 could tell Mrs. Carswell, "I have done about 1/2 of a novel which I find quite amusing; . . . It is meant to be comic—but not satire." The part Eastwood (as Woodhouse) played in the early life of his heroine, Alvina Houghton, has been discussed earlier. For the last part of the book, as we have seen, Lawrence drew upon his experiences in the Abruzzi, though he did not permit Alvina to escape.

In the novel, her Italian lover was a native of the Abruzzi. For his nickname, Lawrence took that of the proprietor of the Fontana Vecchia, Francesco Cacópardo—Cicio (in the American edition, Ciccio)—of whose "romance" Lawrence wrote Amy Lowell in a letter of June 26, when Cicio was away on a trip to America: "Gemma and her family, with 1000 other refugees, were shipped down here from the Venetian province when the Austrians broke in." Gemma, her mother, and her nine brothers and sisters had arrived barefoot, without money. "Ciccio fell in love with her: female half of Taormina enraged for Ciccio is rich and speaks 3 languages. One irate woman attacked Gemma and tore the blouse off her back." Meanwhile, Gemma's family, the Mottas, "viewed Ciccio with wild suspicion and said he was going to make poor

Gemma his concubine. Still they refused to believe he was married. So this time before he left for Boston, he went up to the Veneto with his wife, and my heart, she was rigged up: silk stockings, suède shoes, georgette frock: she who had never worn a hat in her life till Ciccio bought her one: *propria contadina*."

On June 26 Lawrence also wrote Cecil Palmer:^u "The *Studies in Classic American Literature* I finished revising ten days ago. They make a book about 70-80 thousand words. Secker wants to sell the book to America and he will buy sheets for England. I had rather it were set up in England but am negotiating with America"—where Thomas Seltzer finally brought it out in August 1903, ten months before Secker published it, from new plates, in England. In the three and a half years Lawrence had spent on those essays, from the time *Women in Love* was completed until his imaginative talent flared up again in Sicily (he rewrote some passages later, in America), the *Studies* was his most impressive creative achievement. At the same time, they were authentic criticism: profound, if often informal. And although the book baffled many of the reviewers when it came out, later American critics exploring the literature of their own country (Edmund Wilson, Austin Warren, Alfred Kazin and others) have expressed pleased astonishment at its brilliance and power. Thornton Wilder, preparing for his Harvard lectures on American literature, wrote the author (June 22, 1900) concerning Lawrence's book, "There are passages of nonsense in it, but there is much of electrifying insight and help." Critics generally have pronounced the essays on Melville and Poe the best among the *Studies*: in *Moby Dick*, the *Pequod* was the "ship of the American soul" and the white whale "the deepest blood-being of the white race . . . And he is hunted, hunted, hunted by the maniacal fanaticism of our white mental consciousness"; Poe was "doomed to see the down his soul in a great continuous convulsion of disintegration, and doomed to register the process. And then doomed to be abused for it, when he had performed some of the bitterest tasks of human experience"—but there is much more, developed at length and in depth, about Melville and Poe as representatives of the American consciousness, Melville escaping from Home and Mother to the South Seas, then escaping from that Purgatory to Home and Mother again, with its repeated unhappiness, and yearning after the South Seas—and Poe "an adventurer into vaults and cellars and horrible underground passages of the human soul"; and there is much about Hawthorne and Franklin and Whitman and Dana, in a colloquial idiom that let through more intensity than the chill prose of scholarship transmits. As Martin Turnell said in 1908, "*Studies in Clas-*

sic American Literature and *Phoenix* are not simply great criticism; they show that Lawrence, with his immense emphasis on life, possessed incomparably the most powerful personality among modern European critics and that from an artistic point of view his criticism is satisfying in a way that Mr. Eliot's is not." Eleven years earlier, another English critic, F. R. Leavis, had called Lawrence "the finest literary critic of our time—a great literary critic if there ever was one."

II

Legend, as it followed Lawrence everywhere, followed him to Sicily. And legend swelled, as ever, with the passing of time. A Milan newspaper, for example, the *Corriere d'Informazione*, published in December 1907 a long story about Lawrence in Taormina, a report of him as a breakfast host—this was the only time he would see people, the story said, and then he would give them buttered toast and ham and eggs with cups of milk. In this way he was supposed to entertain local magistrates as well as illustrious visitors. One morning, according to this story, the mayor had arrived for breakfast and had just seated himself when he looked up to see a plate of fried potatoes in mid-air, thrown at Frieda by her husband—and the mayor left at once. Although Lawrence's former landlord also tells the plate-throwing story, the reliability of this newspaper reporter—who sounds as imaginative as any of the Taos group who wrote of Lawrence—may be tested by his assertion that, at Taormina, the king of England slipped ashore incognito to pay Lawrence a secret visit of homage.

Several of Lawrence's Sicilian adventures, however, were almost as fantastic as the stories fabricated about him. One of them was the expedition in April 1900 to Syracuse with a group of new friends who included René Juta (Mrs. Hansard), future author of *Concerning Corsica* and *Cannes and the Hills*, who appears in *The Lost Girl* as Mrs. Tukes, and René Juta's brother, Jan, a young painter who was to illustrate his sister's travel books as well as Lawrence's *Sea and Sardinia*; Jan and René were the children of Sir Henry Juta of Capetown, South Africa. On that Sicilian trip, the Lawrences and Jutas were accompanied by Alan Insole, another painter, a wealthy young Welshman. Frieda was "much impressed by how René Hansard, with the experience of a true colonial, was fortified with a hamper of food and a spirit lamp" and could at once convert "the railway car into a live little temporary home." Lawrence borrowed the idea of the spirit lamp in the railway car for his young travelers in *Aaron's Rod*. He above everything remembered, of that journey, "lovely days, with the purple anemones

blowing in the Sicilian fields, and Adonis-blood red on the little ledges, and the corn rising strong with her crown of snow." But the most striking part of the journey Lawrence did not write of, at least for publication.

This was the visit to Randazzo, a town of black lava on the slopes of Etna. The town fascinated Lawrence, but his sojourn at the nearby castle of Maniace irritated him. At the castle, Lawrence and the others were guests of Alexander Nelson-Hood, Duke of Bronte, a descendant of the brother of Lord Nelson, on whom the title had first been conferred. As the Lawrences and their friends approached the castle, all of them riding mules, six or seven lackeys of the duke tottered out to greet them—ageing shepherds whom Nelson-Hood had arrayed in costumes like those of the Pope's Swiss Guard. One of these collapsing retainers who knew English doffed his cap, bowed, and presented greetings from the master. The party entered the castle, whose authentic Norman façade clashed with the Victorian furnishings of the interior, though these were appropriate to the appearance of Nelson-Hood's sister, who affected the style of Queen Alexandra. The duke himself went around staring at his guests through a monocle fastened like a pince-nez to the bridge of his nose. Lawrence in his exasperation roughed out, with the Jutas, the scenario of a skit on the place, but before long his humor gave out altogether and he had to escape.

He went back to Taormina and the continuance of an even more bizarre adventure. On his first morning there, at dawn, he heard a noise on the stairway to the terrace and discovered Magnus creeping about: "A terrible thing has happened." Lawrence, detesting "terrible things, and the people to whom they happen," heard then of Magnus's escaping from Monte Cassino with the police at his heels: "I couldn't let myself be arrested up there, could I? So awful for the monastery!" The guest-master had even, against the rules of the place, lent Magnus money from the monastery fund. Scampering down the mountainside, he had caught a train south: "I came straight to you—Of course I was in *agony*: imagine it! I spent most of the time as far as Naples in the lavatory." Lawrence asked him in which class he had traveled. He had gone second class, but upon arriving ("more dead than alive") at Taormina during Lawrence's absence, had immediately put up at the most expensive hotel, in full expectation that Lawrence would pay his bills on the strength of possible income from Magnus's "manuscripts." Magnus strutted around the yard, admiring the villa and shaking out large hints to the effect that Lawrence must be affluent and that there was plenty of room there: "Palatial. Charming! . . . *Much* the nicest house in

Taormina." Magnus did not mention precisely what his trouble was; Lawrence, who did not want to know, suspected rightly it was some form of swindling. He would not take Magnus in at Fontana Vecchia, but he did settle the hotel bill. Three days there cost more money than the Lawrences used for living expenses in a week.

Frieda, who met Magnus for the first time, despised him as a leech and scolded Lawrence for encouraging him. Magnus, on the strength of his prospects, moved into a local villa, and lived there in high style until the patience of the unpaid landlord wore thin. After being "insulted," Magnus left for Syracuse on the way to Malta and Egypt. Although Lawrence "breathed free now he had gone," he felt still a kind of horrible responsibility for Magnus: and while loathing Magnus's parasitism, Lawrence could not help admiring his arrogance. Lawrence, though he lived scrupulously by bourgeois standards, really hated the bourgeoisie, whom Magnus flouted in the manner of the grand rascals. Lawrence apparently did not know till after Magnus's death that the preposterous little rogue was an offshoot of the highest aristocracy, the social group that Lawrence seldom criticized. Before leaving Taormina, Magnus had chosen Lawrence to go to Cassino to pick up his clothes and manuscripts, but this Lawrence refused to do, not only because of the wearying journey but particularly because he did not want to become any more involved than he already was in Magnus's shady activities.

Meanwhile Magnus, like most people who crossed Lawrence's path, had already served him as literary capital. As a kind of preliminary sketch for the biographical introduction he was to write later for Magnus's *Legion Memoirs*, Lawrence put him into *The Lost Girl* as Mr. May, the American theatrical manager. Here he showed the worst of Magnus: the pushing, worldly man of theatrical back alleys, oozing guile and seething with bitchiness.

Lawrence completed *The Lost Girl* in the first week of May, just as Magnus was leaving Taormina. A few weeks before, Secker had finally made Lawrence the offer he wanted: publication of *Women in Love* and *The Rainbow* with royalties of a shilling a copy on the first two thousand, one shilling and sixpence to five thousand, and two shillings beyond that. Meanwhile the small new American publisher, Seltzer, had arranged with Lawrence and Mountsier to publish *Women in Love*, which he first brought out in a limited edition in November of that year. Lawrence had by now dropped Pinker, whose kindly efforts on his behalf during those meager years of the war were for the most part futile. The two men parted company friendly enough, and Pinker for

a year or so sent Lawrence an occasional check for material which had been delayed in publication. He returned a sheaf of manuscripts, chiefly consisting of the stories soon to be placed in magazines by Curtis Brown, the American newspaperman who had built one of the biggest agencies in London. Most of those stories went into the *England, My England* collection of 1902; one of them, however, was the short novel, "The Fox," which Lawrence revised once again at Taormina.

Only two days after completing *The Lost Girl* he had plunged into a new novel, *Mr. Noon*, which was in some ways a realization of his old ambition to write a story about a Robert Burns of the Midlands. He used Eastwood as his setting, calling it Woodhouse as in *The Lost Girl* and even introducing Alvina Houghton as a minor character. His hero, the flirtatious schoolmaster Gilbert Noon, was once again his old "Don Juanish" friend who had already sat for the portrait of the doctor in *The Married Man*. Only Part I of *Mr. Noon* has turned up (published in *A Modern Lover*, 1904), though Lawrence apparently wrote more of it than that.

In the same month in which he began *Mr. Noon*, Lawrence went to Malta, with Frieda and an old friend of theirs, as he reported to Catherine Carswell:²

To Catherine Carswell from Fontana Vecchia, Sicily, "28 May" [1920]

Mary Cannan lured us away to Malta—we were to stay only two days—then a steam-boat strike, and we only got back to night, after some 11 days. Oh, and it was so expensive, and I feel so displeased. Malta is a strange place—a dry, bath-brick island that glares and sets your teeth on edge and is so dry that one expects oneself to begin to crackle. Valletta harbour is wonderful: beautiful. But I get set on edge by the British regime. It is very decent, I believe, but it sort of stops life, it prevents the human reactions from taking full swing, there is always a kind of half measure, half-length, "not quite" feeling about, which simply arrests my digestion.

I found your two letters and your cheque. The last, you understand, I shall not use, I shall merely keep it for you for when you want it.—I find the book also, and shall start to read it tomorrow. Print makes a difference. I hope it *will* have a success. It's evident *you* will have to make money, so the thing to do is to find the easiest way. One *has* to have enough money. It's time now we found it easily. I'm sorry about Don. Damn them all, Times and Time-keepers and all. Damn them heartily. I find one fault with Don. He has too much respect for them. Shit to them all: that's my last word, even if it offends you.

France without the French sounded perfect. I would have loved it—without the French. Italy is *very expensive*: try as you may: the Italian railway-fares are preposterous, carriages just an extortion, *everything* is extortion here. And the Italians are really rather low-bred swine nowadays: so different from what they were. None the less, I can bear Sicily better than anywhere else: better than Malta, which has its fascination, and which is very aboriginal still: the natives speak a strange ancient language—Arabic-Hebrew sort of thing—and they really *don't* understand English:—better also than England, better I feel than France. But even Sicily, *humanly*, one puts up with rather than enjoys. It's so everywhere.

As for Gilbert Cannan—he turned up suddenly to pull my nose for slandering his Gwen—I saw him for 2 hours, and never again. The only tea-party we have is with Mary Cannan, a disappointed creature.

Send all news—nothing here.

[P.S.] It's terribly hot here. I want to try to serialise my novel. Secker wants it to be called *The Bitter Cherry*, not the *Lost Girl*. What do you think of the chances of serialising?

Mrs. Carswell's fifty pounds represented one-fifth of a "first-novel" prize she had just won for *Open The Door*. On May 31 Lawrence wrote her: "As for the cheque, I suddenly decided to burn it. I got 2000 Lire from America. I have enough money. And why should I hold any of yours in fee. So I accept the gift all the same: and have burned the cheque." A man so reluctant to take money from others had some right to begrudge Magnus's sponging, despite Douglas's lordly sneer at Lawrence for upholding "the fine middle-class tradition" (Douglas) of keeping "a few pounds between me and the world" (Lawrence).

Lawrence on the Malta trip of course met Magnus again, first in Syracuse, where he had been detained by the strike. Again he confronted Lawrence with a hotel bill, and again Lawrence paid it. On Malta, he found it impossible to dodge Magnus, who introduced Lawrence to two young Maltese, friends of the guest-master at Monte Casino. Months afterward, when Magnus's inevitable debts had to be settled, the two Maltese behaved as though Lawrence were responsible for their own involvement, although they already knew Magnus when they met Lawrence.

Back in Taormina, Lawrence was "thankful to be home again," knowing that Magnus "was safely shut up in that beastly island." But before long Lawrence left "home" once more—as he told Catherine

Carswell later in the year, in a letter as yet unpublished, "Taormina blazes too hard after June"—but he still would not accompany Frieda to Germany. So, when they went to the mainland on August 2, they separated for a time, to return again in the autumn to Fontana Vecchia. Meanwhile, Lawrence went to Naples, Amalfi, Fiuggi (then called Anticoli), Rome, Florence, and various parts of northern Italy. As he reported on September 12 to Amy Lowell from near Florence:^u "I have been wandering around Lake Como and Venice, and now am here for a while in an explosion-shattered villa which a friend has lent me"—the friend being Rosalind Baynes (who is now Mrs. E. A. Popham), who had been the Lawrences' hostess at Pangbourne the preceding summer. The windows of a villa she was renting in the hills above Florence had been blown out by an explosion at a nearby ammunition dump. She moved higher up, to Fiesole, where Lawrence used to go for tea or dinner on her terrace during the weeks he stayed in the windowless villa.

At this Villa Canovaia, San Gervasio, Lawrence wrote some of his most striking *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* poems, including "Pomegranate," which stands at the head of the collection and begins with these now famous lines: "You tell me I am wrong. / Who are you, who is anybody to tell me I am wrong? / I am not wrong." In the "abhorrent, green, slippery city" of Venice, the pomegranates had been "barbed with a crown . . . of spiked green metal," but now Tuscany had "Pomegranates to warm your hands at . . . And, if you dare, the assure!" In the poem "The Peach," Lawrence again found vulvic suggestions: "Why the groove? / Why the lovely, bivalve roundnesses?" This would not be found in a man-made peach, "And because I say so, you would like to throw something at me. / Here, you can have my peach stone." And "Fig," another of the San Gervasio experiences:

The fig is a very secretive fruit.
As you see it standing growing, you feel at once
it is symbolic:
And it seems male.
But when you come to know it better, you agree with
the Romans, it is female . . .

And the rest of the poem was an exploration of female secretiveness and the desire of women to break away from it at the last and "burst into affirmation"; but "bursten figs won't keep." The poem "Medlars and Sorb-Apples" praised the Orphic and Dionysiac experiences of the Underworld of love, with its exquisite farewells amid "the winding, leaf-

clogged, silent lanes of hell," finding that "its own isolation" was the "Strangest of all strange companions, / And best," in "the intoxication of final loneliness." The last poem of the series, "Grapes," extolled the power of wine to take us back to "a green, muddy, web-foot, utterly songless world" of before the flood; but moderns, clutching at their "vistas democratic, boulevards, tram-cars, policemen," sought the safety of soda fountains.

At San Gervasio Lawrence also wrote "The Evangelistic Beasts," his poems on the four authors of the Gospels. And his *Tortoises* poems were possibly written in or around Florence at this time; when he returned to Venice to meet Frieda, he told Catherine Carswell on October 7, the day before Frieda's arrival:^u "I wrote in Florence a little book of verses which I like," perhaps the six *Tortoises*, in which Lawrence projected the sex experience of man in the image of the tortoise, it once delicate and blundering, viewed by Lawrence in a mood combining sympathy, amusement, and participation. The tortoise was a "Poor little earthly house-inhabiting Osiris," and the cross on his shell became the crucifixion of sex.

In that letter from Venice to Mrs. Carswell, Lawrence reported himself "still stuck in the middle of Aaron's Rod, my novel. But at Taormina I'll spit on my hands and lay fresh hold." Meanwhile:^u "Venice is very lovely to look at, but very stagnant as regards life. A holiday place, the only one left in Italy—but even here écoeure. Italy feels very unsure, and for the first time I feel a tiny bit frightened of what they might do, the Italians, in a sudden ugly 'red' mood. However, Sicily will be moderately safe."

During his wandering, Lawrence had written an essay, "America, Listen To Your Own," which appeared in the *New Republic* in December: he described Americans as awed by the museum pieces of Europe, and then told them they "must take up life where the Red Indian, the Aztec, the Maya, the Incas, left off . . . They must catch the pulse of the life which Cortes and Columbus murdered . . . The President should not look back towards Gladstone or Cromwell or Hildebrand, but towards Montezuma . . . To your tents, O America. Listen to your own, don't listen to Europe." Walter Lippmann, one of the editors of the *New Republic*, answered this (and was answered in turn by Mary Austin, later to meet Lawrence in New Mexico). Lippmann said that America was "a nation of emigrants who took possession of an almost empty land," destroying or interning "the natives" they found there. The Lippmann who was later to vote for Landon, Dewey,

and Eisenhower, in 1920 scolded the American people for having "just overwhelmingly elected a President who took pains to put himself on record against excellence," and for their poor taste and for letting their bureaucrats forbid Lawrence's novels to go through the mails; to Lippmann, Lawrence's "Noble Savage" view of America and its traditions was "mostly paste and paint." Lippmann had evidently not read Lawrence's *Studies* as they appeared in the *English Review*, or perhaps had not seen in them the merits that have become discernible with time. And Lawrence perhaps did not see Lippmann's literal answer to his half-joking statement; apparently he never made a rejoinder.

He had returned to Sicily on October 20, at just about the time that Maurice Magnus's difficulties began to overwhelm him on nearby Malta. On the 23rd, the Maltese who had made it possible for him to remain there by standing as his surety, withdrew his guarantee when he heard that Magnus "was outliving his income" and increasing his local debts. On November 4, two detectives invited Magnus to accompany them to the police station. They did not mention that they had extradition papers there. Magnus locked the detectives outside the house, wrote the guest-master at Monte Cassino ("I cannot live here. Pray for me"), and took hydrocyanic acid. The police burst into the house in time to call in a priest who administered Extreme Unction before Magnus died.

From Malta and from Monte Cassino, letters and newspapers brought the story to Lawrence: "I knew that in my own soul I had said that he must die if he cannot find his own way." Yet in spite of this Lawrence now "realized" what it must have meant to be the hunted, desperate man: everything seemed to stand still. I could, by giving him half my money, have saved his life. I had chosen not to save him. For Magnus was guilty of "Judas treachery," of "selling the good feeling he had tried to arouse, and had aroused, for any handful of silver he could get." Yet there was something heroic in his arrogance, "he was a strange, quaking little star." And, Lawrence discovered, Magnus was even of royal stock. His hatred of the Germans was an extravagance, for German was even his native tongue, rather than English: "But perhaps something happens to blood when once it has been broken to America." According to the great monastery that knew the great European political secrets, Magnus was on his mother's side the illegitimate grandson of Kaiser Friedrich III, father of William II.

He left a note saying Norman Douglas was his literary ex-

promised his sisters to visit them, but could not cross the Chann to the "mud-bathos" of England. He would, if he "knew how to," not join the revolutionary socialists, for the time had "come for a real struggle. That's the only thing I care for: the death-struggle." He disliked politics, but he felt "there *must* and *should* be a deadly revolution very soon"; he would take part in it if he "knew how."

In the English-speaking countries, meanwhile, Lawrence was being published again. The American edition of *New Poems* in 1920 drew mostly reviews that were caustic, chiefly devoted to the preface; Raymond M. Weaver, in the *Bookman*, said that the book offered "the pathetic spectacle of a shabby manikin pirouetting in caricature of the Muse." The limited edition of *Women in Love*, ventured by Thomas Seltzer in November 1920, was not widely reviewed; one of the few discussions of it, Evelyn Scott's in the *Dial*, called it a confessional: "Having written it, Lawrence might turn philosopher or priest." But she found his solutions unsatisfactory: "If Mr. Lawrence were a Russian he would take the answer to life as his art gives it, in terms of other-worldliness," but because he belonged "to the English race of moralists," he would persist "in a search for temporal solutions." *Women in Love* boldly appeared under the Secker imprint in London in May 1921, two months after Oxford had published the history book with its authorship ("Lawrence H. Davison") disguised; Bottomley's *John Bull*, however, did not pass up the chance to attack the novel as "a loathsome study of sex depravity leading youth to unspeakable disaster." And Murry, in the *Athenaeum*, not recognizing himself in Gerald Crich, swam through "five hundred pages of passionate vehemence, wave after wave of turgid, exasperated writing impelled toward some distant and invisible end," one which left Murry in a state of agnosticism about the book. He did, however, find it obscene. Earlier, when Secker had brought out *The Lost Girl* (in November 1920), Murry had pronounced Lawrence to be in a state of "decay." It was *The Lost Girl*, along with *The Trespasser* and *The Virgin and the Gipsy* the lowest of Lawrence's achievements, that brought him, in 1921, the only official recognition he received during his lifetime: the James Tait Black Prize of Edinburgh University, a hundred pounds.

A letter to the editor of the *London Mercury* which Lawrence wrote in the spring of 1921 gives an idea of his plans, activities and prospect at the time:^u

To J. C. Squire from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, Sicily, March 7, 1921

Thank you for your telegram and letter. Yes, I have been insulted

so many times, by little people like Murry for example, that I thought I'd best make sure.

However, it's all right.

I sent you three poems. They are from a book I have just finished—called *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*. I send you first a bit of the *Flowers* part. The *Birds* the *Beasts* you can see sometime if you like.

I heard from a friend Robert Mountsier, 417 West 118 Street, New York, who is acting for me over there that he was going to send you a copy of a little story *Fanny and Annie*. If it comes and you don't like it don't have any qualms about returning it to me. I don't mind in the least if you send back the things I offer. But just say what it is in them you don't care for and then I shall know another time what kind of things to send you.

I have just got the typed manuscript of a little novel "Mr. Noon" very comical I think: about 40,000 words. Also I am just finishing a little "Diary of a Trip to Sardinia": light and sketchy. That is my stock at present.

[P.S.] I guess you'll find *Hibiscus* too long, even if you care for it at all.

Early in April, Frieda had left for Baden-Baden and Lawrence went with her as far as Palermo. Else had telegraphed that her mother was ill, and Lawrence had thought this a trick, but later correspondence apparently showed it was not. Alone at Taormina, Lawrence felt "the house very empty without F. Don't like it at all," and although people continually invited him to tea and dinner, he did not want to accept. After a month of loneliness, during which Millicent Beveridge painted his portrait ("I look quite a sweet young man"), Lawrence decided to join Frieda in Germany. But he took his time, stopping for visits en-route. On Capri he met some new friends who were to remain staunch friends to the end of his life: Earl and Achsah Brewster, two Americans who had some years before spent their honeymoon at the Fontana Vecchia. They were interested in painting and in Buddhism, these two Jamesian expatriates whom Lawrence years later satirized in his story, "Things." Soon after meeting them at Capri, he told them in detail the plot of *Aaron's Rod*, up to the point where Aaron leaves his wife, and they suggested that now Aaron must either "go to Monte Cassino and repent, or else go through the whole cycle of experience." Lawrence chuckled his agreement, for he had at first meant to put Aaron in the monastery, but instead determined that he "had to go to destruction

to find his way through from the lowest depths": rather than the Benedictine rule, the Lawrencean way.

Lawrence delighted the Brewsters with his mimicry. They had expected a morose man instead of the cheerful companion he proved to be. Mrs. Brewster thought that with his blunted nose he looked like Socrates—and somewhat like Whistler's portrait of Carlyle. Before leaving Taormina he had looked over a Mediterranean sailing ship, which he would have bought if he had had the money. He told the Brewsters it would be good if they all had such a boat and could go sailing around the world in it as they pleased. In his correspondence with them he again and again returned to this idea.

After Capri, Lawrence stayed briefly at Rome and at Florence on his way north. At Florence, Norman Douglas introduced him to Rebecca West. She discovered that he made friends as easily as a child, or as a wise old philosopher who at once recognized the quality of another personality and seemed to give it his blessing. Lawrence told her and Douglas and Reggie Turner of the discomforts of his travels. She later reflected, "These were the journeys that the mystics of a certain type have always found necessary"—certainly the neatest of all explanations of Lawrence's famous restlessness. Rebecca West saw him as wandering like the Indian Fakir and the Russian Saint, going on journeys with a spiritual rather than a geographical goal: "Lawrence traveled, it seemed, to get a certain Apocalyptic vision of mankind that he registered again and again and again, always rising to a pitch of ecstatic agony."

In the last week of April, Lawrence left for Germany, via Switzerland. At Baden-Baden, where he found his mother-in-law recovering, he and Frieda moved three miles out, to a rough little inn, the Hotel Krone, in the village of Ebersteinberg. Frieda had been staying with her mother at the Ludwig Wilhelmstift, a home which the Grand Duchess Louisa had founded for upper-class widows. Lawrence was polite to the old ladies, who called him Herr Doktor as he bowed and grinned at them through his beard; but the Frau Baronin von Richthofen shuddered lest some of the ladies read his books. Lawrence on June 16 wrote Amy Lowell's companion, Mrs. Russell: "We came to Germany two months ago, because my mother-in-law was very ill." But she was better and would soon join them at Ebersteinberg, which was "very lovely really—a little black and white village, with the big woods all round, the edge of the Black Forest, and the Rhine away beyond, the plain below, and then the Vosges dim beyond the plain." And Ger-

many seemed "so big and so *still*: strange and hushed: so very different from before the war. It is nice to be in a country where people are not so disgustingly full of money as they are everywhere else." Regrettably, he could not refrain from adding, "Nobody has any money any more except the profiteers, chiefly Jews, with which Baden Baden is swarming." (He invariably omitted the hyphen in Baden-Baden.)

Lawrence wrote most of *Fantasia of the Unconscious* at Ebersteinberg. This was a sequel to *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, which had just been published in New York, where George Soule said, in the *Nation*, "Beneath its terrifying exterior it seems to correspond, in a vague way, with much we are feeling nowadays." Perhaps if Lawrence in expressing this, Soule went on, had used "the imagery of fiction or poetry instead of the intellectual terms which he distrusts, he might have written a great novel." Soule, who has commented with authority on both economics and psychoanalysis, was making a judgment that might be applied, still, to both of Lawrence's books on the unconscious. They are guides to a completer understanding of Lawrence—he intimated they were "explanations" of the novels—and they contain an inevitable seasoning of good sense on human relationships and education and the right and wrong manifestations of love. Some of the ideas and terminology derive from theosophy, with a good deal of exploring of "upper" and "lower centers" in the human body; and there is some nonsense about a lost Atlantis with a "greater" society than history hints of, though Lawrence's speculations hardly deserve H. L. Mencken's hard-headed judgment on the first of the volumes, which he thought was an "effective if unwitting *reductio ad absurdum* of the current doctrine that Lawrence is a profound thinker. His book is not merely bad; it is downright childish." Lawrence himself did not fight for these two books as he did for some of his other work; in after years he scarcely mentioned them, and as yet no letter has come to light in which he points to these volumes as important, though at one level they are an explanation of part of the figure in his carpet: certainly the last parts of *Aaron's Rod*, completed there at Ebersteinberg, have affinities with *Fantasia*.

By the middle of July, Lawrence and Frieda moved across Switzerland into the Austrian mountains, from where he wrote Amy Lowell^u on July 30:

Today has come the copy of "Legends," forwarded from Baden Baden: for which many thanks. I shall read it this evening. We are

here in Austria, in the Tyrol among the mountains for a while—very pleasant to see the snow looking fierce, and to hear the water roaring once more savage and unquenched. In Sicily water expires so soon. Here it is rampant and full of lust.—I hope you are better from all operations, and enjoying the launch abroad of *Legends*. Frieda sends many greetings, with mine. Remember us to Mrs. Russell. The Baden address is always safe.

At Thumersbach, near Salzburg, across the lake from Zell, the Lawrences stayed with Frieda's sister Nusch, then Frau Max Schreibershofen. Nusch was nearing the end of what she regarded as a stuffy marriage to a former army officer. He was probably the model for the Herr Regierungsrat Trepte in the short novel, "The Captain's Doll," the last half of which takes place in the Zeller region; Lawrence wrote it shortly after leaving there. Frieda and her sister were ready-made originals for the Countess Hannele and the Baroness Mitchka in the story. For the Scottish officer, Lawrence probably borrowed the surface of Donald Carswell, whom he asked about some details of the uniform, but at the end the character becomes Lawrence himself and talks Lawrence talk.

The Villa Alpanse ("brown balconies one above the other, the bright red geraniums twinkling all round, the trees of purple clematis tumbling at one corner") appears full-fleshed in "The Captain's Doll," as well as all the bathing that went on there during that unwontedly hot summer; Nusch's children also figure playfully in the story. And Lawrence sketched in the mountains that hung above them, part of the Austrian Alps that he and Frieda had walked across nine years before, in a summer that lay almost a lifetime in the distance. There at Zell, Lawrence became, amid the gaiety that Nusch always stirred up around her, as intrusive and alien as the dark-souled Captain Hepburn of the story.

After about two weeks at Villa Alpanse, Lawrence wrote Catherine Carswell (August 3) that although everything was "free and perfectly easy" there, he could not breathe: "Perhaps it is one can't live with people any more—*en ménage*." He added in a card the next day: "It has begun to rain—pouring all day. If it continues we shall go to Florence next week—12th or 14th. We can have a nice flat there. I have not been to Siena and Perugia—we might go together . . . Nothing so awful as Alps when it rains." But Frieda as usual won a delay in their customary tug-of-war over traveling, and they did not go south till almost the end of August.

One day while at Zell, Lawrence had gone fishing and had been stricken by guilt when he caught a live thing on his hook "And felt him beat in my hand, with his mucous, leaping throb." He unhooked the "groping, water-horny mouth" and stared at the "horror-tilted eye" of the fish,

And my heart accused itself
Thinking: *I am not the measure of creation.*
This is beyond me, this fish.
He was born in front of my sunrise,
Before my day.
He outsmarts me.
And I, a many-fingered horror of daylight to him,
Have made him die.
In the beginning
Jesus was called The Fish . . .
And in the end.

IV

Lawrence and Frieda went south late in August. At Florence they stayed at the spacious flat of their friend Nelly Morrison, who was away. The house at 32 Via de'Bardi, traditionally Romola's, was the scene of Lawrence's poems "Bat"—in which the poet, looking out from the terrace, saw "things flying . . . Swallows with spools of dark thread sewing the shadows together"—and "Man and Bat," describing his battle with a flickering creature in his "crash-box" of a room over the "great stone rattle" of the Via de'Bardi. But in spite of bats the apartment was a fine one, and the Lawrences remained there for three weeks. Mary Cannan, who now appeared from France, admired the flat and arranged to take rooms on the top floor.

The Carswells arrived; they had left their small son in England. Lawrence tried to be friendly, but seemed detached. Some Anglo-Italian cousins of Catherine Carswell's, who regarded Lawrence as a nonentity, virtually insulted him, but even this did not rouse him. Mrs. Carswell noticed that Mary Cannan bored him, though he tried to be kind to her and not show how he felt. He arranged with the Carswells to make an excursion to Siena, and went on ahead; but he loathed the place at once and would not stay. He wrote Catherine Carswell from Siena on September 21, "We must leave tonight—must get to Capri to see the Brewsters who are leaving for India. Very sorry to miss you . . . Want to hear all your news. Shall write fully from Taormina. Greet

Don." He apparently returned briefly to Florence, but did not see the Carswells.

At the Brewsters' villa at Capri, Lawrence admired the book of short stories their small daughter had written and illustrated, and he amused them all by imitating Florence Farr reading Yeats's poems to the psaltery at that literary party of long ago.

In a few days the Lawrences left for Taormina, arriving there on September 28, a night of wind and rain. The next day Lawrence dispatched a conciliatory postcard to Catherine Carswell ("it seemed only a moment we saw you—but the sympathy is there") in which he said he was "so glad to come to rest"; he still liked "this place" above all, "the sea open to the east, to the heart of the east, away from Europe." On the same day he wrote Brewster reminding him of the Fontana Vecchia's "great window of the eastern sky, seaward" and promising to "go east, intending ultimately to go west," by spring. The mail that had been waiting at Taormina irritated him: it contained the *John Bull* growl at *Women in Love*, which had made Secker shake; agents' complaints about *Aaron's Rod*; and a solicitor's letter threatening Lawrence and Secker because the protrait of Halliday in *Women in Love* had churned Heseltine into a vengeful fury. Lawrence, in his intermittent diary, noted on October 26, "I give Halliday black hair and Pussum yellow, and send pages back." He also wrote, "Have a month of loathing everybody, particularly the Canaglia of England. Canaille!" And Brown and Mountsier, for their "impudent" letters about *Aaron*, were put down as "canacci." On November 2, Lawrence wrote Brewster to say he had just written a short story and was working on "The Captain's Doll" ("a very funny long story") and "If I hadn't my own stories to amuse myself with I should die, chiefly of spleen."

Nearly two years away from England and its grey skies and bitter memories had mellowed Lawrence, improved his temper. But now, the protesting agents, carping critics, and quaking publishers brought back the days of *The Rainbow* and the war, and all Lawrence's rancor against his fellow-countrymen. But where was there to go? Italy, he now found, had "gone rancid," and Taormina was, after all, just a "continental Mad Hatter's tea party." This to Mrs. Carswell late in October: a few weeks earlier he had written Earl Brewster that his plan was, "ultimately, to get a little farm somewhere by myself, in Mexico, New Mexico, Rocky Mountains, or British Columbia." The mention of New Mexico could give telepathists some comfort, for less than a month after he wrote that, Lawrence received an invitation to go there, to Taos. Taos was already in Lawrence's mind, however, for he had

not long before seen pictures of it at Leo Stein's home near Florence, and at Anticoli he had seen or at least heard of the work of Maurice Sterne, who had recently lived in Taos.

It was this painter's former wife, Mabel Dodge Sterne, who wrote to Lawrence from Taos, offering him an adobe house on her property. She had read *Sea and Sardinia*, had determined that Lawrence's descriptive powers should be employed in word-painting her beloved Taos for her, and had summoned him. Lawrence wrote her, admitting that he wanted to leave Europe and that Taos tempted him, and inquiring most practically about costs: Mrs. Sterne had not made it plain whether or not she fed the lions she enticed into her lair. Frieda wrote her with less caution and more enthusiasm.

The correspondence kept up for months, with Lawrence now eager, now reluctant, and Mrs. Sterne prodding him by letter and cable. Lawrence tried to discourage her: she discussed psychoanalysis and her treatment at the hands of A. A. Brill, and received in return Lawrence's jolting statement that he preferred to have neurotics die: "A real neurotic is half a devil, but a cured neurotic is a perfect devil," and the entire psychoanalytical process was too mechanical. In other letters Lawrence asked whether Taos was not an art colony: he knew "all that 'arty' and 'literary' crew," who were "smoking, steaming shits." But Mrs. Sterne was a rich woman used to having her own way, and when riches would not buy it, perhaps a little mysticism would help. She has described how she "willed" Lawrence to Taos: before going to sleep each night, she sank into the core of her being and leaped across the distance to merge with the core of Lawrence. She told Antonio Luhan, the massive Indian buck she had acquired after casting off her most recent husband, that Lawrence would do Taos good. Tony was a little doubtful, but she "willed" him into submission, and then he helped her, in the darkness, to "call" her elusive victim.

Lawrence meanwhile had written the foreword for *Fantasia* and shipped off the complete manuscript, and had composed several stories. He had also written the Magnus introduction and lengthened "The Fox," had given it a longer tail, as he said. And he had raged at Secker for letting Heseltine frighten him into paying five pounds and ten guineas' costs because of his threat of a libel suit. How right Lawrence was in thinking Heseltine should have been defied is shown in Heseltine's letters to his solicitors published after his death—Heseltine was only putting up a bluff, and had no intention of taking the matter into court.

After the turn of the year, Lawrence wrote Jan Juta, who after paint-

ing the illustrations for Lawrence's *Sardinia* book planned to revisit his native South Africa: "

To Jan Juta from Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, Sicily, Jan. 9, 1922

I heard from Burr from Rome—who had it from Mrs Wroe, from Suia—that your hurt leg is more serious than you made me think. I *do* hope it isn't really bad. Of course with all those Tanganyika trekking plans, I thought it was just a temporary sprain. I *do* hope it's not anything serious, and that it is quite better by the time you get this letter.

Today has come *Sea and Sardinia*, so we are thinking hard of you. I expect you have your copies. What do you think? The *reds* are disappointing—and there is a certain juiciness about the colours that I don't like—but otherwise they are not bad, I think. Do tell me your impression. I'm sure the text will be a bit of a blow to you—so wintry and unidyllic. And see yourself and M. Alain! Bet you'll think you aren't *half* nice enough, both of you. Never mind, you have now made your bow before the world. The wrapper makes me scream with agony—but you can't prevent the Americans.

I am sorry we can't do the Tanganyika trip. But I am not sufficiently moneyed.—I got £100 for that prize fo[r] the Lost Girl, though. Did I tell you?

It is awfully cold here, the snow right down Monte Venere and on Forza all sprinkled white—Etna a shrouded horror. I hate it when it's cold. Yet the first bits of almond blossom are sparking out, and the first of those magenta anemones that Alan calls Venus tears.

I keep on with the Taos trip. If I'd been well enough we'd have sailed from Bordeaux to New Orleans on the 15th of this month. Now perhaps on the 5th Feb. we'll go Fabre line from Palermo to New York, and then overland from there. Unless some casual steamer turns up. But I expect to be in Taos by March *and then you can come when you like!* After all, the Americans would *love* a book on their own country and what with Rockies and Indians and deserts—big deserts lie below Taos, which is on a plateau 6000 ft high—and Mexicans and Cowboys—you *ought to find something to paint and I to write.*

Today thank heaven I have sent off the last of my MSS—three long-short stories, will make a really interesting book those three—The Fox, The Ladybird, and The Captain's Doll: then a collected book of short stories, most of them re-written. Oh I fairly loathe the sight of manuscripts, and the *thought* of publishing. Oh I get so sick of everything: and so double-sick of Taorminity.

But we've got good dry olive wood and the salotta is warm and thank

God the wind is still. Only tomorrow five awful people to tea.—By the way have you heard of Gilbert Cannan out in S Africa—with young Mond and Gwen, the polyandrous wife? Mary Cannan of course going off like a wick-wack about them. But I am callous.

We were so distressed for fear the leg might be worse than we thought. Send word that it is better.

I had a letter from Mrs Wroe about Mexico—thought her rather a twaddler.

The "And see yourself and M. Alain!" refers to the description of Jutta and Alan Insole in the last chapter of *Sea and Sardinia*, meeting the Lawrences outside the railway station at Rome, the two young men "vaguely descending from a carriage, the one [Insole] gazing inquiringly through his monocle across the tram-lines, the other [Jutta] very tall and alert and elegant, looking as if he expected us to appear out of the air for his convenience."

When Lawrence wrote that letter, he was in a Taos mood. But he soon began to wobble again, particularly as he learned more and more about Mabel Dodge Sterne. In late January, Frieda wrote her that they were going to Ceylon: "Lawrence says he can't face America yet—he doesn't feel strong enough!" So Frieda proposed, and Lawrence seconded the suggestion in a letter the following day, that Mrs. Sterne meet them in Ceylon; then they could all go to America together. This made Mrs. Sterne realize the Lawrences were "scared": as usual, people had "warned" them about her. So she and Tony vigorously cranked up their will-machine and sent more compulsion-waves toward Lawrence's "core" as he and Frieda turned eastward.

The day before departure from Fontana Vecchia, Lawrence sat looking at his belongings and Frieda's, four trunks (one for books), two valises, two small bags, and a hatbox. He felt "like Abraham going to a new land," and his heart trembled with the pain of leaving "home" and the people of Sicily. Perhaps, as Else Jaffe had said, he and Frieda would return to Fontana Vecchia one day: but now he tried to think of peacocks and monkeys, of elephants and palm trees.

On Monday February 20 the Lawrences left for Naples by way of Messina and Palermo. On the night of the 26th they sailed on the R.M.S. *Osterley* for the two weeks' voyage to Ceylon, via Port Said and Aden and Suez and the Red Sea. They saw the snow-filled mountains of Crete, and all the highly colored activity of Levantine ports, and Mount Sinai, "red like dried blood." It was an emphatic, however tem-

porary, farewell to Europe. Lawrence, working on his translation of Giovanni Verga's *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*, let his inkpot fall to the deck: "The *Osterley* shall wear my black sign forever."

V

On April 17, 1902 Lawrence wrote Amy Lowell from Ceylon: "We have been here the last six weeks—wonderful place to look at, but too hot to live in. Now we are going to Australia—if we don't like that, then San Francisco." From Australia, Lawrence wrote to Earl Brewster that he had never been so ill in his life as during the last part of that visit to Ceylon.

The Brewsters lived in an enormous hilltop bungalow there, with wide verandahs that looked across the jungles to the Lake of Kandy and far-off hills. When the Lawrences arrived, Frieda at once declared it was the loveliest place in the world, and Lawrence said, "I shall never leave it." Mrs. Brewster, reporting this, added: "That was the first day." Soon the choking heat began to make Lawrence ill each afternoon; it affected the others too. The surface of life there was charged with brilliant colors, and permeated in the daytime by that smothering heat. Lawrence did little original writing; he sat on the verandah in the mornings and scratched away at his translation of the Verga novel. He resisted all impulsion to turn away from the bright outwardness and go inward; or, as he watched Brewster set off every morning to receive instruction in Buddhism and the Pali dialect at the nearby monastery, Lawrence decided that this was a bogus inwardness. He began to suggest his disapproval of Buddhism—in later years when he and Brewster were together and would see a statue of the Buddha, Lawrence would say, "Oh I wish he would *stand up!*"

The East had long tempted Lawrence, as his interest in the writings of Besant, Blavatsky, Pryse, and others showed. Brewster has pointed out that in spite of Lawrence's loss of interest in Buddhism while in Ceylon, "his sympathy for other forms of Hindu thought remained." A Sinhalese writer, Martin Wickramasinghe, has said (in his book *Lawrence and Mysticism*, 1903) that Lawrence had affinities with an occult form of Indian mysticism known as the Tantric. And Sri Aurobindo has suggested that perhaps "Lawrence was a Yogi who had missed his way and come into a European body to work out his difficulties." But in Ceylon Lawrence realized "we make a mistake forsaking England and moving out into the periphery of life. After all, Taormina, Ceylon, Africa, America—as far as *we* go, they are only

the negation of what we ourselves stand for and are: and we're rather like Jonahs running away from the place we belong."

Lawrence had sufficiently eluded Mabel Dodge Sterne's projected will that he could, by the end of March, plan to return to England in the summer. It was a crime to leave England in the hands of the Bottomleys: England was the center of vital hope for good Englishmen, who must unite there. Buddhism, Hinduism, even Catholicism—for the last of which Lawrence had some hope, religiously though not politically—were all evasions, he felt. The heavy, muddy voluptuousness of the Orient had brought out the Englishman in him. Yet at the time of his possible return to England, he was considering Australia. On April 3 he wrote Mrs. Sterne, who was now sending necklaces and books on glands as well as letters and cables and demands: "Ceylon is an *experience*—but heavens, not a permanence."

One of his few pieces of writing in Ceylon was the poem "Elephant." This described the Perahera at Kandy on March 23, when the "pale, dispirited Prince" of Wales rode on the elephant's back high above the torch flares. Lawrence saw the weary "fragment of a Prince," in this poem of augury, as "drudge to the public," like the prodded elephant: "an alien, diffident boy whose motto is *Ich Dien*"—and Lawrence in 1922 played prophetically on the irony of that "I serve."

While at Kandy, Lawrence completed his translation of *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*, which Seltzer published in New York the following year. This was the first full book Lawrence translated, to be followed by Verga's *Little Novels of Sicily* (published 1905) and *Cavalleria Rusticana and Other Stories* (published 1908), as well as Il Lasca's *The Story of Doctor Manente* (published in 1909). Before this, he had been credited with helping Koteliansky translate Ivan Bunin's story, "The Gentleman From San Francisco," though his name does not appear on the title page of the volume, *The Gentleman From San Francisco and Other Stories*, which the Hogarth Press published in 1902. On the title page, Koteliansky appears as translator with Leonard Woolf, though a tipped-in erratum note explains that "owing to a mistake Mr. Lawrence's name has been omitted from the title-page," where he should have been credited with translating the leading story in collaboration with Koteliansky. This leads to a story, never told before, which the London bookseller, Bertram Rota, has recently come upon. He discovered that Leo Shestov's *All Things Are Possible*, published by Secker and translated by Koteliansky, with a Foreword by Lawrence, was also a collaboration between Lawrence and Koteliansky on the translation. Observing that the manuscript of the translation was in Lawrence's

handwriting, Bertram Rota called on Kotliansky, who said that he wrote out an original English version of the text which Lawrence revised extensively. Rota has informed the author of the present book (in a communication of July 13, 1904) that "in some cases Lawrence altered the sense, but when Kotliansky pointed this out Lawrence impatiently declared that he could not stand foolish things and had altered the original where he thought it necessary. . . . Kotliansky says that the reason Lawrence's name does not appear as a collaborator in the translation of this book, or of Dostoevsky's *The Grand Inquisitor* or other translations which they did together, is that Lawrence felt that it would be damaging to his reputation with publishers if he should appear as a translator. Consequently there is much work of Lawrence's which is unacknowledged, though he is credited with forewords to the translations in some cases." This is an extremely interesting bibliographical point, for Lawrence may have done several translations anonymously before losing his shyness; if, however, he actually helped translate *The Grand Inquisitor*, for which he wrote a Foreword, it is strange that his name does not appear as one of the translators, for the book was published in August 1900, four months after his death. But this takes us far beyond Lawrence's first Verga translation, completed in 1902.

Leaving Ceylon exactly six weeks after his arrival there, Lawrence went to West Australia and then to Sydney. From there he wrote Juta:¹¹

To Jan Juta from R.M.S. "Malwa," May 20, 1922

I got your letter two days ago in Perth, W. Australia. Now we are rolling in the Gt. Australian Bight, en route for Sydney. Ceylon was lovely to look at but not to live in. Seltzer wanted me to go to India and do a book on that with you—I didn't feel like it. Perhaps later we will.—We stayed two weeks in West Australia—weird place. Don't know how long we shall stay in Sydney—perhaps a month or two—then on into the South Seas, and so to America, to Taos. I've no idea where I shall get the money for the steamer fares, but I don't care. I find on these boats one can travel perfectly second class—nicer than first, simpler—now that there is hardly anybody coming out this way. We are less than thirty passengers second class—nice simple people.—I feel that once I have rolled out of Europe I'll go on rolling. I like it so much. But F. still hankers after "a little 'ome of 'er own." I, no.—But I love straying my own way.—Australia has a marvellous sky and air and blue clarity, and a hoary sort of land beneath it, like a Sleeping Princess on whom the dust of ages has settled. Wonder if she'll ever get up.—I'm not working—don't want to—and it takes me now about two months to get a letter.

I don't know where Bettina is, or I'd write to her.—America seems to have loved your pictures. Write me c/o Robert Mountsier, 417 West 118 Street New York.—How is Alan?—And E. Africa.—As for me, I have started rolling and can't stop yet. Downhill.

Would you have liked to do India? It's fascinating, if one can bear it, and if one avoids most of the English

[In Frieda's hand:] Amy Lowell in raptures over your pictures—Why don't you say what your family said? Where's Alan? Love to Renée if you see her—Frieda

The Bettina referred to near the end of that letter was Jutta's fiancée, Elizabeth Humes, an American (Southern) girl whom Lawrence had met at Capri. His meddling in her life irritated her, and she left Capri on his account, but he seemed to bear no grudge and spoke of her pleasantly in later correspondence. The portrait of her as the American girl, Lou Carrington, in *St. Mawr*, is not a malignant one, though her mother—who became Mrs. Witt, the mother in the story—fared somewhat worse; but by that time Lawrence had met Mabel Dodge Sterne and had a lower opinion than before of will-motored American women.

In West Australia the Lawrences had stayed a few days at Perth and then moved sixteen miles inland to Darlington, at the edge of the bush. They visited Perth at the instigation of a young Australian woman, Mrs. A. L. Jenkins, whom they had met on the *Osterley* between Naples and Colombo; she is possibly the original of Victoria Callcott in *Kangaroo*. She took the Lawrences on a picnic with her friend Mrs. May Eva Gawler, a noted gardener, who explained the Australian flora to Lawrence. He caused a bit of excitement in his few days in Perth, meeting the local intellectuals at Mrs. Zabel's Book Lovers' Library. A woman writer, Katharine Susannah Pritchard (Mrs. Throssell), living near Perth, became so excited at the prospect of meeting Lawrence that she prematurely gave birth to her child. Lawrence met another writer, his future collaborator, the nurse Mollie Skinner, out at Darlington. It was there he had the experience he transferred to Somers in *Kangaroo*, when he walked alone into the bush one night and saw "a huge electric moon, huge, and the tree-trunks like naked pale aborigines among the dark-soaked foliage, in the moonlight. And not a sign of life—not a vestige," though the place seemed haunted, for all its emptiness. Lawrence-Somers fled in terror, ice in his spine.

The Lawrences stayed barely a day at Sydney, just long enough to view from the heights the "many-lobed harbour," and just long enough to find that "Sydney town costs too much." They went forty miles down

the coast to Thirroul and took a house on a cliff above the sea, a cottage some punster had named Wyewurk. In the first few days there Lawrence began writing *Kangaroo*, which he completed in about six weeks, except for the last chapter, "Adieu Australia."

That novel begins in Sydney, with two strangers in quest of lodgings: "a smallish man, pale-faced, with a dark beard," and "a mature, handsome, fresh-faced woman, who might have been Russian." Most of *Kangaroo* is a supreme travel book, with commentary that is at times earnest philosophic point-putting and at times journalistic chit-chat. Since Lawrence and Frieda knew no one in Sydney or Thirroul, the other characters came in from the past: Kangaroo himself, the Jewish lawyer Ben Cooley, was a projection of Koteliensky, though in a letter Lawrence denied this, as he usually did; and Frieda has said that Dr. Eder also helped compose the character. Jaz, the transplanted "Cornish whisper" James Trehwella, is a memory of the cunning, evil Cornishmen, particularly the Beresfords' landlord at Portcothan. But Jack and Victoria Callcott had to be Australian, Jack with his heavy kangaroo-like thighs and Victoria with her "colonial" quality: Lawrence probably based them on people he had met at Perth and Darlington. At "Wyewurk" Lawrence for a change read a newspaper, the *Sydney Bulletin*, whose serendipity reporting style gave him an entire chapter, "Bits." Reading there about the noted Sydney lawyer and engineer, Sir John Monash, who had led the Australian forces in the war, Lawrence probably found the outward guise of Ben Cooley: pictures of Monash, who was, like Kangaroo, Jewish, show him with the long face Lawrence described; and pictures of him would have appeared in the *Bulletin* at that time. Likewise, Lawrence probably found in that paper the outward model for Willie Struthers, the socialist leader, in the frequent references to the labor leader James Holman. But though the face of Willie Struthers may have been the face of Holman, the voice was often that of William Hopkin.

Politically, that year of 1922 was a quiet one for Australia, with no riots such as the one in the novel in which the Diggers fought the socialists. A national election was due, and it took place in December, four months after the Lawrences had left. As part of this political contest, Prime Minister Hughes had toured the country, and although the campaign was a colorless one, both sides spit out a good deal of acrimony. Lawrence read all this and recalled what he had seen in Italy and Sicily the last few years, the newly formed Fascisti battling the socialists; and he created a fascist group to give Kangaroo his weapon of leadership. In the socio-political dialogues in the novel, Lawrence

went back to 1915-16 and the Russell disputes and the bitterness of wartime Cornwall (a point developed at length in Ralph Maud's 1953 Harvard College Honors Thesis). Indeed, on his first day at Thirroul, Lawrence wrote his mother-in-law, "The sky is dark, and it makes me think of Cornwall."

The old fight, the single man against conformity, Lawrence this time fought—or refought—in his imagination. And he chose, in the story substitution, not to follow the strong leader and his fascist-like Diggers, nor to heed the socialist plea for him to edit "a constructive working man's newspaper," but rather to "stick to one's isolate being and the God in whom it is rooted"—a procedure that is easiest to follow in a democratic society. That Lawrence was so consistently anti-democratic is an irony, yet it does not prevent the book from being "one of the most profound political treatises of modern times." This was the judgment of Middleton Murry, in one of his most illuminating comments on Lawrence: he pointed out that *Kangaroo* "shows the complete moral demand of conscious politics upon the modern man. That Lawrence refused it—'his great refusal'—does not alter the fact that he was the first modern Englishman to *feel* the sternness of the complete demand."

The book is full of descriptions of the Australian coast—indeed, its lyric and travelogue element is as important as the central fable. So far only Murry and Father Tiverton and one or two other commentators have given *Kangaroo* its measure of importance among Lawrence's books. As a novel, it does not rank with *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, partly because it is not really a novel but a special kind of production, in the category of such books as *Sartor Resartus*. Purely as writing, it stands high in all twentieth-century literature: the dawns along that coast, the man wandering by the southern sea, the scattered tin-roofed villages, the four days of smashing rains that maroon Somers and his wife in the little house—scenes which in the pages of most novelists would be routine and flaccid, Lawrence with his power of language makes into experiences that are almost as real as anything that has happened to his reader.

While Lawrence was in Australia, he received copies of *Aaron's Rod*, which Seltzer had published in April and Secker in June. Lawrence warned most of his friends to whom he sent the book that they would not like it. And the reviews of it seem either the product of preconceived determinations to dislike Lawrence, or of failures in understanding the novel—and in some cases both. Unexpectedly, the most favorable review was Murry's in the *Nation and Athenaeum*: "To read *Aaron's Rod* is to drink of a fountain of life . . . *Aaron's Rod* is the

most important thing that has happened to English literature since the war. To my mind it is much more important than *Ulysses*" (and it may be added that Murry was a pioneer in the appreciation of Joyce's novel). But other reviewers of *Aaron's Rod* were less enamored of Lawrence's book. In America, H. W. Boynton in the *Independent* doubted that the author was "anything better than a sentimental pervert." Joseph Wood Krutch, in the *Nation*, discovered "vividness, power, and freshness" in *Aaron's Rod*, but also "an almost hysterical overemphasis of certain interesting things." L. M. R., in the *Freeman*, found the book "not one of Mr. Lawrence's notable achievements"; Dorothy Ogburn, in the Literary Review of the New York *Evening Post*, felt the novel really belonged in a psychoanalyst's case book and that its author must be "a wilfully perverse young man." The British were in the main less tart, though Lawrence's friendly old *English Review* thought he had an "ache" in him and was "still groping"; Rebecca West, usually friendly to Lawrence, called *Aaron's Rod* "plum-silly" in the *New Statesman*; the *Times Literary Supplement* found Lawrence grim in somewhat the manner of Strindberg, but in every way a greater writer. Anyhow, despite the coolly disapproving or tepidly approving reviews, *Aaron's Rod* fared rather well. Seltzer soon had a second printing on the way, and in England Secker had to reprint it every few years during the rest of Lawrence's life. By 1922 Lawrence had found his postwar audience, a literate minority that gave him just enough support to keep him going until his black-market best seller, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, brought him his first "tidy amount."

There in Australia in 1922, he could tell Mabel Dodge Sterne by July 18 that he had finished his novel—only about six weeks after he had started it (though, as mentioned, he added the chapter, "Adieu Australia," after he arrived in Taos). Mrs. Sterne had sent a cable which made even a participle sound peremptory: "EXPECTING YOU." Lawrence had written Katharine Susannah Pritchard that Australia was an ideal place to settle in "when one has had enough of the world—when one doesn't want to wrestle with another single thing, humanly . . . No, just to drift away, and live and forget and expire in Australia." In another letter he told her, "It's a dark country, a sad country, underneath—like an abyss. Then, when the sky turns frail and blue again, and the trees against the far-off sky stand out, the glamour, the unget-at-able glamour! A great fascination, but also a dismal grey terror, underneath." He was planning to leave in six more days.

And on August 10, he and Frieda sailed on the *Tahiti* for San Francisco, touching at Wellington, New Zealand; at Avatiu, Raratonga; and

at Papeete, Tahiti. From Wellington he sent a friendly postcard to Katherine Mansfield, with a one-word message, "*Recuerdi*," to break their years of silence. Only a day earlier, Katherine Mansfield, on the point of leaving Switzerland for London, had made her will and had named Lawrence among those of her friends who were to receive small remembrances. *Aaron's Rod* had roused her admiration for the writer so that she could forgive the man. Reading it in July, and coming across an old story of Lawrence's, "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" (from *The Prussian Officer*), she had spoken of these in two letters to Koteliansky. Lawrence's "Rose Garden" story was "one of the weakest he ever wrote," yet it was "so utterly different from all the rest" in a collection of modern stories that she read it "with joy. When he mentions gooseberries these are real red, ripe gooseberries that the gardener is rolling on a tray. When he bites into an apple it is a sharp, sweet, fresh apple from the growing tree." And the faults of *Aaron's Rod*, she thought, were minor: the book lived, and it was a relief to read it after "all these little pre-digested books written by authors who have nothing to say!" She could not agree with much of what Lawrence said, and his ideas of sex were meaningless to her, "but I feel nearer to L. than anyone else. All these last months I have thought as he does about many things." Indeed, these two writers had similarities in their physical vision, as a close examination of their prose will show: in an age of journalese and of pallid stereotypes, they both wrote in a style that was concrete, sharp-colored, and kinetic, each of them with a distinct personal cadence. (In the July 1904 issue of *Essays in Criticism*, Robert Liddell writes: "Katherine Mansfield said somewhere that there were three Lawrences; the black devil, whom she hated; the prophet, in whom she did not believe; and the man and artist whom she loved and valued. Now that it is twenty-four years since he died, can we not rid ourselves of the devil and the prophet—for whom there is no future—and find the man and artist, who is immortal?")

Lawrence sent other cards on his way to America: to Ada Clarke from every port the ship stopped at, and the Brewsters and Catherine Carswell and others from several of these places. Lawrence told Mrs. Carswell that he found Tahiti "beautiful—but Papeete a poor, dull, modernish place." A fortnight later he reported to her that San Francisco was "quite pleasant, but very noisy and iron-clanking and expensive." One of the ugly rumors about Lawrence which has flourished with particular vigor concerns those five days in San Francisco, during which he is supposed to have slipped away from Frieda for a squalid adventure. But Frieda has insisted (letter of January 24, 1911), "I was there in San

Francisco every minute." The story she classifies as "one of those charming lies."

VI

Taos was a mistake, as Lawrence realized soon after he arrived. During his intermittent three years there, he rarely stayed in Taos itself—"Taos too much. Mabel Sterne and suppers and motor drives and people dropping in"—but lived in the mountain ranches twenty miles away from that center of twittering malice; and Lawrence also made several trips to Mexico and Europe during this period. From his arrival at Taos on September 11, 1922 to his departure on September 10, 1915, Lawrence spent only about eighty weeks in the Taos region, barely more than half of those three years; and, as previously noted, very little of this time in Taos itself. He liked New Mexico, but wanted as much as possible to avoid Mrs. Sterne-Luhan and the people who stayed on her property, which he christened Mabeltown.

Mrs. Sterne was an intensification of all that Lawrence had disliked in Ottoline Morrell: and the American woman had a far larger war chest for her activities. Lady Ottoline was in any event the product of an older civilization, not of a parvenu culture; she was a grand lady in the grand style and, if eccentric, quite authentically so in the tradition of her distinguished bluestocking ancestor, the Countess of Winchelsea; and Lady Ottoline's foibles had been mostly on the surface. Mrs. Sterne (who later became Mrs. Luhan and will for convenience' sake be called that here) has left an exceedingly full account of herself in a book purporting to be about Lawrence which she rushed into print soon after his death: *Lorenzo in Taos* (1912). About twenty years later she placed the manuscript of another Lawrence book in a safe which was to contain it until twenty years after her death. Perhaps—as in the case of other secret papers such as those of Oscar Wilde and Abraham Lincoln, which before they were made public in 1910 aroused great excitement in the different camps—the document will turn out to be a dud.

After two months of Mrs. Luhan, Lawrence had written his mother-in-law about her, in German: "You have asked about Mabel Dodge: American, rich, only child, from Buffalo on Lake Erie, bankers, forty-two years old, has had three husbands—one Evans (dead), one Dodge (divorced), and one Maurice Sterne (a Jew, Russian, painter, also divorced). Now she has an Indian, Tony, stout chap. She has lived much in Europe—Paris, Nice, Florence—is a little famous in New York and little loved, very intelligent as a woman, a 'culture-carrier,' likes to play the patroness, hates the white world and loves the Indian out of

hate, is very 'generous,' wants to be 'good' and is very wicked, has a terrible will-to-power, you know—she wants to be a witch and at the same time a Mary of Bethany at Jesus's feet—a big white crow, a cooing raven of ill omen, a white buffalo."

The account of Lawrence's New Mexican experiences that follows will draw upon Mrs. Luhan's *Lorenzo in Taos* as little as possible. Some of the incidents in it probably happened and will have to be noted, though one soon turns to the reliable memoirs of the period for relief and for a stricter truth, particularly to Frieda Lawrence's *Not I, But The Wind*. Above all, one may turn to Lawrence's own letters for a note of sanity.

Mrs. Luhan had thoughtfully telegraphed the Lawrences their Pullman fares to Taos from San Francisco. On the evening of Lawrence's thirty-seventh birthday he and Frieda stepped off the train at Lamy, New Mexico, and into the orbit of this bustling little woman and the chauffeur who had driven her there in her expensive automobile: the massive and stolid Indian, Tony Luhan, who was hardly the type of noble savage Lawrence was looking for. Frieda, Mabel felt at once, was trying to "see" her and Tony "sexually." They all drove away together over the desert, Mrs. Luhan from the first feeling hostile toward Frieda and prehensile toward Lawrence: "The womb in me roused to reach out and take him." Her story about the car's breaking down on the way to Sante Fe and, as Tony Luhan puttered with the engine, Lawrence's saying, "I am a failure as a man in the world of men," should be weighed against the probabilities. Lawrence, with his hatred of machines, thought that Indians who knew how to fix them were corrupt.

Before he had been long in Taos, Lawrence began to direct his hatred of machines in general to automobiles in particular. This was new, in spite of his ancient loathing of mechanization of almost any kind: even the idealized Birkin, in *Women in Love*, drove a car without incurring spiritual penalties. But now Lawrence's correspondence began to complain of "Mabel and motor cars"; and, as he told Mrs. Bessie Freeman in a letter in October, he did not "like a motor-car." This dislike persisted: in Italy several years later, Aldous Huxley tried to persuade Lawrence to take his old car, but Lawrence refused: "Why rush from place to place?" He seemed, after his first American experience, to identify Mabel Luhan and her motorized Indian with cars and rushing about and the mechanized will. After describing Mrs. Luhan to his mother-in-law, Lawrence said, "The people in America all want power, but a small, personal base power: bullying. They are all bullies."

On Lawrence's first night in New Mexico it was too late, by the

time this international party had reached Santa Fe, for Tony Luhan to attempt the seventy-five miles to Taos. Mabel Luhan arranged for the Lawrences to stay at the tiny adobe house of Witter Bynner, a local poet and translator who was to wait until the 1910's, when everyone had thought the last malicious memoir of Lawrence had been published, to launch his *Journey With Genius*. That book was ill timed in that it turned the clock back to the period twenty years before, when the hectic memoirs of Lawrence's camp followers were driving people away from his writing. By the 1910's, Lawrence's work was at last being read for its own sake, and then Bynner revived Lawrence the embittered thrower of crockery and insults. In *John O' London's Weekly*, Richard Church wrote, "The reader may ask whether or not Mr. Bynner is justified, after so many years, in reviving the record of his own irritations at the social morbidity of a man of genius." Reviewing Bynner's memoir in the *New York Times*, Mark Schorer said the decade of the 1910's would not see another book "so drenched in malice," with Lawrence's "bad manners" reported "as if by a cross between Emily Post and Hedda Hopper." Bynner's delayed sting would not have surprised Lawrence, who in 1916 wrote Mrs. Luhan that Bynner was "a sort of belated mosquito."

Bynner's "venom," as Schorer has characterized it, was apparent from his first glimpse of the man Mrs. Luhan brought to his house: "Lawrence's appearance struck me from the outset as that of a bad baby masquerading as a good Mephistopheles."

Willard (Spud) Johnson, who had been in Bynner's verse-writing class at the University of California and was then staying with him in Santa Fe, returned from a Tom Mix movie that evening to find himself and Bynner moved into the "studio" while the Lawrences were installed in the bedroom. Frieda said to Mabel Luhan, "Un ménage, hein? The young thin one seems rather nice." Before retiring they all had a gay supper in the kitchen, with some acquaintances joining them; when Bynner arose early the next morning to wash the dishes before breakfast, he found that Lawrence had already performed the task—but perhaps this was a breach of good manners.

Lawrence had his first glimpse of New Mexico that day: "The moment I saw the brilliant, proud morning sun shine high up over the deserts of Santa Fe, something stood still in my soul, and I started to attend." He had found the place, New Mexico, that was to become "the greatest experience from the outside world that I have ever had." He was always careful to distinguish, when he made such statements, between New Mexico itself, with its magnificent high skies and "the

fierce, proud silence of the Rockies," and the New Mexico that was already "the picturesque reservation and playground of the eastern states," the New Mexico that wealthy amateurs "wrapped in the absolutely hygienic and shiny mucous paper of our trite civilization."

This aspect he found at Mabel Luhan's: the Bohemian, arty, dude-ranch attempt to be primitive. At her house that first night, as he and Frieda sat down to dine with her in Greenwich Village-like candle light that glimmered on decorative bronzes, Lawrence giggled: "It's like one of those nasty little temples in India." The next day Mrs. Luhan helped the Lawrences move into "their" house, which Lawrence about a week later described to Brewster not merely as an adobe cottage but as "a very smart" one. "The drawback is, of course, the 'padrona.'" She tried to be "nice," but Lawrence told Brewster that he did not know how long he could stand her: "Probably, as a sort of lesson to myself, until the spring."

Earlier, the day he had arrived at Taos, Lawrence had written a hasty card to the Brewsters saying he was "still dazed and vague." But before he could quite catch his breath, Mrs. Luhan had Tony whisk him away in her car to the Apache fiesta, which he "must" see. "Tony," Mrs. Luhan reported, "didn't want to take Lawrence, but I made him!"

Mrs. Luhan had wanted to go to the fiesta, but stayed behind because there was not space in the car for her and her house guest, Mrs. Freeman, and Frieda. So Bessie Wilkerson Freeman accompanied Lawrence and Tony. Both Frieda and Mrs. Luhan thought this little white-haired widow, a girlhood friend of Mrs. Luhan's from Buffalo, was "safe" enough to be a companion for their men. Lawrence formed a strange relationship with her: after she left Taos he wrote her letters far more full of gossip than was usual in his correspondence.

At Taos, during those five days Lawrence was at the fiesta, Frieda spent the time with her hostess, whose energy she admired, and with another guest, Alice Corbin Henderson. Mrs. Henderson was the wife of a painter and was the author of several books of poetry. Before Lawrence had left, Frieda had written her hostess a note saying, "I have suffered tortures when Lawrence talked to people, when they drew him out just to 'see his goods' and then jeered at him." But after Lawrence had gone, Frieda gave away an even better share of "goods," candidly telling Mrs. Luhan—or so Mrs. Luhan claimed—"about the two times Lawrence had evaded her" in Cornwall. Frieda wrote later, somewhat ruefully, that Mrs. Luhan and Mrs. Henderson "asked me many questions, which I answered truthfully, giving the show away as usual."

Lawrence on his return wrote Curtis Brown a letter which revealed

his writing and publishing plans and, above all, his essential independence of agents, publishers, and public:"

To Curtis Brown from Taos, New Mexico, Sept. 20, 1922

I was away five days motoring to the Apache country to an Indian Feast there, so only got your letter last night. This is now, my address and I think I'll be here all the Winter.

Thank you for the account rendered. I'll write to Duckworth this mail, and tell him once more to send in accounts to you.

I finished Kangaroo, and when I receive typescript from Mountsier will revise it and let you have it.

Secker *ought not* to publish the three novelettes before they are through here. You know Hearsts are printing "*The Captains Doll*" in the International and giving me \$1000. Mountsier is trying to place *Ladybird* also. And *this* is the money I live on. To let Secker publish just as he pleases would simply take the bread out of my mouth. You know how much I get from England. Not enough to pay my steamer fare or even my house rent. If England doesn't want to read me, I don't care; I don't care if my books are never published over there. You complain that it doesn't pay you to handle my books, well, that's not my fault. If you don't want to handle them, then leave them Non ine fee inente.

I had a letter from Basil Blackwell saying he would like to see the Verga translations—Maestro don Gesualdo and Novelle Rusticane—with a view to publishing. You might let him see the M.S.S.

If Secker wants another story for the short story book, I will do it. But of course Wintry Peacock is pledged till 1923.

Send me all news, I hope letters will now take only 10 days or a fortnight.

Lawrence left his impressions of the Apache fiesta in his essay, "Indians and an Englishman." He found the festival at some levels impressive, but much of it must have seemed like the Indian nonsense he had mocked at in *The Lost Girl*, in which the strolling players put on a melodrama about Red Indians. Lawrence wrote of the Apache fiesta, "It is all rather like a comic opera played with solemn intensity." Later, in both New Mexico and Arizona, the Indian dances stirred him; now he resisted. The ancient drums awoke something in his blood, yes, but "My way is my own, old red father; I can't cluster at the drum any more."

On the other hand, modern American life did not allure him either,

though he had seen little enough of it. But even in the comparative remoteness of Taos, the influence of the cities projected itself. Lawrence told Brewster he could understand why Brewster did not want to live in America: "It is just the life outside, and the outside of life. Not *really* life, in my opinion." The sun was good, and "the free desert, and the absence of Europe's stiflingness . . . But this absurd will-pressure and the sense of a host of people who must all have an inferiority complex somewhere, striving to make good over everybody else, this is ignominious, it seems to me." In that same letter to Brewster (September 22), Lawrence crowed happily that "the 'Vice' people tried to suppress *Women in Love* and other books: Seltzer won completely." He referred to the recent decision of Magistrate George W. Simpson in the West Side Court in New York City, to which the crusading John W. Sumner had brought three Seltzer books for prosecution: Lawrence's, and a novel by Schnitzler, and a volume with an introduction by Freud. In his decision, Magistrate Simpson declared, "I do not find anything in these books which may be considered obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent, or disgusting. On the contrary, I find that each of them is a distinct contribution to the literature of the present day." This was a good augury for Lawrence's immediate publishing future.

On returning to Taos, Lawrence had discussed with Mabel Luhan the possibility of their collaborating on a book about her life. Frieda, recalling the plan, said in her memoir, "I did not want this." She began to intrude on the collaborators' little meetings. Mrs. Luhan reported that Lawrence complained to her of his terror of "the heavy, German hand of the flesh," and whether or not he ever said this, it must at least have been fun to imagine that he had. Mrs. Luhan was not attracted to Lawrence physically, she said, but felt that she must have a physical relationship with him because the body is the gateway to the soul. "One day," Frieda recalled, "Mabel came over and told me she didn't think I was the right woman for Lawrence." Frieda roared back at her, "Try it then yourself, living with a genius, see what it is like and how easy it is, take him if you can."

Mrs. Luhan could not, though she kept trying to. Even after his death, she attempted to steal his ashes from Frieda. But someone told Frieda about this, and Frieda cemented the ashes into an altar that even Mrs. Luhan's will power and money power have not yet been able to smash. Those very powers, of both will and money, had frightened Lawrence away from her in life. He soon saw how she was trying to be empress of the Indians. Her activities became in time as much of a bother to the townspeople and the Indians themselves as they had been

to Lawrence. Eventually the county commissioners rezoned Taos in order to put her residence outside the voting district. And a young Indian, representing his generation rather than merely himself, wrote an open letter to her in the *Taos Star*. This was in answer to some of her public pronouncements to the effect that the young Indians did not really want "progress," and "a dismal accretion of cars, stoves, sinks, *et al*," for "the blood of their fore-runners is still truly stronger in them than new needs for THINGS"—a series of semi-Lawrencean ideas sounding rather hollow without Lawrence's magic of expression. Anyhow, the young Indian, J. R. Martinez in his letter asked Mrs. Luhan, who had just moved into a new house with soundproof bedrooms, a magnificent kitchen, and several fine bathrooms, whether she would not like to change places with him: "You can have all the horse and buggies you want and I'll have your nice new cars. You drink muddy water from the mountains and I and my five children will drink nice clean water from your faucets . . . You have to understand that we want to live like humans and not like animals." Mrs. Luhan and her arty friends had treated him and his people like monkeys by feeding them peanuts: "Mrs. Luhan, take your peanuts somewhere else."

This little revolt of the masses occurred long after Lawrence had left Taos, but he would have chuckled at it, as he would have chuckled—with some exasperation—at the parody of his doctrines. Lawrence had himself become involved in one of the great controversies over the Indians soon after he arrived in Taos: the Bursum Bill. He mentioned this in a letter to Mrs. Freeman, in which he also mentioned a good many other local activities, including those of another friend of Mrs. Luhan's from Buffalo who had married a one-armed former sheriff named Lee Witt; of Mrs. Luhan's son, John Ganson Evans; of Juan Concha, a friend of Tony Luhan's; and of the sociologist John Collier, who later served as Commissioner of Indian Affairs during the entire presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt:

To Bessie Freeman from Taos, New Mexico, Oct. 30, 1922

This is just a line to say how do you do, and where are you, and what are you up to. We are here as usual thick in things: even too thick. It has been the Bursum Bill till we're sick of it. I've done an article, Alice Corbin's done one, John Collier's done one. The last named is still trotting on his reforming mission somewhere Zuñi way, we are supposed to go and meet him at San Domingo on Nov. 5th, Sunday, where all the elders from all the pueblos are to meet and have a Bursum Bill pow-wow. M. S. [Mabel Sterne] is very keen on going. Your old friend

of the Apache trip is *not* keen. He doesn't love a motor-car. Besides, it has snowed these two days, and been so cold I have almost cried. I shall *not* be trailed to Santo Domingo if it's like this.

Tony is home: had to abandon John Colly—as John Concha invariably says, in Sante Fe, because he, Tony, had such a toothache. Fortunately it was better when he got home.—Put 2 + 2 together.

John Evans got back from Wyoming last night, having motored 1,000,000 [*sic*] miles since Wednesday—in his new car. He now wants to marry young Alice [Henderson] in 4 weeks['] time, and take her to the Buffalo grandmother's for January 4th, when my young gentleman comes of age. Whether this speed will be allowed him, remains to be seen.—Alice Corbin here, and leaves tomorrow, full of admiration etc for Mabel, but a little worried in her maternal self, the young Alice being not yet 16.—Lee Witt didn't go home to Nina for a fortnight: went instead to his Mexican woman and had influenza with her. Nina infuriated, pondered a divorce. He growing tenderer, said if Mrs. Berry went he'd come home. Mrs. Berry went, he came home, cried, Nina's heart melted in her, the divorce is postponed.

No no, no more gossip. We still ride: on Sunday through the snow up Glorietta: very lovely too. My little pony quite likes me: and Gran'fer is wedded to Frieda, and nearly hangs himself upon the barbed wire when she won't ride, and we trot off alone. I always think of you as my first riding companion: and my first Indian mate. You'll see yourself in my *Pueblos and an Englishman* article if ever anybody publishes it.

We never thanked you for the newspapers: but we do.

When shall we see you again?

Ugh, I don't like this cold weather.

How is your Paul.

Many greetings from us both.

Lawrence's rather sardonic view of John Collier, "trotting on his reforming mission somewhere Zuffi way," was probably the result of his having met Collier under the wrong circumstances. Actually, Collier had a kind of Lawrencean feeling for the Indians; eventually, as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Collier established a program of protection for them, under an administration more interested in human rights than in land-grabbing or the benefits of "free enterprise." In Lawrence's time, Senator Bursum of New Mexico and the man he had succeeded, Albert B. Fall, who had left his senatorial post to become Harding's Secretary of the Interior before going to a Federal peniten-

tiary, had joined forces in an attempt to deprive the Indians of their land. Oil, which at the last was to cause Fall's public disgrace, had been discovered on some of the Navaho lands. Collier helped make the Indians aware of the threatened land-seizure, and even Lawrence took enough interest in the matter to write an article against the Bursum Bill in the *New York Times Magazine* (of December 24, 1922). Indian delegations went East to appeal for protection against the depredations of the Indian Bureau, whose attitude was not changed even by the removal of Fall (March 4, 1923). His former associates then branded the Indians as Reds, i.e., "agents of Moscow." The Indians had, however, stirred up enough dust to prevent the wholesale seizure of their hereditary lands, though they had to wait some years till Roosevelt and Ickes and Collier could set up what Collier has called "the Indian New Deal." Lawrence could not foresee this, and perhaps would have found some faults with it if he had foreseen it. "Somewhere," he wrote Mabel Luhan from Mexico in November 1923, "the Indians know that you and Collier would, with your salvationist but poisonous white consciousness, destroy them." But Lawrence's vision of John Collier was hampered by Collier's association with the woman who would make at least part of Lawrence's judgment a true one, the woman whose tactics would inspire resentful Indians of a later generation to demand plumbing fixtures.

About a month after his arrival in New Mexico, Lawrence in a horse-back ride-interview with a young writer, Maurice Lesemann, said he found the Americans "dangerous as a race. Far more dangerous than most of the races in Europe." But already he had again begun to think of America as the locale of Rananim: "I should like to see the young people gather," he told Lesemann, "somewhere away from the city, somewhere where living is cheap—in a place like this, for instance; and let them have a farm or a ranch, with horses and a cow, and *not* try to make it pay. Don't let them try to make it pay, like Brook Farm. But let them support themselves by their writing, or their painting, or whatever it is." Then "they could be themselves"; they would create a nucleus, and "they would be able gradually to spread their influence and combat the other thing a little. At least they would know they existed."

That was the early-New Mexico Lawrence, who daily went riding on an Indian pony, the Lawrence of cowboy boots, white riding-breeches, blue shirt, bandana tie, and wide-brimmed hat. His new idea of Rananim he mentioned in his second letter to Mrs. Freeman, an important letter because of this and because it contains the first mention of the ranch he later visualized as headquarters for Rananim:¹¹

To Bessie Freeman from Taos, New Mexico, "Tuesday" [Oct. 31, 1922]

I wrote you yesterday, not knowing Mabel had telegraphed to you. Today we have been up to John's ranch—about 20 miles from here. It was so lonely: and rather free, far more so than here. Frieda wants to go and live there. We'll try it first for a week, because it will be colder. But I think we shall do it—and try to make a *real* life there. It is much more splendid, more *real*, there, than here. You must come and see how you'd like it.

Mabel says you want to sell your Los Angeles home. Sell it. Sell it before you come here, if you can: or put it in an agent's hands. Then come, and let us plan a new life. I was thinking you might want to take up the next "homestead" lot to us, and have your house: and Mabel would take up another lot adjoining. And the rule would be, no *servants*: we'd all work our own work. No highbrows and weariness of stunts. We might make a central farm. Make it all real. This is too unreal for me.

There's the idea, anyhow—if it attracts you, we can talk more about it. So no more till I see you.

Lawrence soon discovered that obstacles stood in the way of his remove to the mountains: on November 14, he wrote Mrs. Freeman: "We can't go to the ranch this winter. The house is broken in, and too late to repair it. So we stay in this house."

He at least had the fun of annoying Mabel Luhan by inviting members of the local art colony to parties at his house in "Mabeltown." His expressed disgust for the "arty" crowd had given Mrs. Luhan a gloating chance to keep to herself the visiting lion and lioness-baroness; but now he had willfully broken his own privacy. Sometimes he and Frieda would quarrel before others, as on the night Mabel Luhan was present when Lawrence reportedly shouted to Frieda, "Take that dirty cigarette out of your mouth! And stop sticking out that fat belly of yours!"—to which Frieda is said to have retorted, "You'd better stop that talk or I'll tell about *your* things." Those present did not know the Lawrences' technique of cauterizing annoyances at once rather than letting them gangrene into grudges. They were astonished to see Lawrence and Frieda, a few minutes later, walking along together arm and arm in the moonlight, "in a silent world of their own."

Lawrence and Frieda felt that their best chance of preserving their "silent world" was to go up to the Rockies. After two weeks, Lawrence wrote Bessie Freeman an account of the life there: "

To Bessie Freeman from Del Monte Ranch, Valdez, N.M., Dec. 15, 1922

You see we have moved: Mabel was too near a neighbour. We have come to the Hawks' ranch—next to John Evans' ranch—about 17 miles from Taos: have an old brown log cabin, and are very comfortable. We plan to stay till April, so perhaps you'll be through with your house-selling by then. Perhaps it is true, you shouldn't part with your own chippendale: if it's a comfort for you to have it. Perhaps we shall see you.

We have no particular news: are going down to Taos on the 24th, and staying a day or two with Mrs. Harwood—you remember, from whose house I turned back one morning. Thomas Seltzer and his wife are due to arrive in Taos on the 25th—my publisher—then we shall come on here. Mabel will be full with a wedding and Christmas lot: not my line at all. John Evans marries the young Alice Henderson on the 20th of this month. She is fifteen years old. And he will be 21 in January. But I don't care for him: a very untrue, worthy youth, seems to me. I'm glad to be out of it all. The young couple will live in our (Tony's) house—and proceed east to the grandmother's for his coming of age. At least, such is the programme. All the same to me.—Dear Bessie Freeman, I must tell you I don't like Mabel very much. Elle me paraît fausse. La strega.

We have quite a good time here: cut down a big tree and with great exertions sawed it and split it up. Ah oh, it burns away so fast in all the fires. I think grudgingly when I see the red embers: all my labour gone into smoke! But it was a sweet balsam pine tree, very bright in the burning. We struggle with pack-rats and pigs and cats. We've got one of Lorraine's little black pups that is now growing up into a young termagant. We go riding: I on a high sorrel thoroughbred that nearly splits me as I split my logs with wedges.—In a 3-room cabin are two young Danes, painters, nice: good neighbours. And Mountsier is coming next week. Snow is quite deep round us: but no snow on the desert below. The coyotes howl by the gate.

You know Sarah Higgins has left Victor—pro tem. at least—and gone to New York. Suppose she thinks she can bring down bigger game. Doubt it. She has taken the baby. He is growing a beard and being a lost soul. Nina Witt says she's going to England in Jan., Lee Witt having been badly defeated in politics, nose out of joint. Nina to study some sort of co-ordination healing stunt under some doctor in London. Wish her joy of it. The Gaspards have gone: he in tears, for his lost years, apparently: lost something.

Did you get the copy of *England, My England* I sent you?—long ago? I know quite a lot of Spanish out of the little red book.

We say we are going to *Greenland* in the summer. Are we?
This is to wish you a happy Christmas, from us both.

"We are still 'friends' with Mabel," Lawrence had told his mother-in-law, "but do not take this snake to our bosom." The Lawrences established pleasant relations with their new landlord, A. D. Hawk, and became particularly good friends of the younger Hawks, William and his wife Rachel. The two Danes who took the other cabin at Del Monte for that icy winter were Knud Merrild and Kai Gótzsche. Lawrence's disappearance into the mountains with them galled Mabel Luhan, who had snubbed the Danes and sneered at them.

Merrild eventually wrote a book about Lawrence, *A Poet and Two Painters* (1919), which dealt principally with that winter. It was a book remarkable only for its self-conscious efforts at detachment; most of it comprised reconstructed conversations with Lawrence, taken from parts of his work, a method of authorship at once too easy and too confusing. And Merrild sometimes applied the method wrongly, as when he lifted a passage from Stephen Potter's book on Lawrence and mistakenly attributed the words in that passage to Lawrence. They were words attempting to deny homosexual tendencies in Lawrence. The value of the reference, however, resided in the Danes' own assertions, from their close acquaintance with Lawrence during that mountaintop winter and during some later, intimate travel experiences, that Lawrence was positively not homosexual.

One or two other interesting points, besides this forceful denial, came out in Merrild's book; incidents of that eventful winter. One of these was a visit of a girl, Meta Lehmann, who had walked up from Taos to visit the Danes. Because the walk back on the same day would have been too much, the Danes put her up for the night in one of the rooms in their cabin, thereby enraging the puritan Lawrence. The other episode concerned Lawrence's dog "Bibbles," heroine of the poem of that name in *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*: "First live thing I've 'owned' since the lop-eared rabbits when I was a lad, / And those over-prolific white mice, and Adolf, and Rex, whom I didn't own." The portrait of Bibbles, with her black little wrinkled face and her eagerness and her indiscriminate way of making friends ("All humanity is jam to you"), is one of Lawrence's liveliest and funniest. The "little Walt-Whitmanesque bitch" became a symbol of various American traits Lawrence despised. Merrild said that Lawrence once in a rage kicked Bibbles, though when Merrild in the 1910's published in a *Sante Fe* newspaper the section of his book describing this, a number of people

few days in Cuernavaca—hot, but very attractive. And tomorrow we set off for Puebla, Tehuacan, Orizaba.—This hotel is a little Italian place—we pay only 4 pesos a day each, Amer. Plan, 3 meals a day. I like it very much: so would you, if you had a companion. If you were alone, perhaps better stay at the Imperial or the Regis—the former less expensive: the latter more central. Mrs. Nuttall[1]—to whom Dr. Lyster gave us a letter—offers us a house of hers in Coyacan [*sic*], a suburb here. I'd rather be farther from town. We shall make up our minds next week.—It isn't a bit too hot—but still it takes some getting used to.—Forgive the post-cards. The address is safe. Warm greetings from us both.

The woman Lawrence mentioned in that letter as having offered the Lawrences a house in Coyoacán was the archeologist Zelia Nuttall. In 1901 she had published a book, *Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations*, which Frieda has recalled that Lawrence read. She told this to William York Tindall, who in his book on Lawrence showed that Mrs. Nuttall's volume was one of the sources of *The Plumed Serpent*, which Lawrence began to write after settling in Chapala in May. Frieda Lawrence has pointed out that Tindall was wrong in saying that Lawrence had stayed at Mrs. Nuttall's; she says he went there for lunch three times. Tindall was correct, however, in identifying Mrs. Nuttall as the original of Mrs. Norris, the suburban hostess in *The Plumed Serpent*.

Lawrence told Amy Lowell in a letter of April 23 that he would like to write another novel, but in Mexico he found it "hard to break through the wall of the atmosphere." The country itself was interesting, but he had not "got the right hang of it yet." In Mexico City he spent most of his time with English-speaking people, not always happily: at least two memoirists (Carleton Beals and Witter Bynner) have recorded that Lawrence spoke rather too insultingly loud of his disgust at some American journalists who attempted to associate with him at his hotel. The same two chroniclers also have reported that on occasion Lawrence would shout at Frieda not to sit with her legs apart "like a slut." Lawrence had particularly irritated Bynner by putting him into *The Plumed Serpent* as Owen Rhys, who attended a bull fight with his young friend Villiers (Willard Johnson), the two of them sickened by the spectacle, as they had been in life, but hysterically sticking it out because they were Americans and had to "see" everything, even if it made them sick. Frieda wrote to Merrild that she and Lawrence "ran away after ten minutes." But Bynner and his companion who remained were scored in Lawrence's novel: "How could one be like these

Americans, picking over the garbage of sensations, and gobbling it up like carrion birds!"

Lawrence before long had his fill of Mexico, as he told A. D. Hawk on a postcard (from Orizaba on April 21) showing a picture of a bullfight:^u

Have had about enough of Mexico—sail for New York next week—address care Thomas Seltzer. 5 West 50th St. This country is interesting for a short time, then one is through with it.—I do hope Mrs. Hawk is better, and that the weather is warmer.—We saw this bullfight—pretty disgusting.

But Lawrence did not go to New York then: his letters of the time, to various people, indicate confusion; sometimes he would tell one person he was leaving Mexico, and another, on the same day, that he was looking for a place to live in there.

After returning to Mexico City he expected to lunch with the Secretary of Public Education, José Vasconcelos, on April 26. This noted philosopher was then called the Secretary on Horseback because he was a cultural missionary who went out personally to superintend the spread of education among the Indian tribes. In 1923 he was helping native artists such as Rivera and Orozco, by commissioning them to paint murals in government buildings. Lawrence carped at these paintings, both in his conversations at the time and later in *The Plumed Serpent*, where he said that the murals were poor because the artists painted under an impulse of hatred and propaganda: "Those flat Indians were symbols . . . in the weary script of socialism and anarchy." But Lawrence wrote Murry that the members of the Obregón government were "good idealists and sensible," though he felt himself "as usual outside the scheme of such things." He put himself even more emphatically out of such things that very day, when he and Frieda and several journalists went to meet Vasconcelos for lunch. After they arrived at his office, Vasconcelos because of some last-minute crisis had to send one of his assistants to ask the party whether the luncheon could not be postponed till next day. Frieda and the others agreed, but Lawrence hotly refused. Bynner, whose book has charitably suggested that Lawrence's rages were induced by wine, could not in reporting this episode fall back upon such a magnanimous hypothesis because the party had not yet gone to a café. Bynner had to report, without generously excusing him on the grounds of alcoholism, that on this occasion Lawrence simply got mad.

The next night Lawrence left for Guadalajara to look for a place to

live. He wrote his mother-in-law that he now had no wish to return to Europe, where she must be weary of the "German tragedy" and the materialism. Mexico also had "Bolshevism and Fascism and revolutions and all the rest of it"; he stood apart, however, like the Indians, who remained the same through all revolutions and changes. "They haven't the machinery of our consciousness, they are like black water, over which go our dirty motorboats, with stink and noise—the water gets a little dirty but does not really change."

Lawrence found a place to live, in the village of Chapala, in the state of Jalisco. Frieda joined him a few days later; then Bynner and Johnson came too. Lawrence wrote Mrs. Freeman, who had apparently compared Taos to the Rome of the decline:^u

To Mrs. Freeman from Zaragoza No. 4, Chapala, Mexico, May 11, 1923

Your letter about Mabel. No, it is worse than Gibbon. The submerged Continent of Atlantis.

I suppose you'll pay next time you go.

We've got a house here—very nice—green trees—a Mexican Isabel to look after us—a big lake of Chapala outside—a little village Chapala—but at the same side a little lake-side resort for Guadalajara, which is about 35 miles away.

It isn't too hot. If you feel like coming down, come down. I won't offer you this house, because Isabel would by no means come up to your standards, even if *you* did. But there is a pleasant hotel, 4 pesos a day for a short time, 3 pesos a day if you stay a month. And a peso is about 49 cents American. Cheap enough.

Don't know how long we shall stay—a month or two. At the moment Witter Bynner is here in the hotel, with Willard Johnson. Very nice.

So come if you feel like it—either by sea over ~~Manzanillo~~ or El Paso and Irapuato.

A bit of Taos excitement that projected itself into the quiet of Chapala was the sudden marriage of Mabel Sterne, who at last officially became Mrs. Luhan. Having received a hint that Tony Luhan was, after all, a ward of the government, she foresaw that bureaucratic irritation at some of her activities might take the form of removing her Indian-buck lover, so she hastily married him. Lawrence infuriated her by sending Nina Witt, whom he had "reviled" (Mrs. Luhan's word) while in Taos, a postcard saying, "I hear Mabel married Tony. Why?" The new Mrs. Luhan snapped, "None of his business why. Don't you tell him!" She admitted: "I stole the postcard from her." Frieda wrote

Mrs. Luhan's other Buffalo girlhood friend, Bessie Freeman, on May goth: "Your world must have come tumbling about your ears, when you heard that Mabel had married Tony—In my *head* I say: Why not, but somewhere else it's so impossible—Merrild writes: the Indians don't like the marriage and the Taos people don't, but they have something to talk about and *that* they do like." Frieda still liked Mrs. Luhan, she said: "She has failed somehow in her life, but then it is so easy to fail." Lawrence, Frieda reported, was writing a novel and already had two hundred and fifty pages. "At night a mozo sleeps outside our bedrooms with a loaded revolver! because there was a scare of bandits!"—exactly as the mozo had to sleep outside Kate's room in that novel (*The Plumed Serpent*).

Lawrence went down every day to the shores of the chalk-white lake that gleams through *The Plumed Serpent*, and sitting under the willow or pepper trees he wrote, as Johnson recalled, "in tiny, fast words in a thick, blue-bound blank book, the tale which he called *Quetzalcoatl*." This was the title he then intended to give his novel, the name of the Osiris of the Aztec past.

At the lakeside, Johnson also remembered, when Lawrence was not writing or watching the fishermen, the washwomen, or "the little boys who sold idols from the lake," he read Mexican folklore and history. In Mexico City he had read *The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom*, by de Lara and Pinchon. In *D. H. Lawrence and Susan His Cow*, W. Y. Tindall mentions some of Lawrence's other sources besides Mrs. Nuttall's book, referred to earlier: "Lawrence shows acquaintance with the Aztec myths, which he improved in the light of his understanding" and of his knowledge of Frazer, Tylor, and Harrison. "I found from allusions in his works," Tindall goes on, "and from correspondence with Mrs. Luhan, Witter Bynner, and Mrs. Lawrence that, while or before he was in New Mexico and Mexico, Lawrence read Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, Thomas Belt's *Naturalist in Nicaragua*, Adolph Bandelier's *The Gilded Man*, Bernal Diaz's *Conquest of Mexico*, Humboldt's *Vues des Cordillères*, and several volumes of the *Anales del Museo Nacional of Mexico*." Tindall further suggests that Lawrence may have also read Lewis Spence's *The Gods of Mexico*, and that its Aztec hymns may have given him ideas for the similar hymns in his novel. This would probably have been later than Chapala, for Spence's book was published in that year of 1923 and may not have been accessible before Lawrence's departure early in July; but he may have read Spence's 1921 volume, *The Mythologies of Ancient Mexico and Peru*.

And Lawrence was thinking of the hymns in his own life, the songs

of the miners' chapel. There was, for example, "Someone Will Enter the Pearly Gate," a hymn which Roger Dataller has suggested (in an article "Eastwood in Taos") closely parallels parts of the hymns sung by the Quetzalcoatl men in *The Plumed Serpent*, as:

("Pearly Gate":) :

Someone will knock when the door is shut,
By-and-by, by-and-by,
Hear a voice saying: I know you not.
Shall you? Shall I?
Shall you? Shall I?

(*Plumed Serpent*:)

Someone will knock when the door is shut.
Shall you? Shall I?
Hear a voice saying: I know you not.
Shall you? Shall I?

The red-bearded man sitting under the tree in the blazing day of a Mexican village, amid the activities of boatmen and romping children and passing goatherds, was letting his consciousness slide back to the times of dusk in the colliery village, the black-faced men singing in groups as they walked homeward from mines and pubs. Lawrence writing by that lake caught the bright surface of Mexican life—"Westwards, down the glare, rose the broken-looking villas and the white twin towers of the church, holding up its two fingers in mockery above the scarlet flame-trees and the dark mangoes"—but underneath everything he saw always the darkness; the sun itself had a dark core. And the people of the town, and those coming in from the country, became in his story the worshipers of Quetzalcoatl, singing the hymns in the plaza at night, the drumbeats accenting the chant of resurrection, "Who slee-eeeps sha-ll wake! Who slee-eeeps sha-ll wake!"

The day after Frieda reported that Lawrence had, in about a month, written two hundred and fifty pages, he told his mother-in-law that ~~he~~ had completed ten chapters. A week later (June 7) he wrote Mrs. Carswell, "I felt I had a novel simmering in me, so came here, to this big lake, to see if I could write it. It goes fairly well. I shall be glad if I can finish the first rough draft by the end of this month." But he did not complete it during that last month of arguments with Bynner (Frieda storming into these but Johnson remaining aloof), of excursions to Guadalajara, of journeys up the ninety-mile-long lake. Toward the end of June, Lawrence wrote Merrild, now in Los Angeles, that Mexico

allured him but was "risky," another revolution expected: why should one settle in when destruction threatened? "So for the present I give it up." On that same day, June 27, Lawrence wrote Mrs. Freeman: "The novel is *nearly* finished—near enough to leave. I must come to New York—and go to England."

Shortly before this, Lawrence had written a long letter to a new correspondent, Frederick Carter, who had begun writing him from England before he left New Mexico. Carter increased Lawrence's interest in astrology and alchemy, and it was because of Carter that Lawrence at the end of his life wrote his book *Apocalypse*. Lawrence's letter to Carter on June 18—after Carter had sent drawings and the manuscript of his book published three years later, *The Dragon of the Alchemists*—came out of the depths of Lawrence's attempts to finish the first draft of *The Plumed Serpent*, and it indicates the direction of his thought at the time:"

To Frederick Carter from Chapala, Mexico, June 18, 1923

I have read the Dragon—and a tough Dragon he is. Nearly too much for my brain. Why did you make him so severely astrological and zodiacal? The side bits are so fascinating. I'm not sure even now if the *Apocalypse* is primarily Zodiacal. It's a revelation of Initiation experience, and the clue is in the microcosm, in the human body itself, I believe, and the Zodiac is only used from the table of the Zodiacal Man, and the Man in the Zodiac has his clue in the man of flesh and blood. I believe pretty well all you say. But you're examining and describing the cart, and from it postulating the horse. The subtle thing is the relation between the microcosm and the macrocosm. Get that relation—the Zodiac man to me—and you've got a straight clue to *Apocalypsis*.—The ancients thought in images. But their own great immediate sensations and emotional experiences, how far did they know them as experiences within the physique, particular local movements of the physical psyche? I believe, very exactly. I believe the image for passionate desire was as much the liver, as, say, the Mound of the Sun. I believe they were dominantly physical—*particularly* the real ancients, Egyptians and Persians. John may have been more like Boehme. But his imagery started primarily from the physical psyche, the organic and the nervous and cerebral psyche, and expanded into the stars. That I believe. He was seeking to project the spinal chord into the Galactic Way. The Seals are ganglia of nerve-consciousness, projected into zodiacal signs and star-constellations. The Dragon is the Will and Desire. The riders are the energetic messages, releases of consciousness and en-

You'd never get an ordinary publisher to publish this text. It is absolutely unintelligible to the ordinary reader. And yet there is something great and liberating behind it all: makes life seem noble again. Oh I do hope your big MS is more human. It doesn't matter much after all whether the first horseman is Leo or Sagittarius or any other Zodiacal sign. It's a question of what the sign means after that, humanly. If through the Zodiac we can get at the human meaning, good. If not, no good. Why can't you help one to the unravelling of the human-physical experience of the Revelation.

• Because, for my part, I should like to see the end of this Return. The end of the Little Creation of the Logos. A fresh start, in the first great direction, with the polarity downwards, as it was in the great pre-Greek Æons, all Egypt and Chaldea. Greece changed the direction, the Latins went it full tilt. The great *down* direction, away from mind, to power, that was old Egypt. The sceptre, not the logos.

Do excuse this if it seems impertinent to you. Hope we shall meet. Write me care Thomas Seltzer. Expect to be in New York by July 21 at latest.

After a railway trip north through heavy Mexican rains, the Lawrences went across Texas to New Orleans, "a dead, steaming sort of place, a bit like Martin Chuzzlewit." The prospect of traveling to New York by steamship was "dreary," but he and Frieda made the journey, and after their arrival Lawrence wrote Mrs. Freeman from New York City, using Thomas Seltzer's stationery, on "Friday" [July 20, 1923]:^a

We got in yesterday—Today are going out to New Jersey to stay in a cottage, where I can get proof corrected. Not quite sure of the address. But it's only 50 minutes out, so either you will come and see us, or we you, as soon as you are here. I find town *wearing*.

We'll talk Mexico and the future.

[P.S.] Seltzer can give you exact address—it's his cottage.

The cottage was near Morris Plains, on the Lackawanna line, and "behind the millionaire Coffin's house." Lawrence wrote Bynner that it was "pleasant" there: "the trees and hills and stillness. But it is dim to me. Doesn't materialize." Neither did New York, which was "like a house of cards set up." There, the Battery appealed most to Lawrence, "where the rag-tag lie on the grass." He reported that he had "met practically no one," though unpublished letters show that he had had lunch with the *Nation* editors (on August 3), and that the Seltzers gave dinner parties for him at their apartment and at that least Lawrencean of places, the Algonquin.

Lawrence had been planning to sail with Frieda, who was aching for her children, but as the time drew near he became reluctant. On August 7 he wrote Amy Lowell:¹¹ "I doubt if I shall get myself as far as England. Feel I don't want to go. But Frieda will sail on the 18th—and I shall sail somewhen or other." He told his mother-in-law on August 7, "I find my soul doesn't want to come to Europe, it is like Balaam's ass and can't come any farther."

Some biographers at this point report a violent quarrel between Lawrence and Frieda over his refusal to go with her. None of the available letters give any direct proof of this; they all mention the separation calmly, as a temporary matter. Lawrence, planning to go to California, wrote Bessie Freeman on August 20, two days after Frieda had sailed on the *Orbita*:¹² "I expect, either she'll be here again by October, or I shall be going to meet *her* somewhere." On the way west, "I should like to stay a night in your Buffalo—the Buffalo also of Mabel and Nina." A week later he thanked Mrs. Freeman for having been his hostess there:¹³

To Mrs. Freeman from Los Angeles Limited "Tuesday" [Aug. 28, 1923]

Thank you so much for the four full days in Buffalo. I feel I had there a fuller glimpse into the real old U. S. than ever before. I was really interested, and the real Buffalos at home were much nicer than I had expected, knowing only those other two Buffalos in Taos. Only Sarah M. depressed me: the dead weight of her: and now, I also feel a bit sorry for her.—Why doesn't somebody write your *Cranford*? Buffalo is a sort of *Cranford*.

It rained and fogged in Chicago, and muddy-flowing people oozed thick in the canyon-beds of the streets. Yet it seemed to me more alive and more real than New York.

You were very kind to me and I am very grateful. It's another little page in my history.

[P.S.] Tell Margaret your sister that above all things she is to find her own peace within—at all cost to the outside circumstances.

Lawrence spent a month in Los Angeles, with short visits to Santa Monica, Santa Barbara, and Palm Springs. Merrild has reported that Lawrence was lonely and restless without Frieda. Los Angeles he found "silly—much motoring, me rather tired and vague with it." At last he proposed that the Danes accompany him to Mexico. Merrild, one of those types that by utterance and gesture need frequent assurances of

their own integrity, balked; the simpler Gótzsche said he would go. Shortly before departing, Lawrence wrote Mrs. Freeman:^u "No, I don't trust Mabel's idea of paying her debts. I have *my* idea of what she owes me. As for a vendetta, I'm ready. To hell with her, anyhow. I'm through with her now."

It was a rough, gritty, hot, and nerve-shredding journey, that month from Los Angeles to Guadalajara, on trains that dragged and stopped, in Fords that wobbled over mountain roads, and on horseback and muleback. Part of the way a circus followed Lawrence and Gótzsche down the coast, lions roaring all night. But with all the hazards and fatigue of travel, Lawrence worked on a novel during that trip. He was rewriting a manuscript recently sent to him by the nurse he and Frieda had met in Australia, M. L. (Mollie) Skinner. She had written a story of the Australian frontier, *The House of Ellis*, and Lawrence had sent her a letter about this from California, saying that she had a gift for writing, but that the book needed to be recast. He offered to undertake this: their names could appear as collaborators or they could invent a pseudonym. She cabled him to rewrite the book as he saw fit. Three months after his first letter, he wrote her that he had been working on the manuscript as he traveled. He had followed her story closely but had given it "a unity, a rhythm, and a little more psychic development." But the ending would have to be considerably changed. "You may disapprove," he told her. "I did," she has recalled: "I wept." For Lawrence increased the number of Jack Grant's women toward the end of the book. Mollie Skinner liked the title, however; Lawrence told her, "There have been so many houses in print." As *The Boy in the Bush* turned out, it is a fine adventure story, with the rough background of the Australian frontier, which Miss Skinner supplied, touched up with Lawrencean gusto. Indeed, some of his own recent experiences such as horseback riding, at Del Monte ranch and during the Mexican trip with Gótzsche, undoubtedly helped Lawrence in his rewriting of Miss Skinner's story. It was a strange production for Lawrence, yet, with the excellent scenario his collaborator provided, a satisfactory one.

While at Guadalajara, Lawrence and Gótzsche went one day in a car to Chapala. Gótzsche, whose reports to Merrild at the time have a reliability beyond late-remembering and partisan memoirs, said that in spite of Lawrence's scorn of sentimentality he appeared "deeply moved" at Chapala, which he found unreal and changed. And indeed he missed Frieda, who now refused to return.

She later said that this was a mistake on her part. But at the time she

insisted that Lawrence meet her in England. Merrild, who now thought that Lawrence was intermittently insane, believed that he was "working himself up to *will* to go to England." Murry had joined Frieda in urging Lawrence to return: moved by *Aaron's Rod* and *Fantasia*, he had founded the *Adelphi* magazine, to give Lawrence a voice, and wrote Lawrence that he was merely a lieutenant, literally a place-holder, waiting for Lawrence to come back and take over. And at the beginning of November, Frieda cabled him. Her loneliness at leaving him had been intensified in London, where she found her children had grown up and no longer felt a primary need for her. Lawrence agreed to go to London, and Frieda was jubilant. Gertler used to amuse his friends with his imitation of Frieda storming into his studio and shouting, "Prepare yourself—Lorenzo's coming!"

On November 16, Lawrence moved over to Mexico City to book passage for himself to England, for Gótzsche to Denmark. On the 19th he wrote Bessie Freeman: "Mabel and I have buried the hatchet. She wrote me a *Peccavi, peccavi, c'est ma faute!* letter." In his reply to Mrs. Luhan, Lawrence as usual advised her to stop trying to compel life.

He sailed on the S.S. *Toledo* on the 22nd. The ship, after a two-day stop at Havana, went on to Plymouth. From there Lawrence took the train to London, traveling the same route as when he had been put out of Cornwall exactly six years before. This time Frieda was not with him, but she met him at Paddington, with Murry and Koteliansky. Catherine Carswell, to whose brother's house in Hampstead the Lawrences now went to live, has said that Lawrence immediately resented Frieda's "chumminess" with Murry. When Lawrence alighted from the train he had, Murry remembered, "a greenish pallor," and his first glimpse of London drew from him the words, "I can't bear it." Later he gave Murry an essay, "On Coming Home," which Murry would not print in the *Adelphi*. This essay, which has never been published, describes Lawrence's return from the sea: "It is four years since I saw, under a little winter snow, the death-grey coast of Kent go out"; now he wrote of "the infinitesimal sparkling of the Lands End light, so absolutely remote, as one approaches from over the sea, from the Gulf of Mexico, after sunset." Ashore, he found England wrapped in an "almost deathly sense of stillness . . . Landing in San Francisco gave me the feeling of intolerable crackling noise. But London gives me a muffled sense of stillness, as if nothing had any resonance. Everything is muffled or muted, and no sharp contact, no sharp reaction anywhere." And although he considered his fellow-countrymen "the nicest and most civilized people in the world," he saw each of them as "enclosed first and foremost

within the box, or bubble, of his own self-contained ego, and afterwards in all the other boxes he has made for himself, for his own safety." Nothing was left of "the old brave, reckless, manly England . . . Look at us now. Not a man left inside all the millions of pairs of trousers . . . One could shout with laughter at the figures inside these endless safety boxes. Except that one is still English, and therefore flabbergasted. My own, my native land just leaves me flabbergasted."

VIII

Lawrence's three months in Europe were wretched. Soon after his arrival he wrote Bynner (December 7), "poor D. H. L. perfectly miserable, as if he was in his tomb." And five days before he left he wrote Frederick Carter (February 29, 1923) that he was sailing the following Wednesday on the *Aquitania*, for New York: "I feel very weary of Europe and its fidgettiness [*sic*] and complications."

In London he argued with Murry and tried to enlist recruits for a New Mexican Ranim. He urged Murry to use the *Adelphi* to "attack everything," and to go to America with him. "If I did return with him," Murry has said, "I should do it out of purely personal affection for him; and I told him so. No! there must be nothing personal about it, he insisted; the motive must be impersonal." To Murry, however, a voyage to America then could be only a personal matter: and he thought that if the new life depended on people with sufficient income to go to New Mexico, it was not worth considering. Murry felt there was a dichotomy in Lawrence, and once told him, "You always deny what you actually are. You refuse to acknowledge the Lawrence who really exists." Murry has reported that Lawrence answered, "I'm sorry . . . I'm sorry."

It was at this time that the famous "Last Supper" took place at the Café Royal. Even the most sympathetic account by an eye-witness, Catherine Garswell, cannot diminish the repulsiveness of this party. It was almost as bad as similar occasions in Taos, and Mrs. Luhan's rehash of it at second or third hand seems to make this London grotesquery a part of the febrile Taos legend. At the Café Royal the Lawrences were hosts, and for guests they had the Carswells, Murry, Koteliensky, Dorothy Brett, Mary Cannan, and Gertler. Lawrence invited them all to join him in founding a colony on the slopes of the Rockies, and most of the answers he received were insincere and evasive. The pompous Koteliensky began smashing wine glasses and shouting, "No woman here or anywhere else can possibly understand the greatness of Lawrence!" Before Koteliensky broke all the glasses, the communicants had drunk a good deal of the sacramental wine—at

one point Murry said, "I love you, Lorenzo, but I won't promise not to betray you"—and finally the "habitually temperate" Lawrence collapsed, sick and vomiting. Murry and Koteliensky conveyed him to a taxi in which they took him to Hampstead. At the Carswells', Lawrence's two friends carried him, still unconscious, upstairs. On the upper floors their stumbling sounds awoke Catherine Carswell's brother, who added to the legend by telling his sister afterward that when he got up and looked down the stairway, "he saw clearly before him St. John and St. Peter (or maybe St. Thomas) bearing between them the limp figure of their master."

The common wisdom and sense of humor of the miner's son returned the next morning when Lawrence, in quick recovery from his hang-over, told Mrs. Carswell he had made a fool of himself. "We must all of us fall at times. It does not harm so long as we first admit and then forget it."

Outside the circle of Lawrence's immediate friends, his work was that autumn and winter receiving the usual public comments, about equally divided between praise and disparagement. Reviewing *Kangaroo* in the *London Mercury*, J. B. Priestley intimated that Lawrence's admirers were for most part adolescents and that Lawrence would have done better if (as Priestley himself was preparing to do) he had imitated nineteenth-century novels: Priestley had "come to the conclusion that it is more dangerous and difficult these days to abide by the rules than it is to challenge them." *Kangaroo* also proved too much for Gerald Gould in the (London) *Saturday Review*; he found it a "fantasia of the self-conscious" by a man who "no longer seems even to try to write clever rubbish." But Martin Armstrong spoke up for the book—"permeated with the strangely subtle and beautiful atmosphere which Mr. Lawrence names Australia"—in the *Spectator*; and J. C. Squire, who was to admire the "curious intensity" of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* in the *London Mercury* the following January, was less enthusiastic about *Kangaroo* in the *Observer* in September, with the usual "genius but confused" statement about Lawrence, "utterly honest, however bewildered, and endowed with a power of compact expression, of making things live on the page, which would hold the attention whatever he wrote." In the *Nation and Athenaeum*, J. B. Beresford, dismissing *Kangaroo's* flaws as minor, had "to acknowledge without any qualification whatever that this is the work of genius, a thing separate in kind"; while the *New York Times* discovered "much full rich beauty in *Kangaroo* . . . There is not a paragraph that is not luminously provocative." By this time Lawrence was beyond the point where he paid

much heed to reviews; in Mexico he had told Bynner he no longer read them, and his letters of this time and later contain few references to them. By now he had consolidated his own public, which did not entirely consist of adolescents and cultists; the income from this minority writer's uncompromising books and articles permitted him, if not to live in opulence, to travel as he pleased.

Lawrence went up to the Midlands to spend the Yuletide with his sisters, leaving Frieda in London. In the first week of 1923, he went to Pontesbury, in Shropshire, to visit the Frederick Carters for a few days. Carter has spoken in a letter (May 7, 1923) of Lawrence's "short visit to Pontesbury and discussion of Apocalyptic symbols there. From this came the landscape background of *St. Mawr* and the red horse itself. The duplicate authentic symbol of woman and dragon provided the motif of the following novel, *The Plumed Serpent*."

Not long after the visit to the Carters, Lawrence and Frieda crossed to the Continent. From the Hôtel de Versailles, Paris, on January 25 [or 24], he wrote Catherine Carswell:^u "We had an easy journey—Paris looking rather lovely in sunshine and frost—rather quiet, but really a beautiful city. We're both tired—almost stupefied from London." The next day he wrote her more fully: "To-day it is dark and raining, and very like London. There really isn't much point in coming here . . . I'm just going to sleep a good bit, and let the days go by: and probably next week go to Baden Baden to get *that* over. I somehow *can't* answer to Europe any more. Paris has a great beauty—but all like a museum. And when one looks out of the Louvre windows one wonders whether the museum is more inside or outside—whether all Paris, with its rue de la Paix and its Champs Elysées isn't also all just a museum"—and apparently at this time, in this mood, he wrote his "Paris Letter" that first saw print in the April 1923 *Laughing Horse* (it was reprinted ten years later in the *Phoenix* collection). Here Lawrence, disliking the crowds amid the museum pieces, spoke again his disbelief in democracy and said further, "But I can't believe in the old sort of aristocracy, either, nor can I wish it back, splendid as it was. What I believe in is the old Homeric aristocracy, when the grandeur was inside the man, and he lived in a simple wooden house." Lawrence concluded that "monuments, museums, permanencies, and ponderosities are all anathema. But brave men are for ever born, and nothing else is worth having."

Leaving Paris on February 5, Lawrence was soon at Baden-Baden, beaming among the aristocratic old ladies of the Ludwig-Wilhelmstift.

The story he wrote during his fortnight there, "The Border Line," had a "brave man" for its hero, "Alan Anstruther, that red-haired fighting Celt." The woman he had married, "daughter of a German Baron," was undisguisedly Frieda, and her journey to Strasbourg, away from Paris "with its Louvre and its Luxembourg and its Cathedral," was the Lawrences' journey east. The day before he left Baden-Baden to go back, February 19, Lawrence wrote "A Letter From Germany" (not published in his lifetime), which has resemblances to descriptions in the story, as Anthony West has shown by quoting several parallel passages in his book on Lawrence. "The Border Line" is the first of Lawrence's sexual ghost stories and evidently the first of the short stories containing a portrait of Murry, who appears as the journalist whom the powerful Anstruther reaches from beyond the grave to defeat. "The Border Line," with its supernatural element and its supreme invocation of the Strasbourg Cathedral—"reddish stone, that had a flush in the night, like dark flesh" amid "the ashy pallor and sulphur of our civilization"—has a dream atmosphere that helps make it a kind of dream-restatement of all that had happened to Lawrence since his return to Europe.

He had written Mrs. Carswell from Baden-Baden on February 12:¹¹ "We stay one more week here—then back to Paris to pick up our bags. Ought to be in London by the 26th. That hateful Seltzer writes never a word—looks as if he was up to tricks. I shall have to go quick to New York." He would stay in London for only a week: "Do you know a quiet hotel somewhere in town?" But: "Don't tell anybody I'm coming. I don't want to see people." The Continent had been "very wearying—and no point in traveling, at least in winter. Far better to save one's energy at home."

Three weeks later, after further visits to Paris and London, the Lawrences left England for New York on the *Aquitania*. In several of his letters at the time Lawrence repeated that excuse about Seltzer: the necessity to see him provided the reason for returning to America, though Lawrence told Bessie Freeman on March 1:¹² "Thank goodness we are getting out of Europe. It is a weariness to me." And Frieda in an accompanying note said, "I am glad to be going to America again—except for seeing my children and mother here, it's cold and weary and sad."

Brett went with the Lawrences to America, the only colonist for Rananim. In a shipboard letter to Gertler, Lawrence mentioned a blue stone that, expanded in size to a ball of lapis lazuli, had probably seen

service in *Women in Love* as the weapon with which Hermione banged Birkin on the head:"

To Mark Gertler from R.M.S. "Aquitania," "10 March" [1923]

We come to New York tomorrow morning—a very quick run. It was quite warm till yesterday—we were in the Gulf Stream. Now we are off America there is a strong north wind, the sea smoking its spray, and dark grey waves, and this big ship rolling. But it doesn't upset us, except Frieda a bit. The unending motion irritates her. I rather like it. Brett of course is very happy and pleased with herself. Suddenly I saw her wearing a little blue brooch I recognized as having given to Ottoline years ago—a chalcedony stone. She says Ottoline flung it at her at the time of the row. I always liked that soft blue stone. Queer how things come back to you.

The boat is very comfortable—only rather too big—like living in a Town Hall. We have a little Daily Mail printed on board, but not much in it. One might suggest to Kot running an "important" daily on a liner. It would *command* attention: everybody reads our D.M. down to the advertisements of hotels all over America. What an opportunity of making oneself heard! An opportunity wasted.—I left Kot with a sore head: but better that than a sore heart and spirit. It's no good, the Old Jehovah does *not* rule the world any more. He's quit. Send a line to Taos, New Mexico—I expect we'll be there in ten days time, or thereabouts. There's luncheon gong, thank God! Clocks go *back* an hour each day, and the mornings are endless. Remember me to Milne and Waterton.

Tuesday afternoon—Here we are in New York, in half a blizzard, snow and rain on a wild wind. Seltzer with us—not very reassuring—his business in low water. Brett only bewildered now

New York looks horrible this weather. Send a line—just Taos. New Mexico U.S.A.

Lawrence wrote Catherine Carswell from New York on March 16:"We had a very good voyage—but I don't care for the atmosphere on those huge boats. And it's vile being shut in with all the people. Most people are unpleasant nowadays, particularly those going to America to make a fortune." New York was "no better than London, save that the climate, even the cold wind, gives one one's energy back again." But it was, "humanly, rather awful": Brett pronounced it "against nature" and refused to be impressed. Lawrence, with nothing left in

the bank, discovered that "Seltzer had a bad year, lost 7,000, paid me nothing in. But he's going to scrape together a few hundreds, and we're going west on Tuesday morning . . . Friendly relations preserved."

Within a week, Lawrence and Frieda were back in Taos. In his March 1 letter from London, Lawrence had told Mrs. Freeman that he and Frieda expected to be in New York "a week or ten days: then probably to Taos, as a jumping-off place. Of course I want to go back to Mexico: if it is quiet enough I have a novel I want to finish down there. I don't know how long we shall stay in Taos—a week or two, nothing permanent." But he stayed in the Taos area seven months. His Taos experience this time was a retrogression, a degradation, modified somewhat by the acquisition of a ranch up on Lobo Mountain which formed a barrier to Taos itself.

He needed one. Mrs. Luhan's ménage had acquired some new exhibits, notably Clarence and Jaime. Clarence Thompson, described by Mrs. Luhan as "gentle and effeminate" but given to rages because "he was an inner ruin; he had been demolished in his childhood," was one of the minor citizens so inevitable to an art colony, a perennial camp-follower. Jaime de Angulo was on the other hand a serious student of Jung and of the Indians, and before his death in 1910 accomplished some excellent scholarship on the Indian myths. But in Mrs. Luhan's projection of him at Taos in 1914 he becomes a grotesque figure. So, of course, do all the other characters in her book, which suggests Matthew Arnold's remark about the comparatively milder-mannered Shelley circle: "What a set! What a world!"

Aldington's fairly detailed biography omits all mention of Clarence and Jaime, perhaps out of disgust. Aldington gets Lawrence up to the mountains as soon as possible. Actually it was five weeks before he went to Lobo Mountain, to John Evans's ranch. Mrs. Luhan had presented this to Frieda, who in reciprocation gave her the holograph manuscript of *Sons and Lovers*. But this gesture only offended Mrs. Luhan, who later used the manuscript as part payment of a psychoanalyst's bill. And certainly Mrs. Luhan's account of the doings after Lawrence's re-entry into Taos belongs to the literature of psychoanalysis rather than elsewhere. Mrs. Luhan immediately resented "the holy Russian idiot" Brett, who followed Lawrence around and protruded her ear trumpet, Toby, into every conversation. It was, Mrs. Luhan felt, "a spy." When she complained about it to the Lawrences, Frieda laughed heartily. She was not, herself, too fond of the ubiquitous Brett and

Toby, but as always her strategy was to wait till a propitious moment and then smash the enemy with a single decisive stroke.

Meanwhile the upset Mrs. Luhan tried her usual game of moving people around like chess pieces. The result was some bizarre gambits and combinations. Even Tony finally walked out one night, she reported ("I think we done enough for those Lawrences"); and Clarence purported to expose a plot of Lawrence's "to kill Mabel"; and Jaime left Taos in a huff. The chaos as described in Mrs. Luhan's book sounds like that of an asylum; the reader who wants reassurance at this point may turn to Lawrence's letters of the time, which ring in a counter-effect of sanity.

In a letter to Frederick Carter a month after the move to the ranch, whose name Lawrence had changed from Flying Heart Ranch to Lobo (or wolf), he described the new home:"

Your letter this evening. I was glad to hear the *Beacon* news—never heard of the periodical. The *Adelphi* does one no good.

I got an agent in New York to tackle my publisher, and the thing will be straightened out—but will take about a year. It wasn't nice.

My wife has got a little ranch up here—about 150 acres, in the mountain foot-slopes, mostly pine trees, but two clearings—not much water, though. We are about two miles up from Del Monte Ranch, get our mail there. It's a lonely spot here—beautiful scenery—altitude 8,500 ft. We have two little log houses and a tiny cabin. We have been a month working like niggers, building up the one house, which was falling down, and shingling the others. We had four Indians working on the job, and a Mexican carpenter. The last Indians went down to Taos—17 miles—today, and we are alone, save for a friend, Dorothy Brett, who paints—and is a daughter of Viscount Esher.—We have five horses—ride down to Del Monte for milk and butter. I've just been having a struggle with three of the horses—they've gone wild, demons. With them was another man here to help, these times. It's a pity you haven't some money, to come and try the life here. You could have one of the houses, and Mrs Carter could start a little farm. Everything is all right, except the ditch to bring the water here from the canyon. But the winter is long and cold and lonely—we were at Del Monte last winter.—We have a spring, but it doesn't give enough water to irrigate.—I should rather like to see Mrs Carter tackle the place.—As for myself, I am a wandering soul. I want to go down to Old Mexico at the end of September, and

my wife will go with me. It means abandoning this place, which is a pity. We should probably come back next April.

I haven't been doing much work since last autumn. The winter, and the visit to Europe, was curiously disheartening. Takes one some time to get over it.

As for the war, it changed me for ever. And after the war pushed the change further.

Shall be glad to see the Beacon. There is nothing new of mine—save a Pan story in that anthology of stories, *The New Decameron*—and a story to come in the Smart Set.

Warm regards to Mrs Carter, also to you.

Lawrence did not explain that the "Mexican carpenter" who had been working at the ranch was a drunkard whom he sacked for calling Frieda "Chiquita." The Lawrences eventually had good luck with two faithful young Indians, the pigtailed Trinidad and his wife Rufina. The ranch, soon renamed Kiowa, became the setting for the last part of the novella Lawrence wrote there that summer, *St. Mawr*: Carter's identification of the English setting of the first part of the story (Pontesbury, Shropshire) has already been quoted. Lawrence used several of the people at Pontesbury as minor characters, including Carter himself, who appears as Cartwright, with "the tilted eyebrows, the twinkling goaty look, and the pointed ears of a goat-Pan." For the two principal characters, however, Lawrence dipped into his Capri past for Elizabeth Humes (Lou Carrington) and her mother (the mother in the story, Mrs. Witt). Having seen Americans in their own setting, Lawrence could now project these women against both European and American backgrounds: the picture in *St. Mawr* of the will-powered Mrs. Witt on her daily ride through Hyde Park is one of Lawrence's best comic moments. But above all the human characters—the restless American women, their Red-Indian lackeys, their Mayfair and country-house friends, the rigid-minded west country curate and his village parishioners—the figure of the red-gold stallion, St. Mawr, stands out as the dominant character, image, and symbol of the story. The germ of that story may be found in a letter Lawrence wrote to Willard Johnson while he was in England in January 1914; playing with the name of Johnson's *Laughing Horse* magazine, Lawrence spoke out for horses, centaurs, Houyhnhnms, even hobby horses. "And over here the horse is dead . . . Oh, London is awful: so dark, so damp, so yellow-grey, so mouldering piece-meal . . . Horse, horse, be as hobby as you like, but

let me get on your back and ride away again to New Mexico"—which is, in capsule, the "plot" of *St. Mawr*.

Lawrence had used horses as symbols before, and in a passage in *Apocalypse*, which he wrote in 1919, he wrote once again of the horse: "He is a dominant symbol: he gives us lordship: he links us, the first palpable and throbbing link with ruddy-glowing Almighty of potency: he is the beginning even of our god-heads in the flesh . . . The horse! the symbol of surging potency and power of movement, of action, in man." This masterful horse, embodied as the powerful stallion *St. Mawr*, was in 1914 the reversal of the situation of Gerald and his red Arab mare, which Lawrence wrote of in *Women in Love* in 1916: there the young man of the upper classes (in the years between the Boer War and the First World War) could abuse the horse and let the locomotive (symbol both of Gerald's own mechanization and of his instrumental mastery over living things) frighten her; but the postwar *St. Mawr* is masterless and able to injure the upper-class Rico who tries to control him. And *St. Mawr* teaches the two American women their lesson: they leave Rico and his Mayfair and country-house friends, and take *St. Mawr* to the American Southwest and the freedom he deserves; while the two women seek to win their own freedom in another part of the Southwest, Kiowa Ranch (which Lawrence in the story calls Las Chivas, the she-goats). The world of the mountainside ranch, then, becomes the possible last stage in the Lawrencization of Mrs. Witt and Lou; but the process is not overtly or didactically indicated; the whole force of the last part of the book is the magnetic projection of the landscape, the best possible contrast to the decadent society of the earlier section of this short novel of such astounding range. In the fullest study of *St. Mawr* yet published, F. R. Leavis (*Scrutiny*, Spring 1910) calls the book a "dramatic poem" which "seems to me to present a creative and technical originality not less remarkable than that of *The Waste Land*, and to be, more unquestionably than that poem, completely achieved, a full and self-sufficient creation. It can hardly strike the admirer as anything but major." This statement is ideally read in its context: Leavis's essay works toward its conclusion through very careful reasoning.

Lawrence completed *St. Mawr* before September 30, when he sent the manuscript to his agent; eight days later he noted in his journal, "8 Oct. 24. Packing up to leave ranch—snowy day. Finished *The Princess*." This was the story whose leading character was identified by Catherine Carswell as Brett. Again we have the New Mexico setting, the dude-ranch tourist (a middle-aged virgin) going with a guide, Domingo

Romero, up into the hard masculine scenery of the higher forests of the Rockies. The sheltered "Princess," who knows of life only at a remove, through Maupassant and Zola, wants to "try" sex—with catastrophic results. When she dislikes the experience, Romero, ruined survivor of a once-great land-owning family, keeps her prisoner, treating her coarsely till her "rescuers" shoot him; after which the violated princess goes away, "slightly crazy," and subsequently marries a safely elderly man. Like the Mexican story, "None of That," this is a reversal of Lawrence's frequent use of the Sleeping Beauty or Little Briar Rose theme, in which the enchanted princess is awakened to life by the prince who breaks through the thorns surrounding her. In Lawrence's stories, the women who *will* the experience—such as Dollie Urquhart in "The Princess" and Ethel Cane in "None of That"—are the failures, in contrast to the women whose awakening has the true magic quality, such as the girls in "The Horse-Dealer's Daughter" and "The Virgin and the Gipsy," and Connie Chatterley in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

A type of male character Lawrence disliked, based on Murry, was also slated in some of the stories of this time. Murry is Jimmy ("the face of the laughing faun in one of the faun's unlaughing, moody moments"), the editor of a highbrow magazine who becomes comically entangled with a collier's wife in "Jimmy and the Desperate Woman"; and he is Marchbanks in "The Last Laugh," as Brett is Miss James, hearing device and all. This is another ghost story, with Marchbanks receiving a terrible punishment for denying life: he seeks mechanical sex, and in his artificial vision the snow that falls on the city seems like whitewash. Demons thump into London by night, and the winter air is full of the smell of almond blossoms: a sexual symbol in Frazer's *The Golden Bough*. The story was somewhat in the manner of "The Border Line," and it presaged the later sexual ghost story, "Glad Ghosts." When Lawrence sent *St. Mawr*, "The Last Laugh," and "Jimmy" to his agent on September 30, he also sent "The Woman Who Rode Away," the story of an American woman in Mexico who, after a dozen years of marriage to the Dutch owner of a mine, symbol of mechanistic oppression, rides out to a lost tribe of Aztec-like Indians who accept her as a sacrifice—a kind of dress rehearsal for *The Plumed Serpent*.

During that summer of 1914, Mrs. Luhan and Tony and Clarence went up once to stay at the ranch—but only once. Mrs. Luhan invited

Lawrence over to see her alone and, as she wept, asked him why he treated her "like that"? Lawrence had offended her by scolding Tony for shooting a porcupine—the germ of his essay, "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine"—and Tony's wife took this scolding as a personal injury. Lawrence told the weeping woman, "Well, I can't stand a certain way you walk. As you went by my window this morning . . ."—at which point her howls increased. So the Lawrences and Brett were allowed privacy at the ranch.

Lawrence and Frieda went with Mrs. Luhan and Tony to the Hopi snake dances in Arizona, in August. Mrs. Luhan felt dead, like a mummy, on that trip, with Tony singing as he drove along, and the Lawrences arguing or else exclaiming over the scenery. Mrs. Luhan felt Lawrence's first account of the dances was prosaic, though she liked the essays on them that later appeared in *Mornings in Mexico*. After the trip, Mrs. Luhan hurried east to see Dr. Brill. Lawrence wrote her that this was good, yes, she needed a doctor, and that she must learn to curb her will. They met but briefly after her return, shortly before the Lawrences left for Mexico, with Brett, in October. ("My chest had got very raw up at the ranch: that very high altitude.") They all seemed friendly enough, but after the Lawrence party left, Mrs. Luhan wrote Lawrence to say he was evil and treacherous. They never met again, even after his return to the ranch the following year; though after his return to Europe they corresponded.

On October 3, while he was preparing to leave the ranch, Lawrence told Murry that on September 10, the day before his own thirty-ninth birthday, his father had died: "I want to go south, where there is no autumn, where the cold doesn't crouch over one like a snow-leopard waiting to pounce. The heart of the North is cold, and the fingers of cold are corpse fingers."

Three days before leaving the ranch, Lawrence noted (October 8) in a diary, "English bank balance, £303. Balance in Chase National Bank, Metropolitan Branch at 4th Avenue at 23rd St. \$2285.21." Then, on the 11th, he was off, with Brett and Frieda, bound for Mexico City. There he and Frieda "had terrible colds." Lawrence met W. Somerset Maugham who, he felt, treated him as if the difference in the sales of their books made a difference in the quality of the men themselves—as of course it did, though in a way it would perhaps be difficult for all the admirers of Maugham to understand. Lawrence in any event wrote him down as "a narrow-gutted 'artist' with a stutter . . . disagreeable, and no fun left in him . . . a bit rancid."

After two weeks in Mexico City, during which Lawrence went to a P.E.N. Club dinner, he and the two women moved to a place he described to William Hawk a few days after their arrival:“

Your letter came today. Thank you so much for riding round and looking after the place. When I think of it, I wish I was back.

We got down here on Sunday night: it takes two days from Mexico City, though it's not so very far. Oaxaca is a little town, about 30,000, alone in the south, with a perfect climate. The market is full of roses and violets, the gardens are all flowers. Every day is perfectly sunny, a bit hot at midday. The natives are mostly Zapotec Indians, small, but very straight and alert and alive: really very nice. There is a big market humming like a bee-hive, where one can buy anything, from roses to horse-shoes. I wish we could send you some of the pottery, such beautiful colours, and costs nothing. But the last lot I sent got smashed. This is where they make the serapes like the one with the eagle that hung on the wall: and the little men stalk about in them, looking very showy.—The governor is an Indian from the hills. I called on him in the palace!!!—But everywhere the government is very Labour—and somehow one doesn't feel very solid. There are so many wild Indians who don't know anything about anything, except that they are told that every “rich” man is an enemy.—There may be a bad bust-up in Mexico City: and again, everything may go off quietly. But I don't like the feeling. If only it wasn't winter, we'd come back to the ranch tomorrow. I feel so weary of *people*—people, people, people, and all such bunk, somehow, with politics and self-assertiveness.—As it is, we shall probably take a house here for a month or two. Thank goodness my chest and throat are better, since we are here in this soft warm air. I want to get them sound this winter, and next year stay on much later at the ranch.

I will write to Taos about the Azul—get Tony to send him up if he has been attended to. Louis Cottam was going to have the road-~~vet.~~ look at him, early this month.—I would rather he were up at Del Monte with his pals.

Brett lost Toby, and has had the tin-smith make her a substitute, shaped like a funnel: much excitement among the natives when she uses it. Her machine also works very fitfully, so that her ears are out of luck.—Frieda of course pines for her ranch, and the freedom. So really do I.

This letter, of course, is for Rachel as well.

Remember us all warmly to your mother and father, also to your son, and to Miss Wemyss, and to the horses.

Four days later the Lawrences moved into a house belonging to an English priest, Father Richards, brother of the British Vice Consul at Mexico City. The house at 43 Avenida Pino Suarez was the one described in the early essays of *Mornings in Mexico*, with "the yellow flowers that rise above the *patio* wall, and the swaying, glowing magenta of the bougainvillea, and the fierce red outbursts of the poinsettia." Brett reported that Lawrence said Oaxaca was far more primitive than Chapala, which had been "too touristy." But the Indians annoyed him when they pointed at him and hoarsely whispered, "Cristo! Cristo!"

Lawrence began to rewrite *The Plumed Serpent*. Brett helped him by typing. Frieda became increasingly unfriendly to Brett, who although she lived at the hotel managed to spend a good deal of time with Lawrence. The two of them would often go to the desert together and sit under the trees, writing or sketching. One evening when Lawrence came home late after having some drinks with Brett and members of the local Anglo colony, Frieda blew into a rage. She told Lawrence she did not want "the Brett" in their lives any more, and he was first cross, then relieved. He wrote Brett a letter she felt was cruel, telling her to pack and be off. She delayed, and then Frieda came down to the hotel and raged that Lawrence and Brett had a curate-and-spinster relationship. At last, on January 16, Brett left for Mexico City, bound for Taos and the ranch.

Lawrence had meanwhile been writing violent letters to Murry, mocking the *Adelphi* and all it stood for. "Either you go on wheeling a wheelbarrow and lecturing at Cambridge and going softer and softer inside, or you make a hard fight with yourself, pull yourself up, harden yourself, throw your feelings down the drain and face the world as a fighter.—You won't, though." Lawrence was trying at this time to make his own "hard fight," completing *The Plumed Serpent*. The third and last of the leadership novels, after *Kangaroo* and *Aaron's Rod*, *The Plumed Serpent* is the most ambitious failure among all Lawrence's novels. When he finished it in February 1915, Lawrence in his elation felt he had written an important book; but his deeper self had been unable to believe, toward the last, in what he was writing. And perhaps some of his faculties had been impaired by the type of people he had been associating with at Taos. In Mexico he had found no true "leader," and for his Don Ramón apparently had to borrow aspects of

the career and personality of José Vasconcelos, whom he disliked. Within three years Lawrence repudiated the main theme of his novel when, in writing Bynner about the book on March 13, 1918, he said, "the leader of men is a back number."

Yet *The Plumed Serpent* contains some of Lawrence's most magnificent prose. The hot rich deep colors of Mexico are in it; he caught the terrible surface violence of the country, from the bullfight in the first chapter—the commercialized degradation of an ancient religious rite—to the attack on Don Ramón's hacienda toward the end of the book. The latter episode, incidentally, was inspired by similar attacks made on the great estates by radical "Agrarians" who felt that private property was not being nationalized quickly enough. In Mexico City just before Lawrence began writing the final version of *The Plumed Serpent*, he learned from Mrs. Nuttall the details of the death of her friend Rosalie Evans a few months before. Mrs. Evans, an English-woman whose hacienda had been several times under siege, was finally ambushed and killed near the town of Puebla, where Lawrence had been ill the preceding year.

His *Plumed Serpent* landscape, grey-dry and dotted with red hibiscus and here and there softened by the green of willow trees, cries out violence and death, but how supremely that landscape comes up through the pages of the book, taking the reader physically to Mexico: "Near at hand, a ragged shifting of banana trees, bare hills with immobile cactus, and to the left, a hacienda with peons' square mud boxes of houses." Or: "The morning was clear and hot, the pale brown lake quite still, like a phantom. People were moving on the beach, in the distance tiny, like dots of white: white dots of men following the faint dust of donkeys." Or: "The lake was quite black, like a great pit. The wind suddenly blew with violence, with a strange ripping sound in the mango-trees, as if some membrane in the air were being ripped." Or: "She could see Sayula; white-fluted twin towers of the church, obelisk shaped above the pepper-trees; beyond, a mound of hill standing alone, dotted with dry bushes, distinct and Japanese looking; beyond this, the corrugated, blue-ribbed, flat-flanked mountains of Mexico." Or—but the novel is like this throughout, with the heat, the smell, the color of Mexico; yet there is the "other Mexico," too, the renaissance of the ancient Aztec gods, stimulated by Don Ramón and Cipriano, with the European woman Kate as their hesitant recruit. The final effect is as of great music with foolish or unintelligible words. Perhaps the finest comment yet made on *The Plumed Serpent* is Aldous Hux-

ley's, at the conclusion of his *Beyond The Mexique Bay* (1914). Three years after the death of his friend Lawrence, Huxley made a tour of Central America and of parts of Mexico (Oaxaca, Puebla, Mexico City) where Lawrence had lived. The book, like all Huxley's travel volumes, is full of sharp observations and of praise for what is beautiful; this one also records disillusion (expressed fictionally in *Eyeless in Gaza* in 1916). Huxley saved his final disillusion for the last pages, where we find him rereading *The Plumed Serpent* on the ship taking him away from Mexico. He recognizes the force of "passage after passage of wonderfully realized incident," but after the artistic perfection of the first two-thirds of the book he finds the rest of it falling apart because of Lawrence's lack of belief in it. Doubt had crowded in on Lawrence and "had to be shouted down. But the louder he shouted, the less was he able to convince his hearers."

Lawrence had become severely ill as he drew near the end of *The Plumed Serpent*. Shortly before, he had written William Hawk's father, full of plans, as usual, for traveling:"

Thank you a thousand times for seeing to those taxes for me.

We leave here next week, for Mexico City. Miss Brett has already departed. I suppose soon you'll be seeing her at the ranch.—We are going to Europe for a while: my wife wants to see her mother, who complains she will not see us again. Probably we shall sail on the 20th Feb. to England. I want to be back at the ranch by June at latest, to fix up that *water*.—It seems a bit of a waste of life and money, to trail off to Europe again so soon. But I suppose it's in one's destiny.

I am wondering very much how deep the snow is, and how Miss Brett will stand the cold. But if she goes into the Danes' cottage, it is so sunny, and warm with a fire.

Tell William I will write to him tomorrow and send some money for the horses. I forgot last time.

I look forward, really, to being back and *out of the world*. One does get sick of people—endless, endless strangers and people one doesn't want to be bothered about. And this autumn we won't hurry away. I don't see why we can't stay on till Christmas.—It will be so nice to have you and Mrs Hawk for responsible neighbours, so I needn't feel the father in Lobo.

We had a jolly letter from Bobbie [Gillett] in Capri—she seemed to enjoy it. One day you'll be setting off with Mrs Hawk for a trip.

My wife sends many greetings to you and Mrs Hawk, so do I.
[P.S.] Remember me to Scott Murray when you see him.

Just as he finished *The Plumed Serpent*, Lawrence told William Hawk, on February 7:^u "I have been steadily out of luck this trip down here: don't think I shall ever come to Mexico again while I live. I wondered why I wasn't well down here—thought it was the remains of the old flu—and so it was, with malaria. This place is full of malaria. I've had the doctor, and heavy quinine injections, and feel a rag: but much better." Then he had a relapse: it was the most serious illness he had ever known. In the middle of it he told Frieda she would have to bury him in the local cemetery, but she laughed through her misery and said, "No, no, it's such an ugly cemetery, don't you think of it." At this time an earthquake nearly destroyed the house, but he survived even that. They moved to the local hotel, and Frieda was ill too.

Finally, at the end of February, they struggled up through the heat to Mexico City, planning to go on to England. But Dr. Uhlfelder bluntly told Frieda, in Lawrence's presence, "Mr. Lawrence has tuberculosis." Lawrence, not naming his disease—and he was never to name it—wrote the elder Hawk:^u

The doctor has made an analysis of blood and so forth, and says I had *much* better come to the ranch, that the sea-voyage will shake me and bring on fever, and England will not be good for me. He insists on our coming to New Mexico: and thank goodness, there is Del Monte to come to. Could you get the apple orchard cottage ready for us? We shall leave (D.V.) next week—perhaps the 17th, when the ship was due to sail—and arrive somewhere about the 21st. I am so glad to be able to come straight to Mrs Hawk and you, and to William and Rachel, and Del Monte. It is really the only home one has got.

Tell Miss Brett. Tell her to prepare for us. We want to have a happy, friendly time, all of us.

It was this illness Lawrence wrote of in "The Flying Fish," the first pages of which he dictated to Frieda. When he read the Brewsters the incomplete manuscript in Switzerland in 1918, they wanted him to finish the story, but he said it had been "written so near the borderline of death, that I have never been able to carry it through in the cold light of day"—and later he wrote them that the story remained "where it was." As it stands, it is one of Lawrence's finest prose creations, the

story of an Englishman named Gethin Day, critically ill in Mexico, summoned home: "No Day in Daybrook. For the Vale a bad outlook." One of the themes of the story contrasts "the fatal Greater Day of the Indians" to "the fussy, busy, lesser day of the white people." Lawrence told the Brewsters, "the last part will be regenerate man, a real life in this Garden of Eden," but the story remains a magnificent fragment.

Members of the Anglo colony at Oaxaca had been kind and helpful during Lawrence's illness; so had others at Mexico City, where the convalescent Lawrences had several pleasant visits with new English friends, the George R. G. Conways. An engineer who specialized in electric railways, Conway was director and president of the Mexican Light and Power Company. He was also an author, an expert on Mexico and the Conquistadores. It was Mrs. Conway to whom Lawrence wrote his first letter after returning to the United States:¹⁴

We got here yesterday—mountains snowy, wind wild and cold, but bright sun. I'm not altogether here yet: bits of me still on the way, like luggage following. We're staying with our neighbors for a while.

The Emigration people in El Paso—the Americans—were most insulting and hateful. Before you grumble at the Mexicans, as the worst ever, try this sort of American. *Canaille* of the most bottom-doggy order, and filthy with insolence.

The basket of food was a great consolation on the journey, especially the fruit. We ate *all* the pie: not at all like invalids. The people in the Pullman dreary: and in the drawing-room a Mexican family with seven children.—Never come via El Paso, if you can help it.

I still have a lurking hankering for Europe. I think at the end of the summer, we shall both sail.

Thank you so much for being so kind to us. Tell Conway I hope his troubles are smoothing out.—Really, Mexico City is not so bad, you know: when one finds one's own countrymen still sterling. (Even the "bad old woman," don't you think?)

Write us a line—tell us the news: whether Joseph has yet changed his many-coloured coat, etc.—and about Luz y Fuerza—and millefleurs.

Lawrence's troubles at El Paso were more thoroughly described in a letter to Amy Lowell a few days later:

I have so often wondered if you are sitting in London, in the Berke-

ley, maybe: and see where we are. I got malaria in Oaxaca: then grippe: then a typhoid inside: was so sick, I wearied of the day. Struggled to Mexico City, was put to bed again for three weeks—then packed off up here. We had booked our passages to England, but the doctor said I *must* stay in the sun, he wouldn't be answerable for me if I went on the sea, and to England. So we came here. The Emigration Authorities at El Paso treated us as Emigrants, and nearly killed me a second time: this after the Consul and the Embassy people in Mexico—the American—had been most kind, doing things to make it easier for us. They only made it harder. The Emigration Dept is Dept of Labour, and you taste the Bolshevist method in its conduct.

However—after two day's fight we got through—and yesterday got to our little ranch. There is snow behind the house and sky threatening snow. But usually it's brilliantly sunny. And the log fire is warm. And the Indian Trinidad is chopping wood under the pine tree, and his wife Rufina, in her wide white boots, is struggling carrying water. I begin to feel better: though still feel I don't care whether its day or night.

I saw notices of your Keats book. Pity after all I didn't ask you to send the promised copy here: I could have wandered in it now. But I'll write to Curtis Brown. And I'll send you a copy of my little novel *St Mawr*.

I managed to finish my Mexican novel *Quetzalcoatl* in Mexico: the very day I went down, as if shot in the intestines. But I daren't even look at the outside of the MS. It cost one so much, and I wish I could eat all the lotus that ever budded, and drink up Lethe to the source. Talk about dull opiates—one wants something that'll go into the very soul.

Send a line to say where you are and how you are liking it. If you come west, come and see us. I hope to get to Eurôpe in the autumn: Frieda is happy arranging her house.

When Frieda refused to have Brett at the ranch, she took a cabin nearby on the Hawks' property. Lawrence, who had written her a scolding letter from Oaxaca on the subject of friendship between men and women, now sent her a curt note saying it was futile for her and him to try to get along together: he had lost all desire for intimacy with people. "Acquaintance is enough. It will be best when we go our separate ways. A life in common is an illusion, when the instinct is always to divide, to separate individuals and set them one against the other." *Il n'y a pas de Rananim.*

In May, when the warm weather set in, Lawrence felt better. It was at this time he completed his Biblical play, *David*, which he devised for Ida Rauh (Mrs. Max Eastman, later Mrs. Andrew Dasburg), whom he had first met at the Luhans'. Lawrence wrote the part of Michal for her, but when he read *David* to her, Ida Rauh declared she was too old to play Michal. On the 21st he wrote Eduardo Rendón, a friend of the Conways': "The summer has come on the ranch—hot days. I go about with a hoe, irrigating—and for the time being am rancherito and nada mas." The publishers had sent him the manuscript of *The Plumed Serpent*, whose anglicized title he disliked—"sounds to me rather like millinery"—and: "They urge me to go over the MS., but I feel still that I can't look at it. It smells too much of Oaxaca, which I hated so much because I was so ill.—Altogether I think of Mexico with a sort of nausea: not the friends, but the country itself. It gave me a turn that time: doubt if I shall ever come again." He was considerably better, "but don't quite forget my shakiness. We have an Indian and his wife on the ranch to work for us—but really I feel I never want to see an Indian or an 'aboriginee' or anything in the savage line again." Frieda's nephew, Friedrich Jaffe, was staying with them, "and my head is full of German for a change. What a bore other languages are!"

Three weeks later, Lawrence told Conway that he had revised the manuscript:"

We had Mrs. Conway's letter today—so glad to hear all the gossip, so sad to hear of the rising sea of troubles. But I had, and have, a bad feeling about this Mexico of just now. Thank the Lord I am out of it.—So you went to Toronto! I once looked across that lake which is there—without much desire to sail over. There are so many places in the world that, thank God, one need not go to.

We sit here on our own little ranch, up to the eyes in doing nothing. I spent all the golden evening riding through the timber hunting the lost cow: and when at last I got her into corral, I felt more like killing her than milking her. Meanwhile my wife was going round and round the fowl-barn, trying to drive in the four new Rhode-Island-Red hens, which refused to go to roost. Our two Indians have gone down to Taos.

But after all, I'd rather hunt the cow through the timber, though I swear myself black in the face, than try to "push the business on" in Mexico. You really have my sympathy, with all those morons and Morones.

I don't do any work since we are here—except milk the black-eyed

Susan and irrigate the field—when there's any water. I never felt less literary. But I've revised the MS. of my Mexican novel—which I wanted to call Quetzalcoatl. But the publisher wept at the sound of it: and pleaded for a translation: *The Plumed Serpent*. Mrs Conway will say it means the lady of Coyoacan, with a feathered hat: but I don't care. I think it sounds a bit silly—*The Plumed Serpent*. But *je m'en fiche*.

I hear from people in Philadelphia: they seem *really* to like Hergeheimer out there: say he really *is* a real person: books or not. So that Mrs Conway needn't, I think, have any qualms, if she feels like fluttering through his domains.

It's been blowy and rather cold here: *very* dry, dry to dessication: and summer only started yesterday. I expect autumn will set in tomorrow. We're too high—over 8000 ft. I am about my normal self again—but shall never forgive Mexico, especially Oaxaca, for having done me in. I shudder even when I look at the little MS. you gave me, and think of that beastly Santo Domingo church, with its awful priests and the back-yard with a well-ful of baby's bones. Quoth the raven: *Nevermore*. But this *Nevermore* is a thankful, cheerful chirrup, like a gay blackbird. *Nevermore* need I look on Mexico—but especially Oaxaca.—Yet my Quetzalcoatl novel lies nearer my heart than any other work of mine. I shall send you a copy next year—D.V.

I hope you are having a bit of peace with Gage and your other MSS. Really, the world isn't worth one's effort. Here, thank God, not many people come—and I have only once been out of the gates of the two ranches, ours and Del Monte, since we came from Mexico.

I was glad to hear from Mrs Conway—was afraid she might be unwell, she didn't seem over-robust. We shall stay on here, I suppose, till September or October: then to Europe. We might even see Mrs Conway over there: London or Paris. That would be fun. If ever you go to Winnipeg, or some such place, do stop off and see us here.

I'll send Mrs Conway another book—pleasant and untroublesome, with pictures. We both, my wife and I, remember so gratefully how kind you were to us, coming to the station—and the basket! We still have it—the basket with the purple band.

The summer passed, with Lawrence writing little, completely avoiding Mabel Luhan, and slowly recuperating as he worked at his drainage project. And, as autumn drew on, Lawrence and Frieda prepared to leave for England, as he informed Mrs. Conway:^u

I'm glad to think of you on Deeside—more wholesome there, than that gruesome Mexico. I put the bit of white heather in my hat, needing a bit of luck. We'll see what happens. True, you sent the sprig to my wife: but whatever else married people share and don't share, their luck is one.

I'm sure you had a good time with the Hergesheimers—especially the house. I hear there's a book about it, coming. Glad I don't have to write a book about my house—it wouldn't be four pages—the house is a log hut with never a treasure in it, save my precious self.

I heard from Conway just as he was leaving Mexico. That *America Loca* poem about gets it: and Conway's translation is good.

But I feel I want to get out of America Loca for a while: I believe it sends *everybody* a bit loco. We leave here Sept 10th—expect to be in England by first week in October. Send me a line: c/o Curtis Brown. 6 Henrietta St.

Covent Garden W.C. 2.

And if possible, let us have dinner together somewhere.—I hope I shall be able to let Conway see a set of proofs of the *Quetzalcoatl* novel: shall value his opinion: and yours too, if you'll give it. But you always are so modest in expressing yourself.

We've just sat tight and considered the lily all summer. I am quite well. It grieves me to leave my horses, and my cow Susan, and the cat Timsy Wemyss, and the white cock Moses—and the place. Next time you pass, call here at this ranch instead of at Hergesheimer's house: it's very wonderful country.

My wife sends her greetings to you both, and hopes we may meet in a little while—so do I.

Then, one last letter of this period, written aboard ship when Lawrence was leaving America for the last time—a letter full of the American twenties and of his own experiences, and one of the brightest of all his letters:*

Here it is Sunday afternoon—everybody very bored—nothing happening, except a rather fresh wind, the sea a bit choppy, outdoors just a bit too cold. We get in to Southampton on Wednesday morning, and glad shall I be to see land. There are very few people on board, and most of those are Germans or people from somewhere Russia way,

speaking a language never heard before. We've had pretty good weather—went on board last Monday night, and sailed at 1 a.m. Queer to be slipping down the Hudson at midnight, past all the pier lights. It seems now such a long while ago. Though the weather has been pretty good, I had one awful day, blind with a headache. It was when we ran into a warm fog, so suppose it was the old malaria popping up.

I didn't care for New York—it was steamy hot. I had to run about and see people: the two little Seltzer's dangling by a single thread, over the verge of bankruptcy, and nobody a bit sorry for them. The new publishers, the Knopfs, are set up in great style, in their offices on Fifth Avenue—deep carpe~~s~~, and sylphs in a shred of black satin and a shred of brilliant undergarment darting by. But the Knopf's seem really sound and reliable: am afraid the Seltzers had too many "feelings." Adele said dramatically to Frieda: "All I want is to pay OUR debts and DIE" Death is a debt we all pay: the dollars are another matter.

Nina [Witt] is as busy as ever re-integrating other people—It was a pleasant house near Washington Square, but of course they were building a huge new 15-storey place next door, so all day long the noise of battle rolled.—The child, Marion Bull, is a handsome girl of eighteen and very nice indeed: trying to go on the stage, and the stagey people being very catty to her. I rather hope she won't go on the stage, it might spoil her.—The boy Harry wasn't yet back in New York.—That woman Mrs Hare sent a car and fetched us to their place on Long Island: beautiful place. But in proudly showing me her bees, she went and got stung just under the eye, and a more extraordinary hostess in an elegant house I never saw, as the afternoon wore on and the swelling swelled and swelled. It was too bad: she was very kind to us.—The nicest thing was when some people motored us out at night to the shore on Long Island, and we made a huge fire of driftwood, and toasted mutton chops, with nothing in sight but sand and the foam in the dark[.]

I lie and think of the ranch: it seems so far far away:—these beastly journeys, how I hate them! I'm going to stop it, though, this continual shifting.

How is Miss Wemyss: not still fighting her mother, I hope—like Brett at forty? Send me a line with news of you all:

c/o Curtis Brown. 6 Henrietta St.

London. W.C. 2.

I do feel, I don't know what I'm doing on board this ship.

PART FIVE

The Last Years

THE LAWRENCES ARRIVED at Southampton on the last day of September and went on to London, to Garland's Hotel, Pall Mall. Lawrence saw few of his old friends at the time: "The Carswells and the Eders, but no more of the old crowd, not Kot." Catherine Carswell, glad to find Lawrence not an invalid, thought his face seemed small and pinched under his sombrero. He wrote the elder Hawks:^u

I've been in my native land eight days now, and it's not very cheering: rather foggy, with very feeble attempts at sun: and the people very depressed. There's a million and a quarter unemployed, receiving that wretched dole: and you can't get a man to do an odd job, anywhere. My publisher, down in the country, has 16 acres of good thick hay still standing, because he can't get it cut. He told the farmer he could have it for the cutting: the farmer said that, although there were eight unemployed men in the tiny village, he couldn't get a man anywhere to do a week[']s work. If the unemployed work for a week, they go off the list of the dole, and they find it so hard to get on again, it's safer not to work. So there's a terrible feeling everywhere: and London is more expensive than New York, and the spending is enormous. They look for a revolution of some sort: I don't quite see anything violent, but added to the fog, it's horribly depressing.

We are going today up to the Midlands, to stay with my sisters. I don't suppose we shall be in England more than another fortnight—then we go to Germany, to my wife's mother, and on to Italy.

It's a pity, really, to leave the peaceful ranch, and the horses, and the sun. But there, one's native land has a sort of hopeless attraction, when one is away.

We haven't heard from anybody in New Mexico since we are here. I am wondering if Brett has set forth yet.

And in the short rush in New York, we never called at the hotel to see if Ted and Bobbie [Gillett] were there—But I expect they weren't.

My wife sends warm greetings—I believe she wishes she were back. But the winter is here.

After a day or so with the Carswells at High Wycombe, without Frieda, Lawrence went to the Midlands, where Frieda rejoined him. He again found his native region unpleasant, as he told Mrs. Carswell in a letter probably written on October 13:¹¹ "The weather's awful, and we simply hate it up here," and in another, apparently of October 17:¹² "Comparative opulence here—*comparative*, of course—judging by old home standards. I liked the old better *then*: but don't want it back."

After their return to London, Lawrence and Frieda stayed in the rooms of Gordon Macfarlane, Catherine Carswell's brother, on Gower Street, that long thoroughfare whose boxlike houses differ only in the numbers they bear. Lawrence invited a few people to 73 Gower, including William Gerhardt, the young author of a current book, *The Polyglots*, who was surprised to see the competent-looking *hausfrau* sit placidly by while her husband, with "a beam on his face that was like a halo," cooked and served the dinner. Later, when Frieda spoke vehemently of Beaverbrook, who was then patronizing Gerhardt, Lawrence said, "Not so much intensity, Frieda," and she cried out, "If I want to be intense I'll be intense, and you go to hell!" But the climax of the evening was Lawrence's remark about Bertrand Russell, whom Gerhardt reported as telling him, "Lawrence has no mind." Lawrence "sniffed" and said, "Have you seen him in a bathing-dress? Poor Bertie Russell! He is all Disembodied Mind!"

That was Lawrence's epitaph on the long-dead friendship with Russell. But the relationship with Murry persisted. Murry, disappointed because Lawrence would not visit him in Dorset, accepted Lawrence's invitation to London, though he disliked leaving his wife even for one night, for she was in poor health and expecting their second child. Murry was offended by Lawrence's lack of interest in the *Adelphi* contributor whom he had married—Violet le Maistre—and in their baby daughter whom he felt Lawrence would love. In London, Lawrence rejected Murry's idea that he and Frieda should take a cottage near the Murrys, but he pleased Murry by inviting the family to Italy, a sign that he had "accepted" the new Mrs. Murry. The two men argued about Judas, who in Murry's view "was the broken-hearted lover," the only disciple who understood Jesus. When Lawrence answered, Murry felt his "vehemence against Jesus was the measure of his identification with him." But the two old friends parted amicably: Lawrence insisted on going to a neighborhood shop to buy a bag of fruit for Murry

to take back to Dorset with him, on the last train, which was soon due to leave; if Lawrence was late in getting back to Gower Street, Murry was to take a taxi to the shop and meet Lawrence en route; the time passed, Murry hailed a taxi, and it took the wrong route. At the shop, yes, "a thin gentleman with a beard" had just left. But it was too late. Murry never again saw the slim gentleman with the beard.

Five days later (November 2), Lawrence wrote Mrs. Carswell from Baden-Baden: "Had a quick journey here—but no trains across the Rhine from Strasbourg, so had to come by motor . . . My mother-in-law looking older, slower, but still very lively, walks uphill to us in our hotel." Baden-Baden was "unbelievably quiet and deserted—really deserted. Nobody comes any more: it's nothing but ghosts, from the Turgenev period." After the glare of Mexico and New Mexico, Baden-Baden was no more of a success than England had been. Lawrence, who could never again live in the grey north, considered spending the winter at Ragusa, in Dalmatia, or in the Isles of Greece, but at last he decided upon that same Ligurian coast he had known a dozen years before when he lived at Fiascherino. But this time he went north of Genoa, to Spertorno, where Martin Secker assured him he would find few tourists. From there he wrote his friend Collins, of the Oxford Press, which was expurgating Lawrence's history textbook for the Irish school market: "

I'm sending the mauled history by this mail. When I went through it, I was half infuriated and half amused. But if I'd had to go through it, personally, and make the decision merely from myself, I'd have sent those Irish b's seven times to hell, before I'd have moved a single iota at their pencil stroke. But do me a favour. Please keep this particular marked copy for me, will you, when you are through with it. Send it ~~the~~ back here, if you can. It will always serve to stimulate my bile and to remind me of the glory of the human race.

Here it's sunny. We're in hotel for a bit—probably shall look for a house for the winter here, though the village doesn't amount to much. But if the sun shines on the Mediterranean, that's a lot.

I read the volume of essays—rather soft meat—sort of chopped up egg mess you feed young gaping goslings on. My God, where are the *men* in England now? The place is one howling nursery.

Murry's Keats was quite good—many thanks—but oh heaven, so die-away—the text might be: Oh lap up Shakespeare till you've cleaned the dish, and you may hope to swoon into raptures and die an early but beautiful death at 25.

I'm sick to death of this maudlin twaddle and England's rotten with it. Why doesn't somebody finally and loudly say Shit! to it all!

The Lawrences rented the Villa Bernarda from an officer in the *bersaglieri*. When he came to the inn to discuss terms, Lawrence called Frieda to meet the little officer, who looked "so smart." She "found a figure in uniform with gay plumes and blue sash"—her first sight of Angelo Ravagli whom, a quarter of a century later, she was to marry.

In a letter of December 18, Lawrence described the villa to William Hawk:¹¹

It's on the sea, on the Riviera, about three miles from Monte Carlo. The village is just a quiet Italian village, but we have friends here. The house is nice, just under the Castle, in a big vineyard garden, with terrace over the roofs of the village, the sea beyond. We do the housework ourselves: Frieda obstinately refused a maid. But there's a gardener lives downstairs, he does all the fetching and carrying, goes shopping every morning at 7.30, pumps the water, and is there when we want him. We've got three floors: we live mostly on the top floor, high up, where there's a kitchen and bedroom and sitting-room, and a big terrace from the sitting-room: we sleep on the middle floor: the bottom floor we store things in. It's real Italian country style—a pleasant sort of life, easier than America. The weather is on the whole sunny and dry, but we've had bitter cold winds. We go for walks in the hills—there are snow mountains behind—and do bits of things. Yesterday we got oranges from the trees and made marmelade, which I burnt a bit. But it's good. Frieda's youngest daughter Barbara is in Alassio, about 25 miles away. She comes over and stays a day or two with us. There are no horses to ride, no spring to fetch water from. The pine-trees are those puffs of umbrella pines, all scattered separate on the stony slopes to the sea.

At the Villa Bernarda, Lawrence began the fourth and last phase of his writing career. In some of the stories of this phase and in parts of his novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, in a few of the poems such as "Bavarian Gentians," and now and then in an essay, Lawrence wrote in his accustomed style, colorful and rich. But as his life-span neared its end—and it is remarkable that he lived through another four and a quarter years—his work thinned out, not necessarily in interest of content; but it became different, at least, in quality. The element that became dominant was one that had appeared only now and then in the earlier writings, an acid intellectual element that did not always drop smoothly

into the abundant flow of those writings. In the later work, that tartness often appeared in an almost pure state, in some of the satiric stories, in the journalistic essays, and in the *Pansies* poems. These are often merely astringent glosses on the earlier work.

The old Lawrence came through in one of the first stories he wrote at the Villa Bernarda, "Sun." This embodies much of his essential doctrine, dramatized through symbolism, and like many of his stories—such as "The Ladybird," or novels such as *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—"Sun" is again a variation of the Sleeping Beauty motif of folklore. Here the hedges of thorn that surround the sleeping (sexually unawakened) woman are cacti, and the kiss that brings her to life is the kiss of the sun. And the sun, as Elizabeth Goldsmith has pointed out (*Ancient Pagan Symbols*, 1919), is "the universal metamorphist . . . the Great Lover who rescues imprisoned maidens . . . the Prince Charming who releases the ice maiden." Lawrence himself, so long without the sun in that early autumn of northern Europe, from the rains of Derbyshire to the snows of Switzerland, made the sun the "hero" of his story, and there on the sunsplashed Bernarda terrace he transmuted the powerful heat into the body of his heroine as she lay ripely naked under the cypress tree with its swaying, flexible crest: "She remembered what the Greeks had said, a white, unsunned body was fishy and unhealthy." For the essential setting of the story, Lawrence remembered Taormina, but its opening passage is a thematic expansion of the few lines he wrote about the midnight departure of his ship from New York, in the September 27 letter to the young Hawks, which has the effect of making "Sun" a voyage between the third and fourth phases of his writing career and between the eighth and ninth lusters of his life.

This was a time, too, when the Lawrence-Murry relationship virtually came to an end. Murry had promised to bring his family for a visit to the Lawrences in Italy, but the doctor said Mrs. Murry was too ill to travel safely; indeed, after the birth of the child she was then expecting, she fell into her last illness. On learning once again that Murry had called off a promised visit, Lawrence sent him "a furious letter," Murry recalls (apparently an unpublished letter). Lawrence wrote him a few times again, and in January 1916 told him, "Don't bother any more about Jesus, or mankind, or yourself . . . Let the *Adelphi* die . . . I don't want any man for an adelphos, and adelphoi are sure to drown one another, strangling round each other's necks. Let loose, let loose!" But Murry did not let loose, yet. When he received Lawrence's *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*, he asked if he could reprint the title essay, without payment. Lawrence on January 19 said he would

prefer not to have Murry publish him in the magazine. Murry must realize how incompatible the "say" of each of them was with the other's: "Say your say, *caro!*—and let me say mine. But, for heaven's sake, don't let us pretend to mix them." Murry answered that he agreed it was better that they have no further association. Lawrence apparently did not reply to this, though in several letters that spring he spoke nastily of Murry to Brett, who was in Capri pining for Lawrence but not daring to approach the Frieda-bristling Villa Bernarda. Murry, Lawrence said, was rich, very rich—this by implication was bad—and Murry was sloppy with self-pity: "I should have thought, after a dose of that fellow, you'd have too much desire to be different from him, to follow his sloppy self-indulgent melancholics, absolutely despicable." It was probably at this time that Lawrence wrote the last of the mean little anti-Murry stories, "Smile," obviously based on the death of Katherine Mansfield (with Murry and Katherine as Matthew and Ophelia), but evidently set on that Genoese coast. Murry told the author of the present volume, in a letter of July 16, 1913, "The *truth* about the Lawrence-Murry situation in 1913-1914-1915 is very remote from anything that has appeared, or is likely to appear in my lifetime; though in my considered judgment, I don't come out of it (i.e. the true story) any better." Regarding the lampoons, he said, "I see you say, in your letter of October 2, 1952, you were perhaps influenced [in *The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence*] by Lawrence's satiric stories about me. These, at the time, seemed to me just an outrage. And I still think they sprang from the worst and most *dishonest* part of L. Considering what the real situation had been, they strike me still as a very shabby sort of revenge."

While at Spotorno, Lawrence also wrote, or at least finished, his story "Glad Ghosts." He originally intended this for Cynthia Asquith's *The Ghost Book*, which instead carried Lawrence's "The Rocking Horse Winner" when it came out in October 1916. Lawrence told his agents he had written "Glad Ghosts" for Lady Cynthia's collection, "but am not sure if it's suitable"—perhaps because the character of Carlotta Fell, who began as Dorothy Brett, came to resemble Lady Cynthia herself. Carlotta as a married woman, and her husband Lord Lathkill, are later versions of the aristocratic couples in those earlier stories "The Thimble" and "The Ladybird." The identification of the Lathkills as the Asquiths was first publicly made by Lawrence Clark Powell in a bibliographical note in 1917; Richard Aldington has commented that if Powell was correct in this, "the finale of the story was a piece of reckless impudence." In that finale, plum blossom took the place of the almond blossom of "The Last Laugh" when the woman-or-ghost came to the

Lawrence-like Mark Morier in the guest bedroom at the Lathkills' country house. Plum blossom was appropriate because the Lathkills later had a child: in oriental symbolism, the plum blossom stands for immortality, the perpetuation of life, and it also represents the new year.

At that time Lawrence also wrote his short novel, *The Virgin and the Gipsy*, which invoked his recent visit to the stony landscapes of Derbyshire. And his present acquaintance with the now-grown Weekley girls—Barbara, it will be recalled, was at nearby Alassio, and Elsa came down from London for a visit—probably suggested the young girls in the story, whose mother had run off with a man when they were young. Martin Secker ("quiet little man . . . nice, but not sparkling") was at Spotorno to approve the story, though it was not published until after Lawrence's death, and then with a note to the effect that it lacked his final revision. The story, with its water symbol as sex-giving and life-giving, with the man rubbing the half-drowned girl back to consciousness, went back to the earlier tale, "The Horse Dealer's Daughter"; and it was another variation on the Sleeping Beauty motif, with the "dark" gipsy as the awakener. It looked to the future, too, this very minor work, in that it was also a prelude to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

The Weekley girls were mentioned in a letter Lawrence wrote to William Hawk on February 19, during the time when Ada and her friend Mrs. Booth were also visiting at Villa Bernarda, having arrived to find Lawrence ill with influenza:

I'm going away with my sister on Monday, to Monte Carlo for a few days: then probably on to Spain, alone. Frieda has her two daughters here, two great tall girls, 21 and 23 years old. I feel absolutely swamped out, must go away by myself for a bit, or I shall give up the ghost . . . Somehow everything feels in a great muddle, with daughters that are by no means mine, and a sister who doesn't see eye to eye with F. What a trial families are!

Frieda believed that Ada was trying to draw Lawrence back into the past. One night Ada persuaded him to lock his door against Frieda, the only act of Lawrence's that ever hurt her deeply. One morning Ada told Frieda, "I hate you from the bottom of my heart." Lawrence was glad to get out of this divided camp of armed females, and when he left, Frieda would give him no kind word. From Monte Carlo he wrote G. R. G. Conway on February 24: "Staying here a few days with my sister—very sunny and bright, but as far as life goes, come-down, and boring—no temptation to gamble." He and Frieda were living in "a

villa on the Italian coast for the time being—but shall probably move in April, heaven knows where to." The last phrase had become a fairly common one with Lawrence.

He did not mention to Conway that he was not immediately returning to the villa. He went from Monte Carlo to the Brewsters' villa, Quattro Venti, at Capri, just before they left for India. He helped them wrap and stow away the bric-à-brac that later became the central symbol of his story about the Brewsters, "Things"; he sang rounds with them and told them tales of the past which recent talks with his sister had evoked, and he imitated his mother reproaching him: "You used to be such a good boy, Bertie." There at Quattro Venti, reporters interviewed him and photographers snapped pictures of him. He went for walks with the delighted Brett, telling her how tired he was after his influenza, and that as soon as he had recovered even partially, he "crawled aw; ' with" Ada, and was by now "tired to death of the whole business." He rested on the sand, called at the villa of Faith Mackenzie, who told him her husband was away on the channel island he had rented—about which Lawrence soon wrote "The Man Who Loved Islands"—and visited the Capri scholar and beachcomber, Charles Ellingham Brooks. But Lawrence was never again to be so vital as he had been, and his temper had become milder; now and then his tongue could give a flick of venom, but he no longer threw household objects at people.

He was well enough, when he left Capri in mid-March, to consider a tour of the Etruscan cities with his old friend Millicent Beveridge, who had painted his portrait at Taormina five years before. He crossed to the mainland to meet her and her friend Mabel Harrison at Amalfi, the faithful Brett tagging along. On Capri, she had found the fading Mary Cannan boring and had tried to edge her out of the Lawrence circle; but over on the mainland Lawrence showed that he now wearied of Brett herself. In her record of the time she has made it supremely clear that at the hotel cottage at Ravello each of them not only had a separate room but went to it, Lawrence turning toward his quarters "with a cheery good night," and Brett fumbling with matches and a candle to find her own "hard, relentless bed." When Brett was notified that her quota papers for readmission to the United States were at the British Consulate at Naples, she tried to postpone going for them, but Lawrence ruthlessly commanded her to leave. As her little boat pulled away toward Naples she saw him on the shore waving the blue and green silk scarf she had given him; and this was the last time she ever saw him.

Meanwhile, Frieda was happy with her daughters amid the fig trees and almond blooms and other Italian spring luxuriances at Spotorno. Mabel Luhan had found an excuse to write Lawrence again—would he advise her about the publication of her memoirs?—and during his absence from the Villa Bernarda, her manuscript peremptorily arrived there. Frieda told her, "I hope Lawrence is taking a new lease of life, that Plumed Serpent took it out of him, it almost went too far." She confidently added, "Lawrence will soon be back, so I keep the manuscript here." Frieda was not amused at a picture Lawrence sent her of Jonah confronting the whale, with the question, "Who is going to swallow whom?" But those days his whale's belly was the Etruscan tombs, as he went from Rome to Assisi, which he disliked, to Perugia, Pisa, and Florence, then to Ravenna, where he was ill and had to stay in bed a day or so. There Peter Quennell saw him, as he has told the author of the present book; Quennell regretted that he had never known Lawrence, but provided a bright glimpse of him at Ravenna: "He was with two solid-looking, middle-aged Englishwomen; and I did my best to overhear his conversation at the hotel dinner-table." But all he could remember of that was a criticism of the local mosaics: Lawrence disliked "the figures that have both eyes on one side of the head—'like a flat fish.'" Peter Quennell was otherwise "impressed by the rather provincial twang of his voice—the odd loafah-ish consistency of his beard—and a look of fragility and a kind of tearing schoolboyish slyness in his attitude towards his two large and motherly companions."

Lawrence arrived back at Spotorno, from Milan, on the day before Easter. Frieda had remained angry, but when his return was imminent, her daughters said, "Now, Mrs. L., be reasonable, you have married him, you must stick to him." So, "dressed up festively," as he told his mother-in-law, "the three women" met his train. "For the moment I am the Easter lamb."

Seventeen days later, the three women accompanied him to Florence, and from there he wrote Jutta, who had just illustrated his sister's book, *Concerning Corsica*:¹¹

Your letter arrived here this evening—we left Spotorno last Tuesday, for good. Frieda's two daughters are leaving next Tuesday for London, and we are either staying on in Tuscany or Umbria a couple of months, or else we shall go to Germany. I'm not sure yet. But we shall be here another ten days or so.

Your Corsica book looks nice: hope it'll be a success.

What plan have you got? Another travel book? I wonder where! I myself was pining to get some sort of little ship, with about half a dozen of us, and do the Isles of Greece and Smyrna. I should have loved that. But the ship didn't turn up—too expensive, whatever offered. But we might keep that idea in mind.

The only other place that suggests itself is Spain—where I've never been.

I hope you've had a good time with your fresco. Italy doesn't seem to me so jolly as it used to be: Very little fun going. But Frieda rather wants to take a house—a villino—in the country here, till July: myself, I am doubtful. However, I don't care very much.

You wrote your address so dashingly, I'm dashed if I can read it. So hope this finds you.

[In Frieda's hand:]

It would have been fun if you had turned up at the Villa Bernarda! I had such a jolly time with my long legged daughters! You might perhaps see us here sometime—But Elsa & Barby are going back on Tuesday—

The *villino* Frieda liked was the Villa Mirenda, which became their home, intermittently, for two years. They had moved in by May 13, when Lawrence sent his story "Two Blue Birds" to his agents in London, prophetically speaking of it as "probably . . . another tribulation to you"; indeed, this little satire on a successful author did not please the Compton Mackenzies any more than "The Man Who Loved Islands" pleased them. In his May 13 letter, Lawrence also spoke of the General Strike in England, and criticized the "iron resistance" the government had promised, he had lost his belief in such things ("Damn iron!") since the war. He now proceeded to settle in his new villa, where only occasionally the iron of the Italian government made itself obvious. He told Catherine Carswell on the 18th: "We've taken the top half of this old villa, seven miles out of Florence, for a year: only £25 a year." He thought they "could keep it as a pied à terre, and perhaps come and go, and lend it when we are away. The country is awfully nice round about, and no other forestiere except one family, the Gair-Wilkinsons, Gloster Village-arty who used to have a puppet show: they are quite nice. He's the King of all the 'beavers,' with *his* red beard." The Mirenda was in "the opposite direction from Ficsole, out of the Porta Romana" and was "a sort of farm villa, really, and the padroni, quite nice people, only come out—a man of 35 and

his wife, he capitano di Cavalleria, but working in the *office*, most uncavalry-like man you ever saw—just for the week-end, or one odd day, to see the peasants. But of course the house, though rather big, is bare and comfortless." It was not easy to reach, as a letter of April 25, 1918, to Enid Hilton, shows: " . . . Tram No. 16 from the Cathedral to Vingone—go to the very terminus." From there, "walk ahead about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, keeping on the highroad, but the left branch at the pagoda," on to where two cypresses stood "touching one another at the corner of the lane to the left. Turn there, and dip down into the valley. The Mirenda is the big square box of a house on the hill in front of you, with the little church of San Paolo behind. If we are away . . . go to the peasants' house and ask for Giulia, our girl—she'll have the key"—the key to Lawrence's most famous residence, where he wrote *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

That first spring at the Mirenda, Lawrence did little writing. Early in the year, Secker had published *The Plumed Serpent*, and Lawrence's new American publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, brought it out in New York. The reviews were as usual: the *Times Literary Supplement* pronounced the book "rather feeble," P. C. Kennedy in the *New Statesman* found that Lawrence had "arrived at a negation, a barrenness, an abstraction, a repetitiveness, an emptiness"; L. P. Hartley in the *London Saturday Review* said Lawrence was "no longer interested in the ordinary workaday relations between people"; the *Spectator* felt that in this "bewilderingly romantic, lush and verbose" story, Lawrence was unable "to create characters; his heroes and heroines are phantoms projected out of his own fancy which is sterile." The passing of time has shown that, even if *The Plumed Serpent* is a failure among Lawrence's books, it is a magnificent failure, actually a triumph of grand fragments, a greater achievement than the smoother work of the lesser authors celebrated at that time. Not all the reviewers were hostile: Edwin Muir, despite a recent public scolding from Lawrence, saw the good as well as the bad points of the book in the *Nation and Athenaeum*. Murry's anonymous review in his *Adelphi*—ending, "Need we say the book contains lovely and memorable things?"—spent too much time lamenting, "alas, now that the miracle is here, we cannot grasp it, either with our minds or solar plexuses, or our tails." In New York, Stuart Sherman's *Herald Tribune* review was kinder than most of the others. But in spite of its bad press, the novel sold fairly well.

Penguin Books have also published it. But back in that spring of 1916, Lawrence felt little encouragement and did little writing. His letters of the time picture him on the Mirenda balcony on lazy days of sunlight, all about him the grainfields and the slopes covered with olive trees and vines.

The mood lasted into summer. On July 18, five days after arriving at Baden-Baden, Lawrence wrote Catherine Carswell:^u "As for literature and publishing, I loathe the thought of it all, and wish I could afford never to appear in print again. Anyhow, I am doing nothing at all now, and have no idea of beginning again." He also told her, "I rather dread the thought of England," though within two weeks he was there, for his last visit.

In London, where he and Frieda stayed at Rossetti Mansions, Chelsea, her son and her husband became friends for the first time. "Monty and Lawrence met on the stairs," Frieda told Mrs. Luhan, "and were all 'loving kindness' to each other 'all of a heap!'" Montague Weekley, now twenty-five, who had not since childhood seen Lawrence, immediately noticed his broad Midlands accent: "Sargent, sooch a bad pëynter." Frieda also reported to Mrs. Luhan a visit to Richard Aldington and "Arabella" Yorke: "Arabella comes in *Aaron's Rod*. She is so like a mixture of Trinidad and Rufina, so black-haired and Richard is so fair and blue eyed and Germanic!" Aldington, who had invited the Lawrences to his Malthouse Cottage at Padworth, Berkshire, recalled in his autobiography that "the visit began a little inauspiciously, as Lawrence declared that the cottage was sinister." But they all had some pleasant times, at night singing French and German songs, and in the afternoons wandering across the fields. Lawrence told Aldington he planned a book on the Etruscans, and Aldington had the London Library send out half a dozen books on the subject. He promised that he and Dorothy Yorke would go to the Mirenda for the autumn wine harvest.

After a visit to Scotland and the Isle of Skye ("like the very beginning of Europe: though, of course, in August there are many tourists and motorcars"), Lawrence went with his sisters to the Lincolnshire coast. From Sutton-on-Sea he wrote on August 29 to Giuseppe (Pino) Orioli, with whom he had renewed acquaintance in Florence:^u "We are here by the seaside, in my native Midlands. It is rather nice, a big flat coast with a big sky above, and a low sea rumbling. I like it much better than London." Thirteen days later, September 11, his forty-first birthday, he again wrote Orioli, mentioning another renewal of acquaintance that was to prove important:^u "Aldous Huxley came to

see me in London—he has gone off to Cortina, in the Dolomites, to take a house there. He seemed no brisker than ever.” Renewing his acquaintance with the colliery region after leaving Sutton-on-Sea was for Lawrence a depressing experience, for although the General Strike was over, the miners were still on strike: “I was at my sister’s in September,” Lawrence afterward told Rolf Gardiner, “and we drove around—I saw the miners—and pickets—and policemen—it was like a spear through one’s heart.” Lawrence’s last visit to Eastwood is described in a letter to the author from William Hopkin: “He and I went over the old ground. When we reached Felley Dam he stood looking over at the Hags. I sat down by the pool and when I turned to look at him he had a terrible look of pain on his face. When we got back I asked him when he would come again, and he said ‘Never! I hate the damned place.’ He never glanced once at the house in the Brcach as we passed.”

In London on the way back to the Continent, Lawrence met Amy Lowell’s friend, Louis Untermeyer, of whom he remarked: “Extraordinary, the ewige Jew, by virtue of not having a real core in him, he is eternal . . . That is the whole history of the Jew, from Moses to Untermeyer.” Years later, in his autobiography, Untermeyer said in reply that Lawrence was the real Wandering Jew. There in London in 1926, Mrs. Carswell boasted that her little boy had become a good traveler: Lawrence shook his head and told her, “Nay, Catherine, but I want to hear of good stayers at home!” Mrs. Carswell, who was seeing Lawrence for the last time, worried over him when she learned he had been having bronchial haemorrhages, but he assured her they were not serious: “Not lungs, you know, only bronchials—tiresome enough, but nothing to worry about, except I *must* try not to catch colds.” At a farewell party the Carswells gave for the Lawrences, they all discussed money, and Koteliánský declared that unearned income of any size alienated its beneficiary from the rest of mankind. Lawrence said that riches had “a really magical touch to make a man insensitive and so to make him wicked”—a kind of restatement of the theme of “The Rocking-Horse Winner,” the story which Cynthia Asquith published later that year in her collection *The Ghost Book*. That story again indicates Lawrence’s modernness of method, for the ritualistic aspects of “The Rocking-Horse Winner” show once again that he was one of the first authors of his time to draw upon anthropology. Although some of the story reflects the atmosphere of his “sporting” Uncle Herbert, Lawrence also—as Frank Amon suggested in his contribution to *The Achievement of D. H. Lawrence* volume—probably drew upon his memories of the

hobby dances at Padstow, Cornwall, and the New Mexican pueblo ceremonies called *maiyañi*. "The Rocking-Horse Winner" was one of Lawrence's few productions in a barren period, which threatened to continue after his return to Italy in early October. From there on October 18 he told Else Jaffe, "I think I'll never write another novel." Yet only eleven days later he had written forty-one pages of one of the major efforts of his career—*Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

II

What made Lawrence, after so many protests that he never wanted to write another novel, suddenly begin *Lady Chatterley's Lover* a few weeks after his return to the Villa Mirinda in that autumn of 1926? Richard Aldington, who kept his promise to visit the Mirinda during grape harvest, in early October, does not recall that Lawrence mentioned the projected novel to him at the time, but across the years he has guessed that Lawrence's inspiration for the book was his visit to the Midlands in the preceding year—that is, in the summer of 1925, when the Clarkes took him motoring through Derby and Notts. This is only a conjecture: Lawrence had also motored through that country again in 1926. But it is certainly true that, when writing once again of the modern world's mechanization of humanity, Lawrence had fresh in his mind his old symbol, the industrial Midlands. Discussing the origin of the book in a letter to David Garnett in 1928, Lawrence told him, "In my early days your father said to me, 'I should welcome a description of the whole act'—which has stayed in my mind till I wrote this book." But why look for a single "inspiration" for such a novel? Lawrence, a man who thought in terms of fable and symbol, a man disgusted with civilized mechanisms, produced out of his consciousness a story of a certain kind. As he said in *A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover*, "When I created Clifford and Connie, I had no idea what they were, or why they were. They just came, pretty much as they are."

Lawrence added that he had rewritten the story, "from start to finish, three times." He worked at the book intermittently from

. Some readers, including Frieda, prefer *The First*

Lady Chatterley (published in 1914 despite the efforts of some busybodies in New York to suppress it). The second draft has appeared only in synopsis. It was the third version that contained the "forbidden" words. Lawrence was at first reluctant to publish it—Frieda has told how he realized that it would unleash more hatred against him—but once he decided to put the book into print, he fought for it zealously.

His London and New York agents and publishers irritated him by their lack of enthusiasm; what he finally did he explained in a letter to G. R. G. Conway from the Mirenda on March 15, —a letter which also contains a statement of intention:"

Now I'm busy here printing my new novel for a private edition here in Florence. You've been through it, so you'll sympathize with me.—I expect the publishers will publish an expurgated edition in the autumn. But I *must* bring out the book complete. It is—in the latter half at least—a phallic novel, but tender and delicate. You know I believe in the phallic reality, and the phallic consciousness: as distinct from our irritable cerebral consciousness of today. That's why I do the book—and it's not just *sex*. Sex alas is one of the worst phenomena of today: all cerebral reaction, the whole thing worked from mental processes and itch, and not a bit of the real phallic insouciance and spontaneity. But in my novel there is.

That explanation is typical of many Lawrence made during those last years of his life, in letters and in essays such as *Pornography and Obscenity*. These have been collected, along with some of his other essays on the subject, in *Sex, Literature and Censorship* whose introduction provides a full history of Lawrence's troubles with what he called the "censor-morons." As for the expurgated edition he spoke of in the letter to Conway, Lawrence later said that he could not cut the vital passages out of the book: "I might as well try to clip my own nose into shape with scissors. The book bleeds." Two years after his death, however, his English and American publishers brought out a bowdlerized version which still flourishes in the American drugstores. Regrettably, many readers confuse this with the original, for no one has yet dared undertake the battle for the real *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the battle which was long ago fought on behalf of *Ulysses*, which to Lawrence's puritan mind was a "dirty" book, a mechanization of sex.

Yet *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has, despite prudery and confusing expurgations and legal bans, become one of the notable books of this century. Lawrence's most startling variation of the Sleeping Beauty theme deals with an archetypal modern woman whose husband practices two professions Lawrence despised: industrialism and intellectualism. Regrettably for the story, Sir Clifford Chatterley is also a cripple. Lawrence said in *A Propos* that he could not tell "whether the 'symbolism' is intentional . . . Certainly not in the beginning, when Clifford was created." Lawrence later recognized that Clifford's lameness "was symbolic of the paralysis, the deeper emotional or passiona paralysis, of most men of his sort and class today. I realized that it was

perhaps taking an unfair advantage of Connie, to paralyse him technically. It made it so much more vulgar of her to leave him. Yet the story came as it did, by itself, so I left it alone. Whether we call it symbolism or not, it is, in the sense of its happening, inevitable." That it was a war wound which paralyzed Clifford deepens the symbol, yet in itself it is a poor one, for Lawrence's fable. It would have been a stronger story if Lawrence had made Clifford's lack of sex the result of overintellectualism: there was a suggestion of this early in the book, in the character of Michaelis, with whom Connie had a love affair before she met the gamekeeper. Since Lawrence's drive was against the milieu of such people as Michaelis—the milieu into which Clifford drifted—rather than against cripples, he could have kept the opposition in that direction rather than drawing upon physical accident. His healing gamekeeper, another portrait of Lawrence's enduring "natural" man, descends from Annable in *The White Peacock*, but there is also something in him of the George Saxton of that story, and in a sense *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a restatement of *The White Peacock*, after twenty years' additional writing practice and experience of suffering.

The prose of *Lady Chatterley* is not yet the thinned, satiric stuff most characteristic of that last period, but on the other hand it is not the vibrant, full-bodied prose of the novels from *Sons and Lovers* to *The Plumed Serpent*; it has only occasional echoes of the old resonance. It is a weary prose, with mild colors—most of Lawrence's vibrant colors in those days appeared in his pictures, when he began to paint seriously for the first time in his life, in that same autumn in which he started writing *Lady Chatterley*.

The Huxleys were, almost accidentally, the cause of Lawrence's renewing his interest in painting. They drove to the Mirenda one day in their new car and suggested that Lawrence buy their old one, but he dreaded "learning to drive, and struggling with a machine," and he had "no desire to scud about the face of the country." Maria Huxley had brought along four old canvases, one of them "busted," which had been left in their house, and she gave these to Lawrence. They tempted him to fill them with some of the paint he and Frieda had on hand for their decoration of the doors and window frames of the Mirenda. His first picture, "A Holy Family," was one of the most trouble-making of all his paintings at the later exhibit, perhaps because—as Lawrence explained to the Huxleys at a time when he called the picture "Unholy Family"—"the *bambino*—with a *nimbus*—is just watching anxiously to see the young man give the semi-nude young woman *un gros baiser*." Lawrence did not feel he was being profane or irreverent; he

merely had different ideas of the religion of life from those of his former fellow-Congregationalists. And the paintings did not offend the peasants at the Mirenda, who loved them, though when Lawrence had his exhibit in he complained of "people who called themselves my dear friends" who "were not only shocked but mortally offended by them." But trouble over the paintings lay three years in the distance: in the fall of 1926 he felt only enjoyment in the activity itself. His *Assorted Articles* essay, "Making Pictures" spoke of the quality of delight in all paintings, even sad ones: "No artist, even the gloomiest, ever painted a picture without the curious delight in image-making."

Lawrence wanted to go to London to see the Stage Society's production of *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*, but did not feel well enough to leave Italy. Mrs. Carswell, who had seen the 1920 production at Alichtram, has reported that Esmé Percy's later presentation, with a cast that included Colin Keith-Johnston and James Whale, was a better one, but she felt, as she had earlier, that the onstage corpse-washing could not be dramatically effective. Lawrence told the Huxleys that people had "hated" the play, found it "gloomy." The *Times* critic liked the first two acts—"I thought I was in the presence of a potentially great dramatist"—then, "alas! the novelist got Mr. Lawrence down in the third act, and the dramatist had to take the count."

Lawrence as usual kept up his correspondence. He wrote occasionally to Gertrude Cooper of the Pagans, now living part of the time with the Clarkes and part of the time in tuberculosis sanatoria. Typically, Lawrence never mentioned tuberculosis by name—Catherine Carswell has pointed out that he resembled the Christian Scientists at least in the way in which he refused to categorize his own affliction—and told her not to "weaken or fret—while we live we must be game. And when we come to die, we'll die game too," as he did when his time came. In other letters of that winter he worried about Brett alone at the ranch, and instructed the young Hawks to look after her: to keep her out of all kinds of trouble, including the financial. Mabel Luhan could not let him go to waste: she wrote asking him to go to her old villa, the Curonia, and arrange to have her books shipped to America. He wrote saying he would have to wait till the weather was warmer before he could enter the chill tomb of the closed-up place. But he did go there that winter, with Orioli, whose subsequent reward was to have one of Mrs. Luhan's friends call him a thief.

It must have been during this season, too, that Lawrence made peace

with Douglas. According to Aldington, Orioli talked both men into a reconciliation. Then, one day as Lawrence and Frieda were talking with Orioli in his shop, Douglas strode in. After a moment of tight silence, Douglas in a gesture that for him was one of friendship, held out his snuffbox and said, "Have a pinch of snuff, dearie." Lawrence took it, saying, "Isn't it curious"—sniff—"only Norman and my father"—sniff—"ever give me snuff?" And, Aldington has reported, the friendship was on again.

Lawrence wrote another old friend after many years:¹¹

Is Philip Smith already at retiring age? Heaven help us, how quick! I'm 41—and you're about 43, aren't you? Why didn't you put in your news? Where are you now—are you a head-master somewhere, gravely ruling? Lord, how queer it all seems! No, one never forgets. What one was, one is. Only the years add so many other things, that my Addiscombe Rd. self squirms when I look at it. I was thinking of Philip Smith a few days ago when I saw the winter aconites in flower on the podere. He brought me the first I ever saw, from that place outside Croydon, where he lived. I can see him now, laying it before me on the table in Standard VI. *Tempi passati!* One of my troubled dreams, sleep-dreams, I mean, is that I'm teaching and that I've clean forgotten to mark the register, and the class has gone home! Why should I feel so worried about not having marked the register? But I do.

How are you all? How are *you*?—and your mother? Do you still go down to Devon in the summer? How is Miss Mason?—and Aylwin, do you know? And with his wife who jeered at him? And is my landlord Jones still attendance officer? That baby I used to nurse must be nineteen now. *Santo cielo, potrei essere nonno!* Tell me the news, but don't tell them all to write to me or I shan't know what to say.

We are living here till the fit takes us to go and live somewhere else. My wife sends *saluti!*

I enclose two quid for P. S.—don't know if it's the sort of "fitting amount."

Do you ever see any of the boys of my period? I've never met a single one, in all my comings and goings.

Did I swindle you out of those proofs? I'm so sorry. I've quite forgotten. I'll write out a poem when I think of one. Now I've only a *Glad Ghosts* to send you.

[P. S.] I send you also Coppard's poems which I find boring. But you are more patient.

Remember me nicely to Philip Smith; he treated me always very decently.

At this time Lawrence was remembering another acquaintance—never a friend—John Galsworthy. Lawrence had completed his critique of Galsworthy for Edgell Rickword's volume of *Scrutinies*. Here Lawrence attacked Galsworthy from the point of view he was himself writing from at the time: most modern men in making love were, he said in *Lady Chatterley*, "like dogs, that trot and sniff and copulate"; in the study of Galsworthy, who was to Lawrence a life denier, he said the Forsyte love affairs were "doggy"; with the characters, it was "trot, trot away, if you're not tangled. Trot off, looking shamefacedly over your shoulder." This suggests an interesting connection between Clifford Chatterley's set and Galsworthy's men of property.

Lawrence was ill with influenza during part of that February. He had recovered sufficiently to leave for Ravello, by way of Rome, to visit the Brewsters. Frieda went north to see her mother. Lawrence and Earl Brewster planned a walking tour of the Etruscan cities. The ballet composer, Lord Berners, had offered to go with them, complete with car and chauffeur and special permits, but Lawrence said, "I simply *can't* stand people at close quarters. Better tramp it our two selves." He pointed out that he and Brewster were now "at the *âge dangereuse* for men: when the whole rhythm of the psyche changes . . . It is as well to know the thing is physiological: though that doesn't nullify the psychological reality." Too many people resented the sex swindle of modern life, which was not completely the fault of the individual but of the age. One had to go through the process of change, without too much exasperation. "I try," Lawrence told his Buddhist friend, "to keep the *Middle* of me harmonious to the *Middle* of the universe. Outwardly I know I'm in a bad temper, and let it go at that." But he stuck to his beliefs "and put a phallus, a lingam you call it, in each one of my pictures somewhere. And I paint no picture that won't shock people's castrated social spirituality." But this man's motive was never obscenity: "I do this out of positive belief, that the phallus is a great sacred image. it represents a deep, deep life which has been denied in us, and still is denied. Women deny it horribly, with a grinning travesty of sex. But *pazienza! pazienza!* One can still believe. And with the lingam, and the mystery behind it, goes beauty."

That was a good preparatory mood for a visit to the Etruscan tombs. He stayed first a few days with the Brewsters at Lord Grimstead's

estate above Amalfi; the weather was cold, and Lawrence and the two adult Brewsters and chubby little Harwood huddled around the hearth, where great logs burned. Lawrence again told them stories of Eastwood and led them in songs. Laughing and absorbed, he started to paint the crucifixion, with Pan and some nymphs in the foreground, but he ended by omitting the crucifixion though keeping the pagan figures.

For about a week in early April, Lawrence and Brewster wandered through the settings and the experiences of Lawrence's posthumous volume *Etruscan Places*, the fourth and last, and the most profound of his travel books. After inspecting a museum in Rome that contained some important excavations, the two men went to the Maremma Romana, the swampy coastland to the northwest, where they at last visited the broken cities and their buried tombs. Brewster, as a man sympathetic to mysticism, was an ideal companion for this journey: that sympathy was to Lawrence both a stimulus and a check, for he was free to let himself go, imaginatively, and at the same time he was just suspicious enough of Brewster, as a confirmed mystic, not to let himself go too far. A skeptic would have been unbearable: the gentle, sometimes agreeing, sometimes disagreeing, New England Brewster was precisely the right fellow-voyager. They went to Cerveteri, Civitavecchia, Tarquinia, Vulci, Grosseto, and Volterra, enduring bad hotels, "spying" fascisti, and malaria-eaten coachmen. But day after day, they saw the wonderful underground tombs.

There was an ancestral symbolism in the descent of the collier's son into these underground places, led by a guide with a lamp or a candle that cast a glare onto the stuccoed walls painted in reds and blacks and yellows showing dancers and hunters and bulls and lions. Lawrence loved the Etruscans, who were both a "dark" people and a sun people. They had no false literary culture and lived in the phallic consciousness, knowing "the everlasting wonder of things." But the Romans, with their money-lust and their worship of great sewers, had ruined the Etruscans, turning them into "fat and inert Romans."

Lawrence's imagination worked energetically on that trip: on Palm Sunday when he saw a toy in a shopwindow, a little white rooster coming out of the egg, he told Brewster this suggested a title, "The Escaped Cock—a Story of the Resurrection." Three weeks later he wrote Brewster from the Villa Mirenda to announce that he had finished "a story of the Resurrection, where Jesus gets up and feels very sick about everything, and can't stand the old crowd any more—so cuts out." Later, "as he heals up, he begins to find what an astonish-

ing place the phenomenal world is, far more marvelous than any salvation or heaven—and thanks his stars he needn't have a 'mission' any more." Lawrence said he was calling the story "The Escaped Cock," remembering "that toy in Volterra."

The day after seeing that toy, Lawrence took the bus for Florence, a shaky, five hours' ride, and arrived at the Mirenda late at night. Frieda, with a heavy cold brought back from Germany, was well enough the next day to go into Florence and meet her daughter Barbara, who arrived with an English friend, Mrs. Seaman, "as duenna." The Lawrences navigated Mrs. Seaman to the inn at Vingone, but brought Barbara to the Mirenda. She seemed less beautiful this year to Lawrence, who felt that London was deadening her. He of course had managed to catch Frieda's cold, though without serious results. The Tuscan spring set in, and Lawrence walked each day among the apple and peach blossoms and tulips, to the little wood of umbrella pines where he sat and wrote as the nightingales in the trees sounded "a kind of brilliant calling and interweaving of glittering exclamation such as must have been heard on the first day of creation"—and is echoed throughout Lawrence's essay of this time, "The Nightingale."

Lawrence also wrote the Etruscan essays that appeared as magazine articles during his lifetime, he worked on the second draft of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and he painted his "Finding of Moses" with its tall, pale-purple Negresses. But he had plenty of distractions from the outside, including telegrams from Mabel Luhan commanding his return to New Mexico. From London, the Stage Society sent word they would produce his play *David* late in May and invited him to go north and help stage it, but an attack of malaria prevented his traveling to "antipathetic" London and "fuddling with theatrical people." Instead, in late May, he had England brought to him by a visit from a brother and sister with literary aspirations: "He looked like a rat, exactly—a large, beady, foraging sharp rat—and she like a weevil." And then the "impudent" reviews of *David* came from London; Lawrence wrote Browster that the critics were eunuchs, and: "I want subtly, but tremendously, to kick the ball-less."

The greatest distraction from the outside was the arrival of two American women Lawrence had known in New Mexico; he had seen them again in England the preceding year, and at the time of his Etruscan tour had stayed at their flat in Rome; now, in June, he had to show them around Florence, to his horror. They spoke of "Bo'acelli," Michelangelo's "David" was a "nut," every man was "that guy," every woman "that skirt." They had "the American cataract" over their

vision: "They simply *can't see* anything; you might as well ask a dog to look at a picture or a statue." Yet "there's the elements of a nice woman in each of them," though they were "stone blind, culturally," and represented "pure atavism. They've negated and negated and negated till there's *nothing*—and they themselves are empty vessels with a squirming mass of nerves." Perhaps recalling Mabel Luhan's imperious summons back to Taos, Lawrence realized, "I'd rather go and live in a hyena house than go live in America." These comments, in his June 9, letter to Brewster are among the sharpest he ever made on Americans. The two women who occasioned the remarks are now dead: Christine Hughes and her daughter, Mary Christine, whom Lawrence used in a journalistic sketch the next year (reprinted in *Assorted Articles*)—"Laura Philippine." The girl in this sketch he observed with somewhat affectionate horror as an attractive young nihilist who rose at noon to have gin and bitters before lunch. Lawrence's avuncular warning that she would wear herself out by forty proved to be a melancholy truth; his abhorrence of the gin was more practical than merely puritan. (A few years later, Lawrence wrote of her, in a hitherto unpublished passage of his November 26, 1929 letter to Bynner: "Tell Christine Hughes I will write to her, and Mary Christine I will give a wedding present if she is still married and not minding. I never give wedding presents till two years after. Wait and see, is my English motto, with regard to young marriages.")

That June the Huxleys took Lawrence up to Forte dei Marmi, on that Ligurian coast he knew so well, near Spezia. He disliked Forte dei Marmi—"beastly as a place; flat, dead sea, jellyfishy; and millions of villas"—and after the Huxleys drove him back to Florence he had a violent haemorrhage that laid him low for weeks, with Frieda and the peasant women nursing him. When he was at last well enough to travel, he wrote Gertler:^u

I am up and creeping around—feeling limp—but better. I had the best doctor in Florence—Prof. Giglioli—head of the Medical Profession for Tuscany. It's chronic bronchial congestion—and it brought on a series of bronchial hemorrhages this time. I've had little ones before. It would be serious if they didn't stop, he says: but they do stop: so it's nothing to worry about—only one must lie in bed when they come on—and always be a bit careful—not take sea-baths, as I did at Forte. I think he's about right. He says now we're to go to the mountains so we're leaving for Austria—D. V.—Thursday night. I can get into

a sleeper in Florence, and stay in till Villach, so I should be all right. I'll send the addresses there, as I'm not sure. These hemorrhages are rather shattering—but perhaps they take some bad blood out of the system. The doctor says no good going in a sanatorium, if I will only lie down when I don't feel well—and not work. Which I shall really try to do.—I don't really feel bad.

So tell Kot to get a doctor himself, and not bother about me.

We saw J. W. N. Sullivan—he came with the Huxleys—and he was nice, but sad—I thought he would be rather bouncing—not a bit. He's coming back to England directly.

Ask Kot to tell Barbara [Low] I'll write from Villach.

I do hope you're well. Frieda sends her love, with mine.

[P.S.] Did we ever thank you for your booklet of pictures—everybody looks at them. They nearly all like the child best.

Writing Else Jaffe a few days earlier (apparently on July 25), Lawrence had said he knew his illnesses came "from chagrin—chagrin that goes deep in and comes out afterward in *haemorrhage* or what not," an idea he repeated in a letter of August 3 (the day before he left for Austria) to a new American correspondent, the psychologist Dr. Trigant Burrow. Not long before, Lawrence had told Burrow, "What ails me is the absolute frustration of my primeval societal instinct," which he thought was "much deeper than sex instinct—and societal repression much more devastating.

A letter from Austria a week later, to Dorothy Yorke, mentioned John Cournos's old Philadelphia friend, Henry Slonimsky, and told a good deal about the Lawrences' visit to Frieda's sister Nusch, who was now Frau Krug:"

Your man Slonimsky sent his letter from Florence the day we left and it has just come here. If you write him, tell him I'm sorry we missed him.

We usually get out of the heat earlier, but this year I was in bed with bronchials and bronchial hemorrhage all July, and felt a poor specimen. Also it was terribly hot—no rain for three months. But I crawled into a wagon-lit and we got here Friday. It is cool, among the mountains, and I feel a good deal better. But I am afflicted with these bronchials of mine.

Frieda's junger sister is here with her husband, staying on the Ossiachersee about six miles away. F. has just gone there swimming—it's her birthday—I shall go out to lunch. I can't swim, or bathe—or

even walk very far. Makes me so cross. But it is pleasant here, in this big Gasthaus in the little town—all the Tyroler mountain people going through—and the food is really good. Also I like Villach—little old German place—and the nice full river—the Drav—that goes so quick and silent.

I think we shall stay till the 24th—then move north—we're supposed to spend September in Bavaria.

Be sure and tell Slonimsky—and I hope you're having a nice summer.

In a "Saturday" letter (August 13 or 20) to Orioli, Lawrence was more gossipy about his sister-in-law:" "She, my cognata, is not very contented, having got a newish bourgeoisie banker husband, ten years older than herself, instead of a neer-do-well ex-army officer—she changed them four years ago—the husbands, I mean—and the good bourgeois bores and oppresses her, and she is in a bad humour, having always lived a gay life; and altogether I think the female of a species is a trial nowadays." Lawrence, taking refuge in his translations of Verga, asked Orioli the meaning of some Italian words and requested him to send "a good fat dictionary."

By the end of August the Lawrences were visiting Frieda's other sister at Irschenhausen again ("just the same, the little wooden house in the corner of the forest, so still and pleasant"), where Lawrence walked through the pinewoods, played patience, and worked on his translation of Verga's *Cavalleria Rusticana*: "I am glad when I don't work—I have worked too much." As usual, there were frequent visitors, this time including Max Mohr, a man in his middle thirties who was both a doctor and a dramatist and, as a former prisoner of war in England, an adept in the use of English. Lawrence's first impression was that Mohr, although "good and interesting," was a last man who had come to the last end of the road and could therefore no longer plunge ahead into the unknown. Yet as time passed, Lawrence came to value Mohr highly, perhaps because he eventually saw that his first judgment was wrong. Mohr was indeed a man not afraid to step into the unknown: several years after Lawrence's death, Mohr, though not a Jew, left Nazi Germany to begin a new career in Shanghai, only to die there a few years later of one of the diseases he was helping to combat. He had written a magnificent letter to Thomas Mann, in which he said, "When I arrived here last year with ten dollars in my pocket, I possessed my instruments, my medical training, a few photos of the family I had left behind in Germany, the letters of D. H. Lawrence, and the glorious feeling that I have finished with Germany."

It is complimentary to Mohr's memory that he was one of the few doctors Lawrence would permit to look him over. Another was, once again, a literary man, one whom Lawrence met in that same season: Hans Carossa, the Bavarian poet who was a tuberculosis expert. He came to Irschenhausen with Franz Schoenberner, editor of the famous magazines *Jugend* and *Simplicissimus*. Schoenberner, in his *Confessions of a European Intellectual*, has presented a lively account of Carossa's visit and of his own friendship with Lawrence. Schoenberner, another non-Jewish voluntary exile from the subsequent Nazi state—to his disgust, Carossa remained behind—has expressed his belief that Lawrence's books should become school texts. This is interestingly different from the views of Bertrand Russell and others who have seen Lawrence as a fascist, but Schoenberner was not an oversimple logician and theorist unable to distinguish between an anti-rational outlook and a fascist subscription. As one of Germany's leading editors, Schoenberner had a close view of the entire development of fascism in Germany, and an intimate involvement with the Nazis' penetration and final dominance of the German press; he had also a close acquaintance with Lawrence and his writings, and his testimony in the matter is that of an expert, not that of a prejudiced commentator drawing upon inaccurate and angry catchwords.

When Schoenberner asked Lawrence if he might bring Carossa to examine him, Lawrence said that if a poet who was also a doctor could not cure him, who could? Large-faced, soft-eyed Carossa, whom Lawrence found "mild like mashed potatoes," appeared at Else Jaffe's and "listened to my lung passages, he could not hear my lungs, thinks they must be healed, only the bronchi, and doctors are not interested in bronchi. But he says not to take more inhalations with hot air: it might bring the haemorrhage back." Lawrence had written that to Else Jaffe on October 7 from Baden-Baden, where he and Frieda had arrived three days before. How seriously he took Carossa's advice may be seen in his October 12 report to Orioli: "I'm doing an inhalation cure—sit in a white mantle and hood in a cloud of vapour, with other ghostly figures, for an hour every morning! But it does my bronchials good." When Carossa had examined Lawrence at the Jaffes' and he and Schoenberner had walked through the woods and fields to the little station at Icking, Schoenberner asked his doctor friend what he really thought of Lawrence's health. Carossa said Lawrence's lungs would have long before killed an average man; but with an artist, other forces than the purely physical were involved, making normal prognosis impossible. He gave Lawrence two or three years: "No medical treatment

can really save him." This was, as Schoenberner has noted, "cruelly right."

A week before leaving Irschenhausen, Lawrence told Orioli, on September 28:¹¹ "I've liked it here very much, the stillness and loneliness, but now it's getting a bit wintry and damp. Sometimes it pours with rain, and then we feel like two lonely pale fishes at the bottom of a dark sea." Frieda was pining for Italy, "but I, for some reason, rather like it: it makes me sleep a lot, and I think that's about the best thing one can do in this world." But by October 14 he could write Orioli from Baden-Baden, "It begins to be foggy and wintry here, though not very cold—only the wintry darkness. We shall both be glad to be back at the Mirenda awhile, to pick up the real sunshine again." He wanted to return in order to paint a picture he had in mind, perhaps the one he mentioned to Brewster in a letter of October 21, the day after he arrived back at the Mirenda: "I might begin a painting of Adam and Eve pelting the old Lord-God with apples and driving him out of paradise"—another blow at the violent Old Testament Jehovah. This idea later materialized into the watercolor, "Throwing Back The Apple." But, immediately he arrived back at the Mirenda, Lawrence was restless again, and abruptly wrote his old friends of years before, the Campbells:¹²

Here's a voice from the past! But Kot. said Beatrice was in London: and somehow I've been thinking about Ireland lately (does Gordon still say "Ahrland," with gallons of tears in his voice?).

We've just got back here from Germany—and I've a suspicion that I'm really rather bored by Italy and the Italians; and I have an idea that next year I should like to try the Wild Irish. Should I, do you think? Do you think F. and I would like to spend a year in Ireland—rent a little furnished house somewhere romantic, roaring billows and brown bogs sort of thing? Do you think we should? And is it feasible, practical, and all that? Somewhere where the rain leaves off occasionally. Of course Ireland is to my mind something like the bottom of an aquarium, with little people in crannies like prawns. But I've got a sort of hunch about it, that it might mean something to me, more than this Tuscany.

It would be great fun to see you both again, especially in native setting. I hear Gordon writes plays: furious tragedies, no doubt. And Beatrice no doubt appropriately weeps, and the children sob in concert. My heaven, the children will be as big as I am! It's awful. I'm

42! No, things have gone so far, the plays will have to be comedies.

Do you still keep up with Murry?—he's licked all the gum off me, I'm no longer adhesive.

I'm serious about Ireland, next year. So write and stop me if I ought to be stopped. Meanwhile, all sorts of greetings, tante belle cose from us both, and be sure and send a line in answer.

The Campbells' reply was, Lawrence thought, "cautious but encouraging." Campbell had become a man of prominence, a government official and a bank director, and the Lawrences' proposal of descending on him probably was as terrifying as their suggestion to visit Russia was terrifying to the Litvinovs. But before Lawrence could make further plans for Ireland, he found something in Florence to detain him: the project of publishing *Lady Chatterley* there. He had gone into town on November 17 for the first time since his arrival back at the Mirenda, and there had met his one-time potential disciple, Dikrān Kouyoumdjian, now Michael Arlen of Mayfair ("He too has been sick, and was looking diminished, in spite of all the money he has made: quite a sad dog, trying to be rakish"), whom he invited out to the Mirenda. But a few days later—"Monday" —he wrote Orioli, asking him to have his boy [Carlo Zanotti] warn Arlen not to come out—and at the same time opening negotiations for publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.¹¹

Would you mind sending Carletto over to Michael Arlen with this note—I don't know his address—Borgo San Giorgio—and please ask Carletto to wait for an answer. He—Michael Arlen—was coming out on Wednesday—but Frieda's got a cold, in bed today, and Michael, A. is terrified of getting a cold. So I must warn him. The Wilkinsons are staying the night in Florence, will bring out the note tomorrow.

I am seriously thinking of publishing my novel in Florence: have already written my agent about it: but you'd have to help me. Would you? I'll come and talk about it soon.

Did Arlen come in and see you? I believe he's lonely—and so sad.

Orioli was lured into becoming Lawrence's publisher—not quite a publisher, however, but a kind of superior clerk for the project. In his *Adventures of a Bookseller*, seven years after Lawrence's death, Orioli seemed to gush forth resentment at having been Lawrence's errand boy and quasi publisher, with frequent trips out to the Mirenda: which, despite "golden moments" with Lawrence, meant the loss of half a day for Orioli each time he went there. And Lawrence, who had driven a

shrewd peasant's bargain with Orioli, took ninety percent of the book's profits. (Aldington says in his book on Douglas and Orioli—*Pinorman*,

—that these statements do not reflect Orioli's true attitude to Lawrence, which was one of admiring affection, and that they were written into Orioli's book by Douglas.)

Lawrence completed his final version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* soon after Christmas. The Carswells had invited him and Frieda to join them for Yuletide in the Harz Mountains, where their host was a lung specialist who admired Lawrence's work, but Lawrence felt that Germany was "too far, too." At the Mirenda, "seventeen peasants in to the tree, all happy singing." Frieda arranged for one of the *contadini* children, Dino Bandelli, to have a rupture operation at a Florentine hospital; and after his return, the little boy was overheard by St. Frieda—as Lawrence now called her—telling his sisters about the plumbing there: "There is a thing, and you pull, you must pull, see?"

On January 6, Lawrence wrote Brett he had only one more chapter to rewrite; by the 10th he could report to Mrs. Carswell that the novel was completed: "

I wonder where you are—if in the Harzegeberge. I want a little help. I wrote a novel last winter, and rewrote it for the third time this—and it's very verbally improper—the last word, in all its meaning!—but very truly moral. A woman in Florence said she'd type it—and she's done 5 chapters—now turned me down. Says she can't go any further, too indecent. Dirty bitch! But will you find some decent person who'll type it for me at the usual rates? You'd do it, I know, if you were a person of leisure. But you're *not*. So turn over in your mind some decent being, male or female, who I could trust not to let me down in any way, and who'd do the thing for the proper pay. And write me soon. But not here. I think we shall go, either on Sat, or Monday, to Switzerland, to the snow. It's so damp here. You might send me a line c/o Aldous Huxley, Châlet des Aroles. Diablerets. (Vaud) Suisse. We intend to join them there and take a little flat they have in view: stay perhaps till end of February. I want really to try and get myself better—cough still troublesome—and I want to lay hold of life again properly. Have been down and out this last six months.

Then I think I shall publish my novel privately here in Florence, in March—April—1000 copies, 2 gns each: and so, D. V., earn myself a thousand pounds, which I can do very well with—rather low water. I'll call it *Tenderness*—the novel.

But please don't talk about it to anybody—I don't want a scandal advertisement.

Hope the boy is real well—and you and Don. How is the Burns book.

I do hope I'm not bothering you. But I feel I must get another blow in at the lily-livered host. One's got to fight.

Lawrence, as we have seen, had let himself go in that third version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, with its therapy of "shock" words. In two later statements (the introduction to the unexpurgated edition of *Pansies*, and the essay *A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover*), Lawrence referred to Swift's poem, "To A Lady's Dressing-Room," which had become for him a symbol of the mind's "old grovelling fear of the body and the body's potencies . . . The insanity of a great mind like Swift's is at least partly traceable to this cause. In the poem to his mistress Celia, which has the maddened refrain 'But—Celia, Celia, Celia s * * * s,' (the word rhymes with spits), we see what can happen to a great mind when it falls into panic . . . Of course Celia s * * * s! Who doesn't? And how much worse if she didn't"—Lawrence wrote in *A Propos*. But this puritan who loathed "smoking-room stories" made it plain that he was not advocating promiscuity of speech, the fescene for its own sake; and in another later statement, in *Pornography and Obscenity*, Lawrence drew a careful distinction between "the sex functions and the excretory functions in the human body": the former represented the creative flow, the latter the "flow towards dissolution." And: "In the really healthy human being the distinction between the two is instant . . . But in the degraded human being the deep instincts have gone dead, and then the two flows become identical." Lawrence did not evade the fact of dissolution, but faced it, and then went on, in most of his writing, to celebrate the other "flow," the creative, the warm phallic song of life.

While he was still in the afterglow of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, he sent a letter to Dublin in which the use of his shock-words was perhaps not so shocking as his threats to visit Dublin, with his suggestions of the uproar he might create there:"

Your letter came on here—where we came a fortnight ago, for my wretched chest—bronchials really to wreck a ship. They said—people, even doctors—altitude and snow. But snow's no good for bronchials, makes 'em worse: though the altitude is tonicky after Tuscany, which is relaxing. Well, that's my wail: I cough and pant, but sound worse than I am, maybe. I expect we'll stick it out here till about end

of this month—then back to the Villa Mirinda, to wind up there.—There's deep snow here—a certain amount of winter-sport—none for me—and now it's snowing again—tinkle of sledge bells—me sitting on my bed, with a German feather-bolster over my feet—Frieda lying on her bed reading André Gide's *Corydon*, which is a damp little production: and no sound in the white and crumbling world. We've got a flat in this chalet.

Well, there's the *mise-en-scène*—there's no drama. We still keep the Ireland idea. But we've got to drag our effects out of the Villa Mirinda. And moreover I've got on my conscience a novel I wrote, and which is much too shocking—verbally—for any publisher. Says shit! and fuck! in so many syllables. So if it's going to be published I'll have to do it myself—therefore think of bringing it out this spring privately in Florence—1000 copies, half for England, half for America—at two guineas. So perhaps earn some money, very welcome. But it's a good novel—love, as usual—and very nice too, but says all the things it shouldn't say. If I do that—publish it in Florence—it'll keep me there till end of April. Even so, May is a good time to arrive in Ireland.

We're really due to go back to the ranch in New Mexico—you know about it—owned by Frieda—on the west side of Rocky Mts—altitude nearly 9000 ft—looking over the high plateau to Arizona—four horses, buggy, forest, all that. It's very lovely, and I'd be well there. But it's fearfully far and dear to get there—3 days in train, one in motor-car. Brett looks after it now. But I doubt if I'll go so far. Ireland is much nearer. I'd like to see you all. Lord, how those children have come on! Makes me nervous. Poor old Gordon! Soon be a grandfather!

Did you know I painted pictures last year—seven or eight big oils—nudes—some people very shocked—worse than my writing. But I think they're rather lovely and almost holy. I always remember when you scolded me for making Paul in *Sons and Lovers* paint *Uress-lengths*. I agree, after many years—it would be rather boring. I did a picture of the Boccaccio story of the nuns and the gardener—much more fun than batik.

Are there three children? somehow I only had track of Biddy and Paddy: and now they're jazzers and golfers! Dio mio!

Is your hair still the same colour? F is a bit grey, and I found two white hairs in my beard. C'est le premier pas qui coûte.

I'd really like to come to Ireland, and see you all, and Liam O'Flaherty—and Dublin—and go to the west, I hope it wouldn't always rain, and I wouldn't have a political aspect, and be shot or arrested. But I'd like to come, and I think we will once the Mirinda is wound up—in April—and that novel more or less off my hands. Somehow I can form

no picture at all of Ireland—much more easily of Ecuador or Manchuria. But I think a country which doesn't really exist and doesn't assert its non-existence violently any more—as Italy does—must be rather a relief. Geographically nowhere, as you say. Suppose one painted nudes in Ireland—not tough stucco John ones—would we be thrown in the Castle dungeons? Do the policemen wear orange trousers and goose-feathers: no, orange is Belfast: green: green and pink policemen, and money made of glass, and all motor-cars pale pink by law? And a state harpist at every street corner—and runes all over the house-fronts—and the pavements with poems let in in little white pebbles—and lordly gentlemen in bright collars of gold, like Malachi, and two-edged swords, forcing every civilian to pronounce six words in Erse before he passes on. That's how I imagine it, so don't disappoint me. And in some streets no walking allowed, forced to dance a jig from end to end. And ladies at night walking with their white bosoms lit up with a necklace of tiny electric lights. And nuns in scarlet, and priests in lemon colour. Oh Ireland! And Gordon in a leopard-skin!

Several days later, Lawrence reported to Orioli:¹¹

I think this place is really doing me good, I do feel stronger. I don't love snow, exactly—it's so beastly white, and makes one's feet so cold. But sometimes it's beautiful. Yesterday we drove in a sledge to the top of the pass, and picnicked there, with Aldous and Maria and Rose, and Julian Huxley, Aldous' brother, and his wife Juliette. It was brilliantly sunny, and everything sparkling bright. I really liked it. It does put life into one.

I am just getting the typescript of my novel in from London: and Maria is typing the second half. So in a fortnight I think I shall have it all ready to send to you. I am going to make expurgated copies for Secker and Alfred Knopf, then we can go ahead with our Florence edition, for I am determined to do it. I hope you are still willing to help me. I think in about a fortnight's time I can send you the MS. to give to the printer.

If this place does me good, we may stay till the middle of March, but you could start the novel going without me, couldn't you?

I hope you're all well and gay. Is Douglas still in Florence? Remember us both to him. And has Reggie [Turner] come back yet? Saluti anche a Carletto!

Earlier, Lawrence had told Orioli that¹² "Maria will do the 'worst' bits of the novel!" But her Swiss sister-in-law, Juliette, "was *very* cross,

morally so," over the book and "suggested rather savagely" that Lawrence call it *John Thomas and Lady Jane*, which for a while he did. "John Thomas," he wrote Mabel Luhan, "is one of the names for the penis, as you probably know."

Lawrence was at this time gathering and revising his poems for the collected edition to be published in the fall of . He had begun getting them together before leaving the Mirenda: "I do bits of things—dry my underclothes and try to type out poems—old ones," he told Huxley in November, and he was still working at the revisions in Switzerland on the last day of January, when he wrote Bynner, "What a job! I feel like an autumn morning, a perfect maze of gossamer of rhythms and rhymes and loose lines floating in the air."

Max Mohr and Rolf Gardiner were visitors to Les Diablerets in February. Lawrence talked reform with Gardiner, with whom he had been corresponding for several years ("I prefer to know my friends in the flesh"), and Gardiner made Gore Farm, in Dorset, where he and his youthful associates were hiking and camping, sound attractive—and Mohr said everyone should have roots. "Perhaps I'm due to go back to the Old England," Lawrence told Gardiner. Meanwhile, back in Old England, Mrs. Carswell was sitting up nights, despite an influenza attack, to finish typing her sections of *Lady Chatterley*, worried, by letters such as the one Lawrence sent her on February 28:¹¹ "Tomorrow is the last day of the month, and the MS. isn't here: and people cabling and fussing about it . . ." To Frieda, who had left a few days before for Baden-Baden, he wrote saying ungratefully that he was "still waiting for the final two chapters from *that* woman." But they arrived, giving Lawrence a total manuscript, on March 2, anniversary of the day he had completed *The Rainbow*—and exactly two years before his death.

On March 3 he wrote Orioli that he would meet Frieda in Milan on the following Tuesday, and that they expected to arrive in Florence the next evening:¹² "*At last* I have got the complete typescript of my novel: and I shall either post it to you on Monday, or bring it with me. All is ready! We can begin. . . ."

III

Two days before leaving Les Diablerets, Lawrence wrote Rolf Gardiner, "Yes, one can ignore Fascism in Italy for a time. But after a while, the sense of false power forced against life is very depressing. And one can't escape, except by a trick of abstraction, which is no good." He

went back because he wanted to publish his novel there, and because Frieda ached to return.

A few days after his arrival at the Mirenda, Lawrence painted his first watercolor, "Fire Dance": "Two naked men—rather nice I think—not particularly 'natural.'" A few weeks later, "I painted a charming picture of a man pissing," he wrote Huxley. "I'm sure it is the one Maria will choose; called 'Dandelions' for short. Now I'm doing a small thing in oil, called 'The Rape of the Sabine Women' or A Study in Arses." He mentioned several other recent productions—"Yawning," "The Lizard," and "Under The Haystacks"—all of them included in his exhibit the following year, though "Dandelions" was not.

As for some time past, he wrote little except letters. The preceding had been a thin one as far as his writing went, with only one book published: *Mornings in Mexico*. The launching of *Lady Chatterley* now took most of his interest, and a new Lawrence appeared: for a good part of the rest of his life, he was Lawrence the business man.

This suggests a kind of conflict, for if a man hated the mechanized commercial civilization as much as he did, he must also have hated its symbols of wealth. Yet he had in him that frugal, religion-and-the-rise-of-capitalism strain of the Protestant bourgeoisie. Once in that year of 1928 he shouted at Brewster, "It's your duty to be rich," and in the same year he wrote Dorothy Pitt, "Be economical and get your debts paid off. It's a great bore." Brewster has revealed—it seems incredible—that Lawrence even invested in the American stock market. But perhaps, like the Scriptures, he found that it was the love of money, rather than money itself, that was the root of all evil.

This business man side of Lawrence supervised most of the commercial details of the publication of his novel. Certainly Ernest Lawrence, who had written his brother Bert's first business letter, the application to Haywood's, never turned out anything more professionally mercantile, in his own business career, than the receipt an older Bert prepared (a copy of which still exists, in his handwriting):

Mr. Orioli begs to thank you for your order for *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, with enclosed cheque for _____, and will forward the book by registered post immediately it is ready.

6 Lungarno Corsini
Florence.

Orioli had this printed. By the third week in April, enough orders had come in to meet the expenses of the first edition. What with all

this activity, that spring was a busy one for Lawrence: the Mirinda had many visitors, and he kept a lively correspondence going with old and new friends, among the latter the Harry Crosbys. Lawrence had not met Harry Crosby, the emancipated young Bostonian, and his wife, the glowing Caresse, but he liked Crosby's poems—which his wife had taught him how to write when he was clerking at the Place Vendôme offices of the bank owned by his uncle-by-marriage, J. P. Morgan. And Lawrence liked the name of the avant-garde publishing house the Crosbys operated in Paris, the Black Sun Press: had not Count Dionys in "The Ladybird" said that the sun was really dark inside its jacket of gleaming dust? The Crosbys began buying Lawrence manuscripts and, when they heard that his story "Sun," privately printed in London in 1926 and about to appear in his *The Woman Who Rode Away* collection, had an unexpurgated version, they arranged to issue that; and they later published *The Escaped Cock*, which after Lawrence's death his English and American publishers brought out under the emasculated title, *The Man Who Died*. In paying Lawrence, the Crosbys sent him gold pieces, along with a snuffbox that had belonged to the Queen of Naples. They had obtained the gold pieces with the help of Edward Weeks, who in his pre-*Atlantic Monthly* days was their American representative: the coins came into France hidden in the shoes of a friend of Weeks's named Sykes, whom the Crosbys' maid dramatically announced as Monsieur Sex. Harry Crosby, who wanted to rush the gold pieces to Lawrence, dashed with them to the Gare de l'Est, arriving just before a train left for Italy; he thrust the box of gold-eagle coins at an honest-looking traveler ("Not a bomb, but gold for a poet"), asking him to have it delivered in Florence, and as the train pulled out the stranger barely had time to introduce himself as the Duke of Argyll. In Florence, a railway "knave" who made the final delivery to Orioli charged an exorbitant fee, but Lawrence appreciated the "treasure": however un-Lawrencean and 1920-ish all this was, at least the golden eagle suggested his type of symbolism. But he worried because he thought the Crosbys were "not Croesuses to that extent."

At this time Lawrence was trying to conciliate an old friend who had picked up some unfavorable remarks Lawrence was supposed to have made about her. These had been passed on to her, Catherine Carswell, via Maria Huxley and the Huxleys' friend, Yvonne Franchetti, then in London; Lawrence explained to Mrs. Carswell that, although Mrs. Huxley was "really very nice," London made her nervous. In an April 22 letter Lawrence protested he had "never said anything more than expletives: That damned Catherine hadn't sent me any typing

etc. But nothing malicious, why should I?" And: "One feels one should have no 'friends'—they do one so much harm; not really wanting to, but they can't help it." That spring Lawrence also wrote to appease Witter Bynner, apparently offended because Lawrence had held the mirror up to him, as Owen, in *The Plumed Serpent*. Lawrence told him he had now come to believe "the hero is obsolete, and the leader of men is a back number. After all, at the back of the hero is the militant ideal . . . also a cold egg"; he agreed with Bynner, "the leader-cum-follower relationship is a bore. And the new relationship will be some sort of tenderness, sensitive, between men and men and men and women, and not the one up one down, lead on I follow, ich dien sort of business. So you see I'm becoming a lamb at last." He was not becoming exactly a lamb, but he had given up the leadership ideal which had characterized his third writing phase. What he told Bynner in that letter he put fictionally into *The Escaped Cock*, when he made the man who has risen from the dead give up prophecy.

That spring of the young American publisher Bennett Cerf was among the visitors to the Mirenda. He came out from Florence with Douglas, who carped enroute at the world's "imbecile attitude" to homosexuality; at American tourists who bought "fake antiques" rather than privately printed Douglas items; and at Lawrence and Frieda. But he hailed the Lawrences enthusiastically at the Mirenda, and they greeted him warmly, though when Cerf was left alone with Lawrence for a moment, Lawrence severely asked him how he could dare bring such a man as Douglas there? Another visitor was Rolf Gardiner's sister Margaret, who recalled that two aging spinsters (perhaps the Misses Beveridge and Harrison) joined her and Lawrence at tea. The spinsters, whom Lawrence privately called the Virgins, obviously disapproved of his paintings. They seemed to like the nuns and the soft trees in the illustration for the Boccaccio (Day III, Story 1), though they shrank away when they saw the sleeping gardener with his sex organ lying on his naked belly: "But why did you put *him* in?" The grinning Lawrence then displayed "Le Pisseur" ("Dandelions"), and though the young Gardiner girl missed the point, the elder women did not: "Really Lawrence, you go too far." Margaret Gardiner further recalled (in "Meeting The Master") that after the Virgins left, Lawrence showed her the correspondence section of the New York magazine, the *Forum*, whose readers' feathers had been ruffled by the appearance of the first part of *The Escaped Cock* in that magazine: "Not fit to read! My lovely story! Oh, their dirty, mean, poky little minds!"

When the Brewsters came to Florence in May, they were shocked to

see that Lawrence was "much weaker" than thirteen months before. "We suddenly realized that he was very ill." Mrs. Brewster remembered, "and knew that we must not postpone to the future our time with him, but seize each passing day." Instead of accepting the Lawrences' offer of the Mirenda, the Brewsters decided to accompany them to Switzerland in June. Three days before leaving, Lawrence wrote Orioli, on June 7:¹¹ "Here are all the sheets signed and numbered, up to 1,000: then ten extra ones signed but not numbered, in case anything goes wrong—keep them apart—and ten blank ones. So glad that's all over." Now he could leave; *Lady Chatterley* was in the final stages. The Brewsters remembered a happy train journey north, with all of them alone in a compartment singing Moody and Sankey revival hymns, then a day at Turin and a few days in France, where their stay at St. Nizier was spoiled because the landlord told the Brewsters the law forbade him to house the monsieur who coughed all night. The Brewsters and Frieda were furious, but their belief that Lawrence did not know why they all suddenly left was unfounded, as we may see in this letter he wrote Orioli after they had settled in Switzerland, at the Grand Hotel in Chexbres:¹²

Letters forwarded from Florence today—and your handwriting, I think: so you are there, are you? Have you been to England? or are you going?

We are in this biggish hotel, with the Brewsters—well looked after, 9 francs a day including tea—and about 2000 ft. above Lac Lemán. So we're all right for a bit—and if you come to England this way, stop off at Lausanne and see us. It's above Vevey, quite near Lausanne.—That St. Nizier place was very rough—and the insolent French people actually asked us to go away because I coughed. They said they didn't have anybody who coughed. I felt very mad. But it's much better here—dull, but comfortable. And it's no good shivering with cold and being uncomfortable. The Brewsters are here—Frieda has gone to Baden Baden for a week, Aldous has telegraphed that he and Maria will join us next Tuesday or Wednesday—from Paris. So we are not likely to be lonesome, as the Brewsters say.—They are very nice, the Brewsters, look after me so well: I ought to get quickly fat, fatter than you or Frieda.—By the way, be sure and give Maria a copy of *Lady C.* when she turns up. And if a man Charles Wilson from Willington, Durham, wrote for a copy, send him one, I know him. I'm so anxious to know

what milady is doing, and what you are doing about her. People pelting me with letters now, to know when they'll get her.—Somehow I feel it will be safe to post to England, day by day: start about a week after the American copies have gone off. But once you start sending out, go straight ahead, until something stops you. I am very anxious to hear from you, what is happening. Wish I could have stayed on till the thing is out, and posted.

It has been cold here, real cold—but warmer today. Write me a line!

A week later, Lawrence rejoiced when the first copies of his novel arrived, and he wrote Orioli:² "Lady Chatterley came this morning, to our great excitement, and everybody thinks she looks beautiful, outwardly." Lawrence felt it was "a handsome and dignified volume—a fine shape and proportion, and I like the terra cotta very much, and I think my phoenix is just the right bird for the cover. Now let us hope she will find her way safely and quickly to all her destinations." And Lawrence kept writing Orioli about the book: in those three weeks at Chexbres, he sent him more than twenty letters and cards, discussing not only *Lady Chatterley* but also his paintings, which the Warren Gallery planned to exhibit in London. After a recent visit to Florence, Enid Hilton had taken some of them to England with her; now Lawrence discussed with Orioli the packing and shipping of the rest.

And he wrote more than letters at Chexbres: one of his *Assorted Articles*, "Insouciance," gives a bright little picture of the life there and of the chirpy little Englishwoman who "cared" about things and shattered his peace of mind as he sat on the hotel balcony in the afternoon, looking down on "the uncanny glassiness of the lake" and at the men mowing on the hill below. But his "little over-earnest" neighbor spoiled Lawrence's mood by chattering away in her "busy caring about Fascism or League of Nations or whether France is right or whether marriage is threatened." Lawrence felt freer when he moved higher into the Alps at Gsteig bei Gstaad, where he and Frieda rented a chalet, Kesselmatte. He invited the Brewsters to come, though he realized that Achsa might find such accommodations "too peasantry and primitive": she was "hardly a chalet person." Nevertheless, his statement that the region had "a bit of the Greater Day" atmosphere drew the Brewsters, who went to a nearby hotel. This was before Gstaad had become, in the argot of a 1952 guidebook by an American language-loose in Switzerland, "the spiffiest resort in the Bernese Oberland," its name "a weird handle that has appeared often in the newspapers, principally because

of the hijinks committed there by its celebrated clientèle." The earlier patron of a "Greater Day" wrote:"

I was glad to hear from you and so happy with your removal. Did I tell you I believe that is the very house we lived in, in 1917 in the Aldingtons' rooms on the first floor, on the front and Arabella had an attic at the top—it was very jolly, I liked it very much. I hope you can stay there in peace.

I was a bit sorry you yielded up the pictures so easily to Dorothy Warren's messenger. I don't altogether trust her—I knew her of old, she is Lady Ottoline's niece—and she hasn't answered my letter. And now the Mirenda pictures, the big ones, have gone off to her.—If I don't hear from her satisfactorily, I will give you a letter to her and you can go and demand the small pictures back from her. Then we shall have some hold over her. I've told her I may do this.

We are here in a small but very nice peasant *châlet* on the mountain just over the German side of the Pillon pass from Diablerets. It's very nice—we have two nice big rooms downstairs, all old broad planks of pale wood, scrubbed and soft-coloured, about 200 years old: then a pleasant kitchen, and another good room upstairs—then the balconies—and the steep meadows, and spring, and barn—all for 100 francs a month. It's quite cheap and very easy—they leave chopped wood, and we pay for it at the end of the month as we consume it—and they let us have butter and eggs and milk and honey. We are about a mile from Gsteig village, towards the Pillon—and about 400 ft up. One summer you should really try a holiday here: ask the post-office woman in Gsteig: her boy has a rather rough *châlet*, in fact two together across the opposite mountain, and he'd let them *both* together, for 80 frs. a month—they're smaller and rougher than this, but great fun to camp in.—They are so cheap because the peasant holders abandon them in summer, when the hay begins to come on, and they move to the higher alps with the cows, and shut in these meadows for hay. Our peasants are just across the valley on the north side, with their cows, and in their other house. But they send the girl to wash up and clean for us. It is really very nice,—and if I could tramp the hills, it would be perfect. But it is steep.—This woman, of our house, is Frau Käthe Trachsel, and I expect, if you wanted to come, say in June, when the flowers are lovely—late June and early July—she would no doubt let you have kitchen, sitting room—a nice big room—and nice *big* bedroom—for 80

frs. a month. There is a second darker kitchen where they camp when they come. They are very nice—and don't overcharge—but they speak German—it is all German this side. In early July there is nobody in Gsteig at all. The mail bus runs between Gstaad and Gsteig, over the Pillon to Diablerets.—I'm hoping it's going to do my health a lot of good.—I *do* hope you and Lawrence [Laurence] are happy in the new quarters.—Orioli is sending out the novel and when he's about through, in a week or fortnight, I shall ask him to send you a copy of the 2nd edition—so it'll come along all right.

Our friends the Brewsters are staying in the village in the Viktoria. They come up to tea.—I wish you had a *châlet* across the valley.

Many regards from us both to both.

Nine days later, Lawrence wrote Enid Hilton again, saying he was "in more trouble" and needed her help:^u "A beastly firm of book-exporters ordered eighty copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—now it turns out they have a Wesleyan connection—they've read the book—and cancelled the order hastily—after Orioli had already posted them *seventy-two* copies from Florence. Now unless we're quick they'll send the things back to Florence—may even refuse to accept them from the post-man." Warning Mrs. Hilton that the book was "dangerous," Lawrence asked her, with her husband's approval, to call at the William Jackson Company for the book. He requested her to take them to her Mecklenburgh Square flat and from there mail them to the people who had sent paid orders to Orioli in Florence. Later, other friends of Lawrence, such as Koteliensky (nervous over the ordeal), Aldington, and Brigit Patmore (the Clariss Browning of *Aaron's Rod*), helped him in this way, receiving the books at their city quarters or country cottages and shipping them out according to instructions from Florence. Thus *Lady Chatterley* had a wide and effective distribution in England.

Frieda wrote Aldington from Gsteig on a Tuesday, perhaps July 31, to say, "Your appreciative letter of Lady C came at the right moment. Lawrence was lying on his bed looking furioser and furioser every minute—People seem so *horrified at it!* But I feel pleased!" She told a bit about their life there ("Lawrence is really getting better") and said, "Yours was the first pleased letter and only about 4 more," to which Lawrence added, "the rest a few pellets of icy disapproval, and the most, frost bound silence. Oh I am so glad to lose the fag end of my friends! especially the old maidly sort." It is interesting to note that Lady Ottoline Morrell now stood with him again: their friendship had been renewed earlier that year, and Lawrence had written Gertler to

say that, after all, Lady Ottoline was "a queen, among the mass of women."

Excerpts from some twenty unpublished letters to Orioli from Gsteig between July 11 and September 16 will give at least a small idea of Lawrence's intense concern over the fate of his book and the thoroughness of his commercial interest in it: "I had your letter of the 7th today, and the two cheques (Whittmore and Norton). You forget the bordereau for the 40 in Liras . . . So America seems to have gone wrong! What a blow if all these copies are lost!—and if we have to refund the money! . . . I sent this man [a Dutchman who wanted *Mrs. Chatelet's Lovers*] a note telling him you would forward him a copy if he sent a cheque for £2 . . . Damn the Americans—damn and damn them.—But those Vanguard [Press] people anyhow seem to have spunk. I hope they'll do an edition, for the sake of supplying the book over there. *Don't* post anything to America . . . I am told that when the authorities hold the books up, they sell them secretly at huge prices! . . . If I have received a total of £1013"11"9, that will mean we have received the money for *about* 560 copies"—which is a tiny sample of this voluminous correspondence; and Lawrence was writing almost as often to Enid Hilton and sending letters to other friends, former friends, new friends, and general complainers. Perhaps he was damaging his health, though this activity recalls the *spes phthisica* of the ancients, the energy of the tuberculous that so impressed the old Greek physicians. Frieda told Orioli, in an unpublished letter from Gsteig, that she believed Lawrence was "getting stronger, the fighting does his soul good!" An American tuberculosis expert, Dr. Edmund R. Clarke, Jr., has kindly given an account of recent developments in the field, as they might apply to Lawrence. In a letter of July 1, Dr. Clarke pointed out that his necessarily brief comments should be read in connection with the Dubos's *The White Plague*

From our studies of a large number of tuberculosis patients, we have become aware of the fact that almost all of them follow one pattern of human behavior which might characterize the individual who has tuberculosis or who may get it. The people that we have studied are usually individuals whose early life was one which did not provide the individual with the necessary amount of love, affection and security. As a consequence of this early formative period, the individual develops an intense need for the satisfaction that comes of accomplishment, recognition and achievement. It is then this background of personality development which accounts for the way of life that people with tubercu-

losis must follow. All of the patients we have studied to date, demonstrate a life performance which might be described as one of intense striving toward their goal in life, which is usually selected as one which will satisfy these basic needs. This striving increases in intensity as the life of the individual rolls by and finally reaches the point where it is no longer tolerable or it becomes obvious that the goal can never be achieved. At this point, the individual either falls flat from exhaustion or gives up in despair, and, shortly thereafter, is found to have tuberculosis. This process might better be illustrated by the man who carries a heavily loaded pack sack on his back at too fast a rate for too long a time without stopping to rest.

As this period of striving increases in intensity, the individual becomes less and less interested in a variety of activities outside those which contribute to the pursuit of his goal and undergoes a process of social isolation. This isolation may manifest itself by the abandonment of friends, the failure to take a vacation or by a more complete break with social stability such as is seen in the skidrow bum who leaves his home and begins to wander from place to place and job to job.

From your comments about Lawrence, I suspect that he was a very restless gentleman who was always on the go and who found much satisfaction in action and I suspect that sanatorium life, with its premium on rest and its many obstructions to activity, was frustrating. If this guess is correct, I should suspect Lawrence was the type of individual who had very chronic, very indolent, so-called "fibroid" tuberculosis, which, with or without treatment, underwent little or no change for better or worse, with the exception of periods when he might have become discouraged and depressed, at which time, he probably demonstrated some worsening of disease. He sounds like the type of fellow we see frequently in our research patients who seldom die of tuberculosis, but who likewise seldom get well and who have a high level of adrenal activity.

The suggestion of Lawrence's possibly having "a high level of adrenal activity" is a particularly interesting one in the light of the theories which the doctors at Firland Sanatorium have recently worked out. They tested the activity of the adrenal glands of 190 tuberculous patients for secretions of steroid hormones, and discovered that, generally, low steroid levels accompanied the most active form of tuberculosis; near-normal levels went with the more common but less extensive type of the disease; and high levels were associated with infections that were localized though stubborn. As Dr. Clarke explained the matter at

the meeting of the National Tuberculosis Association, in Los Angeles, patients in the first category were apathetic, low in spirit, and retiring. The almost-normal steroid level seemed to produce patients who were alert and better adjusted socially, while those with the high rate of steroid secretion were subject to anxieties, conflicts, and rapid alternations of blood pressure. In times of tension and anger, the glands produce extra steroid hormones. One patient who showed no improvement and was kept alive only by streptomycin injections became angered at the repeated punchings of the needle, and brought his adrenal secretions up to normal, thereby making his recovery likely. The emotion of fear, also stimulating the adrenal output, has helped other patients.

Now how does all this apply to Lawrence? Excessive adrenal secretions often make for a perennially angry man: the Firland doctors believe that such patients can have their stresses, and their adrenal over-activity, reduced by sympathetic treatment. Since Lawrence apparently had "a high level of adrenal activity," it is possible that sympathetic treatment would have helped him, if he would have submitted to it--would have helped him, in every way.

On the other hand, it is possible that Lawrence's frequent spells of irascibility, and the excitement of the publishing activity in the case of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, were unconscious attempts to protect himself. This is a layman's independent suggestion, but it is certainly not out of the range of modern psychology or of psychosomatic medicine. Lawrence's anger, which so often shocked strangers and frayed the patience of his friends, particularly in those last ailing years, may have prolonged his life.

That summer at Gsteig, Lawrence rarely descended from the ch  let on the heights. Almost daily the Brewsters puffed up the hill, and they would usually find Lawrence sitting under a pear tree writing his assorted articles in a child's exercise book. As Frieda reported, in the earlier-quoted unpublished letter to Orioli, "The Brewsters come 'to tea, Achsa always in white and her soul is so white too, like a white of egg, and they call Lawr 'David,' and she paints him as a blueyed Eunuch!" The Brewsters would sit beside him in the grass and sing folksongs. Once they acted out a song "Goddesses Three," on the green hillslope, with Lawrence directing. Earl Brewster, as Paris, lacking an apple, handed a round stone to Frieda, as Venus, with Mrs. Brewster standing by as Juno and little Harwood as Minerva.

Lawrence enjoyed two Hindus who visited the Brewsters: Boshi Shen, who gave him massages, and Dhan Ghopal Mukerji, to whom

Lawrence said, "You don't really believe in God. You can't in this age. No, no, it's a conception mankind has exhausted: the word no longer has meaning." But Lawrence found meaning in some of the Indian books he read at the time, and when he heard of Ghandi's colony and of his spinning and weaving, he said, "He is right. We might start such a place with a few people: only I ought to do it in my own country: southern England perhaps."

Altogether, Lawrence spent a good deal of time in Switzerland in 1928, four months (at Les Diablerets, Chexbres-sur-Vevey, and Gsteig), leaving Gsteig only when winter threatened to close in. His attitude to that country had changed since the times when, as a young man, he used to walk across it, hating every foot of it. But perhaps his change of heart typified the political neutrality of his last years, the neutrality of the deracinated.

And, there in Switzerland, despite his fretting over *Lady Chatterley* and producing all that handwritten correspondence that would have exhausted many apparently stronger men, Lawrence also painted several pictures and wrote some articles and stories. He painted "Accident in a Mine" that summer at Gsteig, and "Contadini," whose central figure is mustached, reminiscent of the younger Lawrence, though with dark hair and an Italianate bronze skin model, Piero Pini. A similar type appears in another of the Gsteig paintings, "North Sea," perhaps a reflection of Heine's *Die Neger*, whose echo of Genesis 6:4 in the lines, "Und ich komme, under mit mir kommt/Die alte Zeit, wo die Götter des Himmels,/Niederstiegen zu Töchtern der Menschen," recalls Lawrence's own use of this when he has the sons of heaven coming down to the daughters of men—in *The Rainbow*, in *Women in Love*, and again in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. The naked woman in this picture, whom the naked stranger from the sea is approaching for love, is not, for a change, Frieda: she seems to resemble a lady whom Lawrence apparently loved for many years from afar, to whom he was possibly now making barmecide love through the flesh of paint.

*As for his writing at this time, he scratched out at Gsteig some of the bright, slangy little articles for which the journals now paid him well. One afternoon as he and the Brewsters sat among the harebells on the hillside, he read from his notebook the story, "The Blue Moccasins," and before he reached the end asked the Brewsters how they would close it. They wanted a conclusion which would permit the little elderly wife, in her effort to keep her young husband, to win out against her attractive competitor. Lawrence admitted he had at first ended the story in this way, but he had found that he must put the domineering, mother-like little woman down in defeat: as in most of

Lawrence's stories, the invader of a dual relationship usually wins, particularly when one of the partners in the relationship is a domineering type from whom the other escapes. "The Blue Moccasins," with its sharp cruelties, was one of the typical satirical pieces of Lawrence's last period, containing no strong feeling, no color, no glow, no music. Yet at Gsteig he did write one imaginative piece that had the richness of his best prose; this was the second part of *The Escaped Cock*, with its magnificent pictures of the Lebanon coast and its story of the love of the resurrected prophet for the priestess of Isis.

Just as Lawrence finished this story, his sister Emily and her daughter Margaret, now twenty, arrived from England. On August 31 he told Enid Hilton: "Though I am glad to see them, it worries and depresses me rather. I am really not 'our Bert.' Come to that, I never was. And the gulf between their outlook and mine is always yawning, horribly obvious to me." They took several of his paintings to London, and Lawrence thanked Enid Hilton for meeting them at the station:

Very nice of you to look after my family—hope they were appreciative.—

Don't give the two *little* pictures to Dorothy Warren. I don't want to show them. Just keep them for the time.—I don't mind a bit if she doesn't show *Dandelions*. I want her to do what she really thinks best.—I wrote her I didn't mind now if she postpones her show, as I can't send the pictures to New York. Of course they've made a fuss over the book—confiscated what they could lay hands on—luckily not so very many. So I'm afraid they'd follow up by confiscating the pictures. So I shan't risk sending them—not I.—Therefore Dorothy can choose her time.—I should like to have all the pictures *photographed*, if it's not too wildly expensive, and keep the copyright for reproduction myself. You might ask D. W. about that when she comes back.

Imagine those booksellers making money like that on Lady C! I hear in America the price is \$50. Oh Lord, one is always swindled. But we are going to put up the price now on the remaining copies.

I suppose you saw Kot, and heard all his alarms. He is like that. He thinks because Gertler and a few like that will say nasty things about my pictures, it means all the world. It doesn't.

We leave here next Monday 17th, and the address is
c/o Frau von Richthofen
Ludwig-Wilhelmstift
Baden Baden

I suppose we shall be there a fortnight. Then if D. W. is showing the pictures in early Oct., Frieda will come to London. But I shan't—I can't stand England. I shall go to the South of France, en route to Italy.

Wonder what Alice Dax thought of Lady C.!

Mountains are beginning to be misty and a bit damp and silent and autumny—time now to go. Thanks so much for looking after things so well Remember me to L. [Laurence]

"Time to go now"—it always was, though Lawrence left Gsteig not so much from inward compulsion as usual. His letters of late summer mentioned the cold that was creeping into the châlet. On September 18 he and Frieda at last descended to the lowland, to the ting-a-ling of bells on the cattle coming down from the higher alps.

In that autumn of 1928, Lawrence and Frieda went to Baden-Baden after Gsteig. It was another time of strolling in the Lichtenthall Allee, drinking the waters at the stork-fountains, and sipping the concerts in the Kursaal. "The Brewsters are here, *of course*," Lawrence wrote Orioli. Before leaving Gsteig, whence the Brewsters had departed earlier, Lawrence had written them about "a most amusing story of mine in the American *Bookman*—called *Things*—you'll think it's you, but it isn't"—one of the most barefaced of all such disclaimers. For the Brewsters to have put up with that accurately cruel story measures their devotion to him. The rootless, wandering Americans in this little tale who loved their bric-à-brac—which Lawrence had become familiar with when he helped the Brewsters pack their "things" in Capri in 1926—"both painted, but not desperately. Art had not taken them by the throat . . . They painted: that's all." The meanest and funniest thrust at them is the sentence, "'Indian thought' had let them down." But it was good the Brewsters did not let Lawrence down in those last years. For although Frieda with her warmth and vigor remained the strong center of his life, he also needed some calm men friends to talk to, and found them in Aldous Huxley and Earl Brewster. They were not subservient—Huxley was going his own way toward distinction and Brewster clung firmly to his "Indian thought"—they had minds of their own, yet they respected Lawrence and provided him with pleasant association. "During the last years of Lawrence's life," Brewster recalled, "I do not recall his once being enraged with me, as had happened in the first years of our friendship. Perhaps he felt it futile to attempt my reform."

Lawrence wrote Orioli from the Hotel Löwen:"

I haven't heard from you, but I suppose you waited to hear from me. We are staying here till next Tuesday morning—2nd October. Then I think Frieda will come direct to Florence, by Milan, arriving Wednesday evening. We want to give up the Mirenda. I am sure it is bad for my health, because in these other places I am better than I am there. Then the maggiore—or the Zaira—is sending away the Pini family—Giulia, Pietro, all of them—and there is sure to be a great emotional stew. I can't stand it. So Frieda will come and pack up the few things—they are really all packed—and give up the house.—*But please don't tell anybody*—so nobody need fuss around her. I shall go to S. of France—the Aldingtons are having an old fortress [*vigie*] on the island of Port-Cros, about 19 chilometri from off Hyères near Toulon. It is very warm there, and no people, only 14 families of fishermen. So if we like it we shall stay the winter, and if you can, you must come. Perhaps they will give you a passport for there.—I have no news, except that Beazley, London W. 1. wrote he would like to pay me direct for the three copies he received. I wrote he could send a cheque to me here, or pay the money into my bank. I will let you know.—I have not heard if Edward Garnett received the copy I sent him from Gsteig. I hope so.—It has been *very* cold here.

Lawrence did not arrive at Port-Cros till the middle of October. He spent the intervening time on the French coast waiting for Frieda, who brought a cold from Florence which he immediately caught. His month on the island was an unpleasant one. In conversations with Aldington he carped at Huxley's successful *Point Counter Point*—he wrote Huxley his points of disagreement—and at the war novel Aldington was writing. Copies of the newspaper attacks on *Lady Chatterley* that arrived while he was at Port-Cros did not improve Lawrence's disposition. In the summer, the reviews of *The Woman Who Rode Away* had been lukewarm or patronizing, though Arnold Bennett had in the *Evening Standard* generously called Lawrence "the strongest novelist writing today" and said that the ten stories in the collection (the British edition omitted "The Man Who Loved Islands" which the American included) were "characterized by superb creative power . . . There are whole pages together where every sentence gives new light on human nature and, reading them, you know you are face to face with a rough demonic giant." But no one had spoken out that way for *Lady Chatterley*—Edmund Wilson's favorable *New Republic* review did not

appear until July —except Lawrence's American friend, Herbert J. Seligmann, who had written the first book about him. Seligmann praised *Lady Chatterley* in a review in the September 1, New York *Sun* and, as he has told the author of this book, "It was deleted from later editions. Henry Hazlitt, the literary editor, told me he had never seen a piece of reading matter in the paper so blue- and red-penciled by the editors. The *Sun* went to the unheard-of length of remaking the literary page to get rid of my contaminating essay . . . It ended my reviewing for the *Sun*"—as Catherine Carswell's praise of *The Rainbow* had ended her reviewing career with the *Glasgow Herald* thirteen years before. At Port-Cros, the worst of the British attacks on *Lady Chatterley* that reached Lawrence was that of his ancient enemy, *John Bull*, whose headlines called the novel "A Landmark in Evil." A photograph of the "bearded satyr" who wrote the book accompanied an article calling it "the most evil outpouring that has ever besmirched the literature of our country. The sewers of French pornography would be dragged in vain to find a parallel in beastliness."

At this time, in a letter dated only "Sunday," Lawrence gave Orioli another publishing idea, but suggested caution:*

I think if I were you I would prepare a series of *Italian Renaissance Novelists, text in Italian and English, with notes*—small books of about 80 or 100 pp.; the same format, more or less, as the Fortini books—but not replica—not identical.

I have begun with the *Terza Cena* of Lasca. It is a very interesting story, Lorenzo de' Medici—and about 60 pp, and quite proper. Get your old professor to write you a brief life of Lasca, and to make notes on the story—I will mention what I think should have a note, as I go on.

—The story of Lorenzo de' Medici and Maestro Manente.—

It is important to start the series with an interesting and *not* indecent story. We can come on with the indecent ones later. I thought we would do Lasca in 3 vols.—three *Cene*—starting with the *Terza*. This one won't take me very long. Let me know what you think.

There is great work going on for the *international suppression of indecent literature*. I enclose a cutting from the Evening Standard.—Also—an incident. An Englishwoman saw a copy of *Lady C.* in a bookshop in Milan—went in to buy—man demanded to see her passport and *permesso di soggiorno*—the latter had only three days to run—woman said she was just going back to England—bookseller refused to sell her the copy.—I expect he was afraid Customs might hold up the book and he might be cited as having sold it—and the League of Nations be after him!

Without waiting for Orioli's approval, Lawrence went on with the translation that was published the following March as *The Story of Doctor Manente*. The business-man side of Lawrence prepared another advertisement:

PINO ORIOLI.

will publish a series of Italian Renaissance stories, English (and Italian) text, the series to be translated by D. H. Lawrence, Norman Douglas, Aldous Huxley and other well-known writers, with introductions by the translators and with notes and maps. The first number of this series will be ready December x.—The Third Supper, by Lasca. Translated with introduction by D. H. Lawrence. Limited edition of 1000. Post free 12/6 or \$3.00.

Lawrence further advised, "if you print your Italian text too, you must charge 15/— and \$4." And, in the same letter, apparently October 25, he also said:^u "If you like to do this, I suggest you make it your enterprise and give me 10%," a suggestion Orioli felt it was safe to accept. He lost money on this translation by Lawrence, who in the flush of success after *Lady Chatterley* induced him to print too large an edition, though the Lungarno Series itself went to eleven titles before the fall of the pound sterling made publication too painfully unprofitable for Orioli.

While at Port-Cros, Lawrence wrote his remarkable letter (November 10) to Morris Ernst, who had sent him a copy of his book on censorship. Lawrence, telling him he could print the letter if he wished, used the occasion to attack "the censor-moron," who hates "the living and growing consciousness. It is our developing and extending consciousness that he threatens—and our consciousness in its newest, most sensitive activity, its vital growth." But Lawrence in those days was arousing, once again, the suspicions of more than censors, for as Aldington remembered the Port-Cros interlude in his autobiography, "The only people who bothered us were some French staff officers who came to investigate the suspicious alien character, Lawrence, and weren't allowed by me to see him"—Lawrence, arrested by the Germans in Metz as a British spy, and pitched out of Cornwall by the British who thought he was helping the Germans; and at last the French investigating this man to whom the very thought of espionage was nauseating.

On November 14, three days before leaving Port-Cros, Lawrence wrote to William Gerhardt about Mark Rampion, the character modeled after Lawrence in *Point Counter Point*:^u "I refuse to be Ram-

pioned. Aldous' admiration for me is only skin-deep, and out of a Mary Mary quite contrary impulse"—the Mary of course being Maria Huxley. But, despite Lawrence's occasional angers, his friendship with Huxley remained a staunch one.

In one of his less bitter moods at Port-Cros, Lawrence wrote Ada, "It's quite good fun here . . . Richard and Arabella are very nice—so is Brigit Patmore, a woman about my age whom we knew in the old days. They are all busy doing literary work—and they go off to swim. But it's an hour's climb from the sea and the other isles, and the mainland ten miles off. It's quite nice, somehow doesn't move me very much." But gales and chill winds that came later, and a deterioration of the local human situation, did move him; he went back to the mainland on November 17, in a launch whose engine broke down in the mistral. The boat began to drift out to sea in the heavy swells, but the man working on the engine got it started again, and the boat made the coast safely. Lawrence, away from the storms of all kinds that had raged at Port-Cros, said farewell to Aldington for the last time in the salon of a hotel in Toulon. Aldington did not understand why Lawrence, in leaving him, said, "Possess your soul in patience." Just a year later, Lawrence informed Orioli, in an unpublished letter, that he had disliked "*intensely*" the first part of Aldington's novel, which he had read while staying with him at the *vigie* on Port-Cros. "But since the *vigie* I don't write to him—that's a long story."

On the mainland the Lawrences went to Bandol, to the Hôtel Beau Rivage that Katherine Mansfield had liked, where they stayed till the following March. There they came to know, through the London bookseller Charles Lahr, the young Welsh writer Rhys Davies, then in Nice, to whom Lawrence wrote on a "Monday"

Mr Lahr sent me your address. Would you care to come here and be my guest in this small and inexpensive hotel for a few days? Bandol is about 20 minutes on the Marseilles side of Toulon: 20 mins. from Toulon.—My wife and I would both be pleased if you came. I'm not quite sure how long we shall stay here—but anyhow ten days.

Rhys Davies went to Bandol for a few days, for his first meeting with the "bright-plumaged" Frieda and the Lawrence whose "features suggested a delicacy that at last had been finely tempered from ages of male and plebian strength." He scoffed at Davies' tributes on behalf of the younger writers, whom Lawrence insisted could only hate him.

But they were not so bad as their elders who with their moneybags and tricks had tried to catch him: "I know I'm a monkey in a cage. But if anyone puts a finger in my cage, I bite—and bite hard."

Since Lawrence was often too weary to walk, Davies sat talking with him on the beach. The weather was warm that autumn, and Lawrence had come to love that coast; he wrote Maria Huxley a description of Bandol "swimming with milky gold light at sunset, and white boats half melted on the white twilight sea, and palm trees frizzing their tops in the rosy west, and their thick dark columns down in the dark where we are, with shadowy boys running and calling, and tiny orange lamps under foliage, in the under dusk." This was a lyrical flare-up: the following winter, when Lawrence returned to Bandol, he wrote some fine poems of that coast. But there he concentrated on the 2,000-word articles for which the London papers were now giving him twenty-five pounds a piece: these colloquial productions took only an hour and a half to write and permitted him to say easily many of the things he had agonized to say in the dramatized terms of fiction; and though his publishers "nagged" at him for another novel or for completion of his Etruscan studies, he felt books were not worth the effort when the government took twenty percent of his royalties and his agent ten percent. At Bandol that autumn his writing energy went chiefly into the poems about which he wrote the Huxleys: "I've been doing a book of *Pensées*, which I call pansies, a sort of loose little poem form: Frieda says with joy: real doggerel—But meant for *Pensées*, not poetry, especially not lyrical poetry." He wrote these *Pansies* sitting up in bed in the mornings, wearing a small African straw cap ("to keep my brain warm"), and he would between chuckles read them to visitors.

Meanwhile in London, plans for the exhibit of his paintings went forward, as well as a new project he mentioned in a letter to Davies:"

So now it rains—so I stop all morning in bed and do my correspondence. I suppose you do your novel. I think you are wise not to rush it out. People always trip you up when you are in a hurry.

Lahr wrote very nicely and will look after my Lady C. business. The idea is to print an expurgated edition for the public—not to set up the unexpurgated again. But later on I shall try to set up the unexpurgated in Paris, if I know anyone who'll take charge.

Orioli wrote me that the Fanfrolico people would do a portfolio of reproductions of my paintings, which hang in Dorothy Warren's gallery waiting to be exhibited. That would be rather fun. But I've heard

nothing direct. If you write to the London Aphrodite people, you might mention it—if they are Fanfrolico. Because if the thing were going to come off, we'd have to hurry and get the pictures photographed before Dorothy W. shows them, in the New Year. But the idea of a portfolio amuses me very much.

My wife is rather sad, with inflammation in her eye. I expect it's a chill, with the winds. But she never has anything wrong, so when she *does*, she minds.

I hear the weather is very bad in Florence and many people are sick. Glad I didn't go.

I bought you the other African cap, but it's a bit bigger than mine, a bit too big for me. You'll have to have it when you come, or when we come to Nice. Hope it'll fit.

On December 23 Lawrence wrote what was apparently his last letter to Rolf Gardiner, who with his friends was working at "rural restoration" at Gore Farm. Lawrence, now "chirpy and more like myself," wished Gardiner well and defended *Lady Chatterley* from Gardiner's criticisms. He ended by saying, "This silly White Fox blarney about pure constructive activity is all poppycock—nine-tenths at least must be smash-smash!—or else *all* your constructivity turns out feebly destructive."

Gardiner went on with his activity, in England and Africa, feeling always inspired by Lawrence's teaching rather than by his personal example; even in Germany, while that country was "still unimprisoned by the paranoia of Hitlerism," Gardiner and his associates "in the expeditions, work-camps, festivals and centres of the German Buende . . . sought flesh-and-blood validity of the Lawrencean vision." That was what Gardiner wrote in his book *England Herself*, 1937. In a letter to the author of the present volume, Gardiner made a late, full statement about Lawrence and their relationship, a statement which will not be out of place as this entire discussion of Lawrence's career nears its end:

Thinking of him today I wonder again if the weakness of his case was not due to the essentially explorative method of his pilgrimage? He often confused his values and allowed passionate petulance to cloud his sense of balance. How far did Lawrence, after his early days, seek for inner direction? I fancy that there was some confusion, some chaos here. At some point in his desire to wrest himself away from the influence of Platonic idealism and the rationalism of the Aufklärung he may have floundered in a

sea of "impulses." He swung further away than any of the Romantics . . . And yet it was to balance, the doctrine of the Holy Ghost, that he returned both critically and theologically in his unembittered moments. That is why I always loved *Twilight in Italy*: a significant book that contained all the germ of his thought.

In any case, when I was a boy, it was not against puritanical repression of sex that Lawrence offered the clues of liberation, but against tyranny of intellectual abstractions, and the dead view of the universe projected by analytic science. Lawrence's quotation of D'Annunzio, "L'anatomia presuppone il cadavere," was very impressive. And then, above all, there was his revelation of the sources of strength in darkness, the darkness of a midwinter period closing in on our civilisation, the darkness of renewal, the darkness of the English Midlands and the north.

"Dark and tender is the north," Tennyson had written; but Lawrence purveyed it with his splendid writing, making it symbolic of the unexplored, inscrutable sources of the invisible world, the sources of past magic in the places and landscapes of prehistoric peoples. It was a nourishment of the mind by the senses that he effected, clothing the spirit with pulsing flesh and blood, where all other writers described "social beings" bled white by manners and conventional feelings. Without saying so, except in his own curious "polarity" terminology, Lawrence rediscovered for us the etheric body and the etheric forces beyond crude chemical sex. And his interest extended beyond the human individual, beyond social groups, to the landscape itself. As you so rightly say, "his landscapes were always charged."

What an experience it was, for someone like myself, with the urge of creative action in him, to have this brave life-explorer and life-interpreter forging ahead in the world of our time. As his books came molten from his hand, one shared in his life, projected imaginatively and continuously by his novelist's imagination and made exciting, revealing, significant, year by year. It was a great performance.

That is one of the most important statements on Lawrence's influence, made from the perspective of many years' consideration. But in 1929 the younger generation could do little to help Lawrence, whom most of their elders were attempting to throttle. On January 7, Lawrence sent two copies of the *Pansies* manuscript to his agents in London, registering them as *papiers d'affaires*, and a week later he also sent, registered, the introductory essay for the volume of reproductions of his paintings. By the 24th he had begun to worry about these documents, for they had not arrived at Curtis Brown's.

The manuscripts had been seized in the post at the instigation of the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, universally known as Jix, a religious zealot who had furiously begun to beat the bushes in England for hidden copies of *Lady Chatterley*. Lawrence's agents and publishers complained that detectives had called upon them, and policemen also went to the houses of some of his friends. The underground circulation had been all too successful: Lawrence notified Orioli that *Lady Chatterley's* gross

When Lawrence wrote Brigit Patmore a friendly letter in January, with pointed reference to the squabbles at Port-Cros, he did not yet know that her home was among those subjected to an official visit:^u

Not heard from you for ages—have you evanesced? Not a Christmas word, not a New Year's note was heard from you! Perhaps you were too busy festivating. Anyhow I hope that's it.

We are still here. My wife's daughter Barbara leaves tomorrow for Paris—by your 7.0 a.m. train—do you remember? She has got herself into a very nasty state with those 2nd rate studio-artie people, and now can't get out of it. Damn bohemia, it always gets itself on the brain!

We were in Toulon yesterday—very sunny on the port, same as ever—very cold in the back streets—but we found a good tea-room, take you there next time you're in.

Orioli said he'd started sending you copies of *Lady C.* I hope they've arrived safely. I told him not to send more than a dozen. Now a book-seller wants to take them over—Charles Lahr of 68 Red Lion Street, Holborn. If I tell him to fetch them from you next week, will you give them him. I think he's a nice man.

No news here—except my pictures are probably going to be reproduced in a book at ten guineas a time. I hear you whistle!

It was a very sunny day, and we went out this afternoon on the sea in a motor-boat! When we were getting way out beyond the lighthouse, I made the man turn round, because I knew we should see the spectre of Port-Cros in the distance.

Brigit, where art thou?

"Brigit, where art thou?"—she was in Italy, and the copies of the book sent to her in England had been confiscated. As Lawrence told Orioli on January 24, ^u "Her son wrote me a detective sort of fellow called there too.—Kot. wrote—rather in a funk—perhaps fearing they may call on him.—The really annoying part is that Scotland Yard are

apparently holding up two of my manuscripts, sent to Curtis Brown—these we must recover.”

This seizure again brought Lawrence's name into Parliament. This time the Labour Party, soon to win the national elections, raised the question of suppression, perhaps at the instigation of William Hopkin. On February 28, F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, who represented West Leicester, put the question in behalf of Ellen Wilkinson, absent because of illness. He asked whether the Home Secretary would tell who had acted, “before any question of publication arose,” to seize Lawrence's manuscript in the post, and: “if he will give the names and official positions of the persons on whose advice he causes books and manuscripts to be seized and banned; what are the qualifications of such persons for literary censorship; and whether, to assist authors and publishers, he will state what are the rules and regulations, the contravention of which causes a book to be seized and banned by his Department?”

Joynson-Hicks was as deft as Simon had been, years before, at dodging behind the ancient Obscene Publications Act, under which, he explained, any Metropolitan Police Magistrate or any two Justices of the Peace could, “on sworn information,” issue a search warrant and seize any “obscene” book or picture. At this point James Ramsey MacDonald rose to ask, “Will the right hon. Gentleman make it quite clear whose responsibility it is to put the law into operation?” Jix said it was the police, though he did not want to deny his own responsibility; the Post-Office Act of 1908 decreed that the Post-Master General must “refuse to take part in the conveyance of any indecent matter”—and the 1924 Postal Union Convention of Stockholm decreed likewise. Jix said that the discovery of the manuscripts occurred during a routine check of a proportion of packages by inspectors looking for letters concealed in packages sent through at the lower postal rates. Jix said that when Lawrence's manuscripts were discovered they “were sent to the Home Office and by my directions were then forwarded to the Director of Public Prosecutions. I am advised that there is no possible doubt whatever that these contain indecent matter and, as such, are liable to seizure. I have, however, given two months to enable the author to establish the contrary if he desires to do so.”

Pethick-Lawrence still wanted to know who had decided that the matter was obscene. Jix replied, “In the first place, in this case the Post-Master General makes the first determination that this is *prima facie* a case of indecency. He then sends it to me, and, if I agree, I send it on to the Director of Public Prosecutions. It is not a question of

literary merit at all, and, if the hon. Member has any doubt, I will show him the book in question. It contains grossly indecent matter."

Like Simon nearly fifteen years before, Jix insisted that there was no literary censorship, and like the parliamentary debates over *The Rainbow* at that time, this one faded away, ending on a note of inquiry as to the right of the Post-Master General to open packets.

Jix, however, like most censors, had made what he was trying to suppress seem attractive. Secker brought out a bowdlerized edition of *Pansies* in London, which Knopf published in New York in September; fourteen poems which had upset Jix were omitted from these volumes and have never been published in England or America. Lawrence had his friend Stephensen (apparently in association with the bookseller Charles Lahr) print an unexpurgated edition, though without the Fanfrolico Press imprint; they dated this June but did not release it till August; it comprised five hundred copies, plus fifty on Japanese vellum. Later, the same plates served for a popular edition on the Continent. Lawrence could thank the "censor-morons" for the astonishing achievement of making poetry pay well: he cleared more than five hundred pounds out of the *Pansies* uproar.

Before he left Bandol, Lawrence saw Rhys Davies several times again, and received other visitors, including the Julian Huxleys; and he reported "a young Californian" who created disturbances that made the place "not the peaceful Bandol of before Christmas at all." In February, a visit from Ada depressed Lawrence: he could "feel all those Midlands behind her, with their sort of despair." She had passed forty and "more or less turned against all she has lived for till now: business, house, family, garden even—doesn't want them any more." This was of course "something organic in women" that could not be argued with, largely "the result of having been too 'pure' and unphysical, unsensual." After she had left Bandol, never to see him again, he the prophet who had so often told the world what to do could not find the right words of comfort for his sister; he wrote her that he too had suffered in those miserable last years, but felt he was "coming through, to some other kind of happiness," of a different kind that could be reached only after torture: "This is the slow winding up of an old way of life. Patience—we'll begin another, somewhere in the sun."

And he was hungry for the sun: the Côte d'Azur was suffering an unwonted chill, that froze the palms and eucalyptus trees. Lawrence wanted to go to Spain, but the Italy-hungry Frieda opposed that. Finally they went north, to separate destinations. Two days before leaving, Lawrence wrote Earl Brewster, "The only thing I *really* wish is

that I didn't always cough and have either a sore chest or a sore throat as well as a sore spirit. Why should the gods keep me always sore inside?"

About a week earlier he had told Murry. "I like being older—if only my chest did not scratch so much." Murry had written for the first time since 1926, to ask Lawrence to lend a copy of *The Rainbow* to a friend of his in Switzerland, G. B. Edwards, who planned to write a book on Lawrence; Murry did not want to risk sending his presentation copy. Lawrence said his own first edition had been stolen, but he told Murry that the American reprint of the book could be bought in Europe. Murry, "ominously impressed" by the Beau Rivage address—Katherine Mansfield had suffered her first haemorrhage there—thought the letter "friendly, but sad and tired." In it, Lawrence told Murry he was thinking of going to Majorca, though "I haven't any great hunch where I want to live—only, for the moment, not Italy."

The winter at Bandol had, as we have seen, been fairly productive. Lawrence, as the quotation from the letter to the Huxleys shows, had no pretensions about the *Pansies*, but they were an outlet for what he had so long thought and felt. In the articles, he had to be consistent for a certain length, but the *Pansies* could be as long or as short as he wished: they could crystallize a single mood or thought. The epigrammatic quality of his later prose could be given even fuller play here ("For God's sake, let us be men, / Not monkeys minding machines . . ."). His earlier novels, up through *Women in Love*, did not usually contain generalizations about life and society; what Lawrence wanted to say he either presented dramatically or stated through characters such as Birkin, who were an organic part of the story. But with *Kangaroo*, Lawrence had begun to weigh down the narrative with sententiousness; even *Lady Chatterley's Lover* begins, "Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically." And in this final period, Lawrence's most characteristic, most frequent, though not his best, expression in verse was in the form of these rough-edged maxims the writing of which so diverted him.

The introduction to the paintings volume was far more important than the assorted journalistic articles he also wrote at Bandol. In this he discussed chiefly the work of modern French and English painters, the latter hampered by puritanism, by a fear of the body that came to Europe with syphilis. This seems almost history à la Huxley, though Lawrence had expressed such ideas as long before as *Twilight in Italy*. He now found that the fear of the body drove the English painters, except Blake, to landscape, and rather astonishingly said he was him-

self "not . . . profoundly interested in landscape." True, in his own paintings the human figures predominate, though there is often fine scenery in the distance; but it is astonishing to find the author of some of the finest of all prose-landscapes saying that "Van Gogh's surging earth"—so much a Lawrencean quality—worried him. As for the French, he thought their approach to sex too hygienic, though that was saner than the Anglo-Saxon "terror-horror" of the whole subject. And although Lawrence thought the "jolly" Renoir "a trifle banal," he admired him: "What do you paint with, Maître?—With my penis, and be damned! Renoir didn't try to get away from the body." As for Cézanne, to whom Lawrence devoted most of the essay, his excellence lay mostly in technique: and although Lawrence showed that he had himself a proficiency in technical shop-talk, the things that mattered to him, in literature as in art, went deeper than mere technique. He felt that Cézanne failed, in his portraits of people and apples, "to rise in the flesh" as he wanted to. He could never break "through the horrible glass screen of the mental concepts, to the actual *touch* of life."

If Lawrence scrutinized the English and French in that essay, he turned a terrible glare on the Americans in another introduction he wrote at Bandol, for the novel *Bottom Dogs*, by Edward Dahlberg, which he dismissed as "the last word in repulsive consciousness." But the book was valuable because it showed that "the flow from the heart, the warmth of fellow-feeling which has animated Europe and been the best of her humanity, individual, spontaneous, flowing in thousands of passionate little currents often conflicting . . . seems unable to persist on American soil . . . Once the heart is broken, people become repulsive to one another secretly, and they develop social benevolence." The terror of the body was at its most intense in America: "The secret physical repulsion between people is responsible for the perfection of American 'plumbing,' American sanitation, and American kitchens, white-enamelled and antiseptic. It is revealed in the awful advertisements, such as those about 'halitosis,' or bad breath." Now the American repulsion was going backward to Europe, polluting the democracies there. "The old flow broken, men could enlarge themselves for a while in transcendentalism, Whitmanish 'adhesiveness' of the social creature, noble supermen, lifted above the baser functions . . . People rose superior to their bodies, and soared along, till they had exhausted their energy in this performance. The energy once exhausted, they fell with a struggling, not down into their bodies again, but into the cess-pools of the body."

When Lawrence went north from Bandol, it was to carry on the war

against the fear of the flesh, this time by arranging for a Paris edition of *Lady Chatterley*. On March 10, the eve of departure he wrote Orioli (one sentence necessarily omitted here) as follows:"

We leave in the morning. The address in Paris is:

Hotel de Versailles
Bvd. Montparnasse
Paris

Send me a line there.

Of course I've got a sore throat, to travel with.

Mr. Groves, of Groves and Michaux, Libraire du Palais-Royal, says he will collaborate with me in any way, in getting out an edition. I think I shall print it myself, and let them do the publishing and distributing—and so keep the thing in my own hands. The idea now is to bring out a little fat book that will go in a man's pocket, and sell it about 60 frs. Then people could easily carry them. What do you think? I shall try to get everything done as quick as possible.

Seems a long time since I heard from you—how are you? . . .

Wish I weren't suddenly feeling rather seedy. Frieda is going to Baden Baden direct, for a fortnight.

[P.S.] They say there's now a German pirated edition.

IV

Lawrence was in Paris for nearly a month, arranging for the publication of the "popular" edition of *Lady Chatterley* at sixty francs per copy. He called at Sylvia Beach's bookshop and found her uninterested: after all, she published the other famous banned book, *Ulysses*, and that was "a rival show." At last Edward Titus undertook to bring out the popular *Lady Chatterley*, with an introduction by Lawrence, "My Skirmish With Jolly Roger." This came out in May, the month after Lawrence had left Paris.

While there, he visited the Huxleys at Suresnes, where he wrote Orioli, March 18:"It is very quiet and sunny—Suresnes a quiet nice little place, nice by the river, but nothing otherwise." As for the future, "I am not sure if we shall go to Spain—I want to, but Frieda doesn't want to very much. So perhaps we shall have to compromise, and come back to Italy." At the Huxleys, and at the Hôtel de Versailles, in Paris, Lawrence was ill. Rhys Davies, in the next room at the hotel, would hear him strangling with coughs in the night, and once when Davies went through the communicating door he found Lawrence thrashing in torment on the bed, "like some stormy El Greco figure." When Davies sug-

gested a doctor, Lawrence raged at him and then was calmer, as if he had cast out an evil spirit.

After Frieda arrived, he was well enough to go out to Ermenonville, at last meeting the almost-mythical Crosbys, who lived there at the edge of the forest in the Moulin du Soleil where Rousseau had lodged and where Cagliostro had performed his rituals. In Caresse Crosby's brilliant autobiography, *The Passionate Years* her sharp eye and sharp pen remember "Lawrence, fugitive, strung taut and full of wisdom—Frieda, upholstered, petulant and full of pride." In that season of daffodils, Caresse and Lawrence went botanizing in the donkey-cart, Lawrence "with a shawl tucked round his knees, his collar up and his soft hat pulled over his scorching eyes." Inside the Mill, as Harry Crosby sat writing and Frieda was playing the gramophone, "Lawrence in a fit of exasperation broke record after record over her head." (In an unpublished, undated letter to Caresse Crosby—soon after Lawrence's death in —Frieda recalled, "It was about this time last year that we spent the time with you at the Mill—It's all so vivid to me, that weekend—They were both such vivid creatures, Lorenzo and Harry, and I see you in the sailor suit and the bracelet Harry gave you—.")

Perhaps they were quarreling over where to move. If so, Lawrence must have won, for on April 6 he wrote Orioli:^u "I have settled up with Titus, and we leave tomorrow morning for Spain. I am longing to get away from Paris, so noisy, dirty and nervous—not a bit gay any more." He wrote Orioli from the Hotel Principe Alfonso, Majorca, after a trip that took him and Frieda to Lyon, Avignon, Perpignan, and Barcelona:^u

Had yours in Barcelona—and the two you forwarded. Am sure you will be glad to get away for a bit, after the rush with [Douglas's] *Nerinda*. Do keep my copy for me.—Secker is doing the poems in expurgated form, and I may have a small edition done in England, *privately*, of the unexpurgated. I don't want you *yet* to do anything that will get your press into discredit with the Puritans. Keep pure for a while, till you are well going, then I'll give you something.

The Fanfrolico Press has more or less dissolved. The *working* partner was always Stéphensen—[Jack] Lindsay was the literary side of it. Stephensen has joined with Edward Goldston the Jew bookseller of Museum St, to make the Mandrake Press, of which my pictures are the first thing done.—The reproduction of *Moses* seemed very dim to me.

This island—Majorca—is rather like Sicily, but not so beautiful, and much more asleep. But it has that southern sea quality, out of the

world, in another world. I like that—and the sleep is good for me. Perhaps we shall stay a month or two—and come to Italy and find a house for the winter. Frieda will never take to Spain, and she won't even try to speak Spanish. So I expect we'll be back in Italy in autumn. But I like this sleep there is here—so still, and the people don't have any nerves at all—not nervous, anybody.

I do hope you kept the price of your last sale of Our Lady, to pay the postage. I should like us to be quite square now, on each side. So let me know. You said you sold a copy, and I don't think you sent the bordereau, so that could be part. And did you keep two copies of the guinea edition for yourself? Let's get quite square now [—] then we shall have settled the bulk of it. Write to me here. I wonder if you'll go to Capri. Remember me to N. D. and to Reggie—I'll see them in the autumn.

It did not take Lawrence long to weary of Majorca: by April 24 the people whose nervelessness he had admired, had become "dead and staring," he told Davies; he could not bear "their Spanishy faces, dead unpleasant masks, a bit like city English." But he had been ill again: "My teeth chattered like castanets—and that's the only Spanish thing I've done." He admitted that, "all in all, Italy is best when it comes to living, and France next. *Triumphat Frieda!*" In the mood of accepting Italy again, he wrote Orioli from the Hotel Principe Alfonso:

I wonder if you are back—I haven't heard from you at all. We are still here—quite pleasant, and cool rather than hot. But I have no desire at all to live on this island, the people are all sort of dead, and it has a rather dead atmosphere. I much prefer Italy—and of course, so does Frieda. I think we shall stay here till about the end of the month, then make a little tour in Spain—to Alicante and Granada and Sevilla and Madrid—and then, I think, come to Italy to see about a house. Frieda suggests Lago di Garda, and that might be good. But I feel I'd like to be in sight of the sea. Maria and Aldous wanted us to look for a house behind Massa-Carrara on the mountain looking to the sea. I think I should like that, so we might go to Forte and motor from there, to see if there was a house. If you hear of anything, make a note of it. I should like a *house*—not just half a house, as at the Mirenda—not too big, and with a garden. If I found a place I liked, I would take it for some years, and furnish it, and perhaps put in central heating. If you happen to go to Forte, do take a motor and look around for me, and I

will pay the expenses.—Or if you hear of a nice place in the hills round Florence, let me know. I want to find a place, if possible, which we can keep. There are plenty of suitable houses here—but I don't want them.

The only news of Our Lady is that I got a cheque for \$68 from Lawrence Gomme, for eight copies. So cross him out. Now if we could make Miller and Gill pay up—and Davies—we shouldn't have done so badly. Titus has got the plates made, in Paris, and I think this week they start printing. So that should not take long. He sent me a specimen page, reduced—and it looked quite well. A man in London talks of doing an edition of 500 there—printing it himself in London, right under Jix's nose. Don't know if this will come off.—Secker is doing the Pansies, omitting about a dozen poems.—Stephensen has sent me proofs of nine of the pictures. Some of them are not bad, but some very smudgy and thin. You'll hardly recognize them. Still, I think they'll make a fine book. You must try and make him give you a copy—and if he won't, I'll give you one of mine. But try and get one out of him. He must have had your list of addresses, as I hear from people who have received his circular, whose names he could not possibly have known, except through you.

That's all the news, for the moment. Let me know how you are, and if you have sold *Nerinda*, and how is Carletto. It will soon be a year since I saw you—I left Florence in June. And that Mrs. Humes who saw us off at Florence station, along with Nelly Morrison, suddenly turned up here, and is in Palma now. Do you remember her? She went to America, and it has quite broken her down.

Do you ever see any of the Pini, or the Salvestrini?

Remember me to Douglas—how did he like that blurb in the *London Aphrodite*? What news of Reggie?—and Miss Moller—and Gino?

The Lawrences lingered in Majorca. On May 26, Lawrence wrote Davies, "This letter is my most serious contribution to literature in six weeks," though at Majorca he wrote some of the "More Pansies" that were gathered into the *Last Poems* volume after his death. In one of these, he suggests that riding the local tram-cars could be adventure-some for tourists: he tells of a sulky looking woman with a "wisp of modern black mantilla" that "made her half Madonna, half Astarte," whose yellow-brown eyes suddenly flared and looked into his, as if to say that he and she could sin together: "She can keep her sin / She can sin with some thick-set Spaniard. / Sin doesn't interest me." Frieda also had strange adventures on the tram-cars, as a passage, hitherto unpublished, in Lawrence's May 26 letter to Davies indicates: "A man pinched Frieda's bottom on the tram—I wasn't there—don't tell her I

told you—so she despises every letter in the word Majorca, and is rampant to sail to Italy—to Marseilles anyhow—on June 4th, where her squeamish rear has never been pinched.” But Frieda had a more unpleasant accident in June, when she broke her ankle. Bathing in the sea one hot day, she looked ashore and was astonished to see a mounted officer, resplendent in his uniform, staring at her. She became nervous, scrambled over some rocks, one of her feet sank into a hole covered by seaweed, and her ankle snapped. She fell, sick with pain. The officer rode up and gallantly offered his horse, but Lawrence appeared and got some men to take her in a car to the hotel. The ankle gave Frieda trouble for a long time.

She went up to London to see the exhibition of Lawrence's paintings and to have a Park Lane specialist attend to her ankle. Lawrence, leaving Majorca on June 18, went to stay with the Huxleys at Forte dei Marmi. But before departing from Majorca, he had to deny to several people the reports then current in England to the effect that he was dying. He told Laurence Pollinger of Curtis Brown's that he had no intention of dying “just yet,” and he reassured Ada that the “fool newspapers” were “pinning to announce one's death. But they're too 'previous.'” His most significant letter of this group was to Murry: the last of all letters he was to write to Murry. Having heard Lawrence was critically ill, Murry offered to visit him in Majorca, but Lawrence answered, “The me that you say you love is not me, but an idol of your own imagination. Believe me, you don't love me. The animal that I am you instinctively dislike—just as all the Lynds and Squires and Eliots and Goulds dislike it.” Lawrence insisted that he and Murry did not know one another; they had shared “some jolly times, in the past” because they all pretended “a bit,” but ultimately Lawrence and Murry belonged “to different worlds, to different ways of consciousness.” Lawrence said his health was “a great nuisance,” though he had no intention of dying. Murry must accept the fact that no good would come of their meeting again: “Even when we are immortal spirits, we shall dwell in different Hades.”

In one of the little “Moore Pansies” poems of that time, “Correspondence in After Years,” Lawrence said:

A man wrote to me: We missed it, you and I.
We were meant to mean a great deal to one another;
but we missed it.
And I could only reply:
A miss is as good as a mile,
mister!

Because the Huxleys' small house at Forte dei Marmi was full, Lawrence went to a pensione, the Giuliani, which he described to Orioli on June 23 as: "nice and cool, we eat out of doors under a big plane-tree. Forte is not at all hot. Aldous and Maria are very well indeed, very healthy—and I'm a lot better, though still coughing. . . . I hear the show is a success, but the critics horrible—some pictures sold, I don't know yet how many." Lawrence had a sigh for "Poor Reggie, burying his friends! Did you hear that Brooks died in Capri?—did you know him? Douglas did." A few days later, Lawrence wrote Orioli about a Lawrence worshiper from America: "I have written Maria Cristina Chambers—perhaps she will come here." Mrs. Chambers, from Long Island, had wound her way in and out of Lawrence's letters to Orioli for about a year: she had communicated with Lawrence about the American customs' seizure of *Lady Chatterley*, and on August 30, Lawrence had written to Orioli of: "Mrs. Chambers, whom I have never seen, save a large photograph, looks quite handsome—poor thing." Her name awakened echoes: the Maria Cristina was immediately reminiscent of the American girl, Mary Christine Hughes, whom Lawrence had recently sketched in "Laura Philippine," and certainly the surname Chambers stirred old memories. But her visit to Forte was hardly a happy one. As Frieda has said, in a letter of May 26, "the Maria Cristina Chambers was not of long duration, I don't remember much about her." At the time, Frieda had written to Mabel Luhan that Lawrence dreaded seeing Mrs. Chambers: "He is so frail and anything emotional is more than he can stand." And at Forte, Lawrence was in a bitter mood as he watched others bathe in the sea, which he did not dare to do after his terrifying haemorrhages of two summers before, apparently brought on by his swimming there. He wrote some of his "More Pansies" as he looked on: "Forte dei Marmi," with its sneer at "the blatant bathers," and "Sea-Bathers" ("Oh the handsome bluey-brown bodies, they might just as well be gutta percha"), which ends: "They call it health, it looks like nullity. / Only here and there a pair of eyes, haunted, looks out as if asking: where then is life?" Some of this acidity got into one of the letters to Orioli, which also contained an account of Mrs. Chambers's visit and of Lawrence's future plans:

Thank you for sending the trunk. It hasn't come yet, but I hope the *Corriere* will bring it today.

Maria Cristina wears me out rather—so she is going to Pisa tomorrow, to stay the night there, and come on to Florence on Friday. She will

arrive at 13.15, but I don't think there is any need for you to meet her, if you will just engage her a room at the *Moderno* for Friday at 1.15, she can drive there in a vettura.

I expect I shall come on Saturday, by the same train. Shall I really stay with you in your flat? I should like to. But don't meet me either at the station, it is so easy to drive to you.

Sorry the dinner was dull. Here Maria and Yvonne Franchetti were very *cattive* with M. C.—but suddenly Maria changed, and became patronisingly sweet. They are still wondering when you are going to Montecatini with Aldous. A few more people on the beach—all so terribly aware of *themselves* and their beastly bodies. Well I shall be glad to escape an atmosphere of women, women, women, and see you again.

On Saturday July 6, Maria Huxley drove Lawrence to Pisa, where he boarded the train for Florence. He was unaware of what had happened in London the day before at his exhibition, which twelve or thirteen thousand people had visited since its opening exactly three weeks earlier. Some of them complained to the Home Secretary. This was no longer Jix (who had become Lord Brentford), but John R. Clynes, who had come into office that spring with the new Labour Government. Clynes was a man who prided himself on his liberal opinions but, as so often happens in such cases, the position rather than the man operated, and on July 5 Detective-Inspector Gordon Hester and Detective-Sergeant Thomas brought six policemen with them for a raid on the gallery. They took away thirteen of the paintings, which caused Rebecca West to remark that this "loathsome incident" had "an infuriating lack of symmetry about it. Six shocked policemen ought to take twelve pictures; the odd one is an offense!" The policemen also removed four copies of the volume of reproductions as well as a copy of George Grosz's *Ecce Homo* (thereby antedating Hitler as an art critic) but, after persuasion by Dorothy Warren, did not confiscate Louis Aragon's translation of *The Hunting of the Snark*: she explained it was a children's book, even though printed in the immoral French language. Some Blake reproductions the police also allowed to remain when they learned that Blake had been dead for a century and one year. But Lawrence's paintings and the offensive books were stored in the cellar of the Marlborough Street police court, and rumor belled through London that they would be burned.

In Italy, Lawrence had repeated his Forte dei Marmi experience of 1927. He arrived at Florence ill, and within a few days Orioli thought he would die and telegraphed in panic to Frieda. Lawrence, confined

to Orioli's flat and disturbed by the rattle of traffic on the Lungarno, wrote Maria Huxley on July 10 that he had heard of the suppression of the pictures: "Had a telegram, nothing else," to inform him that the paintings had been imprisoned "and threatened to be burned—*auto-da-fé*"; he blamed his illness on "sitting too late on the beach on Friday." Lawrence thought of going to Bavaria, where Mohr had invited him, as soon as he was well enough, but on the 13th he wrote Mohr that Frieda had arrived "suddenly" and wanted "to go *first* to Baden Baden to her mother, and come later on to Bavaria, perhaps September." He had rallied when he heard Frieda was en route, and as soon as she arrived, vital and exuberant in spite of an aching and wobbly ankle, he recovered. Frieda, notwithstanding her worries lest the dampness of the cellar ruin the pictures, or the police burn them, had enjoyed London, where she had felt "like the Queen of Sheba." The Aga Khan had given a dinner for her and suggested he might show the pictures in Paris. And she had felt that, for the first time, her three children were "entirely" with her. "My son Monty came up to the scratch, enjoyed the fight with the police—said: *de l'audace et encore de l'audace!*"

On July 14, Lawrence wrote to Dorothy Warren, telling her to compromise with the police rather than permit his pictures to be burned: "There is something sacred to me about my pictures, and I will not have them burnt, for all the liberty of England. I am an Englishman, and I do my bit for the liberty of England. But I am most of all a man, and my first creed is that my manhood and my sincere utterance shall be inviolate and beyond nationality or any other limitation. To admit that my pictures should be burned, in order to change an English law, would be to admit that sacrifice of life to circumstance which I most strongly disbelieve in." And: "No more crucifixions, no more martyrdoms, no more *autos da fé*, as long as time lasts, if I can prevent it. Every crucifixion starts a most deadly chain of karma, every martyr is a Laocoön snake to tangle up the human family. Away with such things."

Lawrence was well enough to leave for Germany on July 16. This is probably the departure Douglas remembered wryly in *Looking Back*: Lawrence invited Orioli and Douglas to a farewell luncheon, ordered expensive food and wine, then suddenly cried out that he and Frieda would miss the train. Douglas should have been prepared for a trick—he had recently induced Lawrence to pay for some drinks for him and Orioli ("the surest way to win his respect was to make him suffer small losses of this kind")—but in the scramble Douglas picked up the bill.

Lawrence did not mention it again at the station, Douglas recalled, "and as the train moved out I thought to detect—it may have been imagination on my part—the phantom of a smile creeping over his wan face."

From Baden-Baden, Lawrence wrote Orioli on July 22 that perhaps the first draft of *Lady Chatterley* could be published by Secker and Knopf: "I believe it has hardly any fucks or shits, and no address to the penis, in fact hardly any root of the matter at all." Orioli had the manuscript: "I wish you would glance at the so-called hot parts and see how hot they are. I'm sure they're hardly warm. And I'm sure I could expurgate the few flies out of that virgin ointment—whereas *our* Lady C. I cannot, absolutely cannot even begin to expurgate." A week later he wrote from a place higher in the mountains, the Kurhaus Plättig (bei Bühl), to which Frieda and her mother had hauled him:

I have corrected the [Lasca] proofs and am sending them back at once. Will you just glance through them.

Yes, I had Dorothy's long and senseless letter: but only one card, from Aldous, none from you.—I can't be bothered with the Victor Cunard nonsense of telephones. The case of the pictures is postponed until August 8th, so nothing to do till then. Fancy, Secker could not supply all his orders for that swindling 250 edition [of *Pansies*, expurgated]—over-subscribed. He is now selling the third thousand of the ordinary 10/6 edit.—good for poetry.

Don't bother to send on the *Dials*. By the way, those are the last numbers, it is now dead.

I shall send you Jonathan Cape's "Collected Poems" of mine, for you to keep for me with my books.—Heinemann is doing *The Man Who Loved Islands* in an expensive edition, and giving me £300 down.—The Random Press doing that Introduction to the Paris *Lady C* at \$4. a copy: swindle, such a little thing!—Lahr will have his *Pansies* [unexpurgated] ready this week, but I ask him not to let them out till after August 8th when the pictures will be tried—they are still in prison. Dorothy continues the show—foolishly—

It rains and rains here, and is bitter cold. I have to lie under the great feather bolster on my bed, to be warm. I have got a cold, and I simply hate it here. We shall go down in a day or two—and perhaps to Bavaria—or perhaps to Como. I wish I was in Florence, it is so cold and awful here.

Titus doesn't want me to do an expurgated Lady C.—everybody else does.

Send me all the news.

Compton Mackenzie blocked that Heinemann edition of "The Man Who Loved Islands," with the three hundred pounds' advance for Lawrence—which hardly improved Lawrence's temper. The *Collected Poems* seem, however, to have given him some satisfaction, for although some of the British reviews of the preceding autumn had been cool, the American critics were that summer praising the book in New York and treating Lawrence as an important poet. In London, Humbert Wolfe in the *Observer* wrote one of the typically antithetical ("genius, but") reviews that characterized the attitude toward him of his fellow-writers in England: Lawrence was volcanic, Wolfe said, and although he could write lines unmatched "elsewhere in English verse for naked force and untamed essence," the expression was nevertheless "lava and not the fertilizing ray of light. The countryside, after it has passed, is blank and blasted." Murry, too, was antithetical in *Adelphi*, finding fault with many of the poems, particularly the later ones, though also finding the total achievement "prodigiously impressive." In America in that summer of John Gould Fletcher in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Percy Hutchinson in the New York *Times*, Louis Untermeyer in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and Harriet Monroe in *Poetry* responded more friendly to the *Collected Poems*, though occasionally the antithetical tone sounded in the American reviews too. Fletcher's praise was warm: "Of all the poets who in the present day have written about love, none have written better than D. H. Lawrence." It was his old friend Harriet Monroe who was the coolest among the American reviewers: he was "capable of sheer beauty," though a very careless technician. If Amy Lowell had been alive, she would have pumped up more enthusiasm than this. But Harriet Monroe felt that in revising his earlier poems, many of which had first appeared in *Poetry*, he damaged them—a point which has been persuasively argued against by Phyllis Bartlett in *PMLA* for and by Richard Ellmann in his essay on Lawrence's poetry in *The Achievement of D. H. Lawrence*.

While the American reviews were appearing that summer, the chilled Lawrence on his mountain height had begun a new series of poems, in the same style as *Pansies* but named after a thorny plant, as he told Orioli in a bitter letter:¹¹

If it's nice on Como, you might come and join us there!—Still rainy and cold here.

The MS. of *Lady C* came yesterday—many thanks for sending it. Of course I still don't want to make a castrato public edition, and doubt if I shall bring myself to do it. If the dirty public haven't the guts to get hold of the existing edition, let them do without. Why should I trim myself down to make it easy for the swine! I loathe the gobbling public anyhow.—I shall not in any case send this MS. to England—shall send it back to you. Now I am sending the Amer. *Collected Poems* for you to keep for me.

It has rained and been bitter cold all the time we have been up here on this beastly mountain, and I have hated it, and only stayed because my mother-in-law got into a frenzy at the thought of going down, because she says it does her so much good here and gives her so much strength—es gibt mir Kraft, Kraft!—She is 78, and is in a mad terror for fear she might die; and she would see me or anyone else die ten times over, to give her a bit more strength to drag on a few more meaningless years. It is so ugly and so awful, I nearly faint. I have never felt so down, so depressed and ill, as I have here, these ten days: awful! What with that terrible old woman, the icy wind, the beastly black forest, and all the depressing and fat guests—really, one wonders that anyone should be so keen to live, under such circumstances. I know I'm not.

But tomorrow we are going down, and it will be better. We shall stay a week or so in the

Hotel Löwen, Lichtenthal bei Baden Baden[.]

It is better there—I can sit in the Gaststube where the men come in from the village to drink their beer and smoke their pipes, and I can escape a bit this awful atmosphere of old women who devour the life of everything around them. Truly old and elderly women are ghastly, ghastly, eating up all life with hoggish greed, to keep themselves alive. They don't mind who else dies. I know my mother-in-law would secretly gloat, if I died at 43 and she lived on at 78. She would feel an ugly triumph. It is this kind of thing which does kill one.

I think we shall stay in the Löwen about a week, then come south again to Lake Como. I feel I can't stand much more Germany. It's given me a bad blow this time.—Take care of Mumsey, I believe she kills one's life too.

Don't sent [*sic*] me Lorenzo di Medici till I get somewhere where I am more at ease and cheerful. At present I can do *nothing*: except

write a few stinging Pansies which this time are *Nettles*. I shall call them nettles.

Do see what there is at Impruneta. And the fattore at the Villa Mirenda told Frieda last autumn that he knew of lots of nice villas she would like. He seemed a decent man. Carlo could get his name and address from the Salvestrini.

Lawrence usually got on better than that with his mother-in-law, of whom he was very fond. But Frieda, in her candid biography, admits: "Only the last time, when my mother was so frail and old herself, being with Lawrence who was so very ill, they got on each other's nerves." The old Baronin did outlive Lawrence, but she grieved over him and all he had meant to Frieda, who wrote, "I think after Lawrence's death her desire to live left her." Lawrence had less than seven months to live after that mountaintop ordeal, and he seems never again, in that time, to have written the "*schwiegermutter*": a few days after the return to Baden-Baden, he complained to Else of "Weisheit der Alten!—nineteenth century lies."

He had come down from the heights on August 3, just five days before the case of his pictures came up before Magistrate Frederick Mead, aged eighty-two. And Herbert G. Muskett, the expert-without-credentials who had helped crush *The Rainbow*, reappeared in the guise of an art critic to brand the pictures as "gross, coarse, hideous, unlovely, and obscene." With this on record, the magistrate felt justified in barring the accredited experts for the defense: Augustus John, Glyn Philpot, and William Rothenstein. But the defense counsel, St. John Hutchinson, was at least permitted to lament, "We have to wait until with a so-called advanced government in power, to see this new form of censorship set up in this country." When Hutchinson referred to the Venus in the Dulwich Gallery, Magistrate Mead cut in to say, "It is a serious thing to compare these pictures with the Dulwich Venus." He granted that Hutchinson had argued most convincingly, but to no avail, for "the most splendidly painted picture in the universe might be obscene." He somehow did not get round to pronouncing Lawrence's pictures legally obscene, for Hutchinson offered to withdraw them, with the assurance they would not be shown again; the gallery owners would ship them back to Lawrence. So the police did not burn the paintings after all.

But the newspapers went on suggesting Lawrence was an obscene monster, and he complained, as usual, and with justification, that he had no redress. And he turned his anger loose in the *Nettles* verses and

in some of the poems that later appeared in the "More Pansies" section of *Last Poems*. One of these attacked the art critic, T. W. Earp, who had spoken condescendingly of the paintings in the *New Statesman*, drawing from Lawrence the riposte that began, "I heard a little chicken chirp: / My name is Thomas, Thomas Earpl!"—who could not paint or write, but could tell others what to do. Other victims of these verses were "Mr. Mead, that old, old lily," the *London Mercury* and its editor J. C. Squire, and even (in "13,000 People") the visitors to the gallery, whose gigglings and whose staring "at the spot where the fig-leaf just was not" prompted Lawrence to write, "But why, I ask you? Oh tell me why? / Aren't they made quite the same, then, as you and I?" In such poems, Lawrence shot out anger for anger's sake as he rarely did in the great range of his work. Occasionally before, he had expressed a kind of *representative* anger, as when he spoke for all sensitive men in the war chapters of *Kangaroo*, but it was only in the *Nettles* and a few of the *Pansies* that he gave way to petulant exasperation. But by the end of his life he had had years of being sorely provoked. And sometimes he was made out to seem far worse than he was, as a letter to Charles Lahr from Florence on July 9, shows; Lahr had sent him the review of *Pansies* by Sylvia Lynd, whose husband had years before helped destroy *The Rainbow*; now Lawrence wrote Lahr: "You might get somebody to write to Daily News and ask if Sylvia Lynd made the misquotation on purpose

Don't make it in ghastly seriousness
(Don't) do it because you hate people

the *Don't* omitted from her quot.—which gives an ugly face to the thing. That's the way they do me harm all the time."

At this time Lawrence wrote to Hilda Doolittle, who had asked him for some recent poems for the *Imagist Anthology* she was helping to edit, and who had apparently suggested a meeting:"

Your note this morning—here are a few bits—the typed poems crossed out in red are omitted from Secker's *Pansies*—these bits I have written out from some oddments. I have changed a word or two in the typed poems, to make them possible. Now do as you like—take or leave what you like.—You won't really like any of them, but you can't get blood out of a stone.

"We're here for another ten days or so, I expect, then really I must go

south. My cough is a great nuisance, and it is very damp and steamy here in Baden—not good weather.

Where we shall be in the autumn I don't know—but probably somewhere in Italy.—But now it's more than ten years since we met, and what should we have to say? God knows! Nothing, really. It's no use saying anything. That's my last conviction. Least said, soonest mended: which assumes that the breakage has already happened.

Douglas is in Australia, not very well and not happy. Arabella I hear is in Paris—she's not in a good way at all, poor Arabella.

"Poor Arabella": in Lawrence's letters and in his fiction he always shows her as grieving, in opposition to the cheerful Brigit Patmore. As for H. D., "it's no use saying anything"—though in spite of Lawrence's rebuff she used six of his poems in the book she was editing with Aldington, from whom she was separated. Lawrence sometimes turned coldly away from people because of their past actions; it was not often he cut so cruelly into possibilities, using folk-proverbs in the process and assuming "the break has already happened." Actually, Lawrence mistrusted H. D.'s loyalty: although he did not hold grudges, he could not forget that, in a quarrel with some American friends of them both a few years before, H. D. had taken the opposite side.

At Baden-Baden that summer, Lawrence took treatments for asthma, and Frieda had her ankle massaged daily. On August 12, Lawrence told Orioli:^u "Last night Frieda celebrated her 50th birthday—a party of nine, and Bowls, Trout, Duck—very good." On the 24th:^u "We leave in the morning for Bavaria. I don't know why I've been so sore and miserable here. I think too many large German women of heavy years sitting on my chest." He had heard from Maria Cristina Chambers, who had "had a terrible time landing in New York—sent to Ellis Island like a criminal, and all that. But now she's buzzing around." On the same day he wrote Charles Lahr:^u "Why don't we start a little fortnightly magazine, about ten pages and about as big as this sheet of paper—called *The Squib*—and just fire off squibs in it. Do let's do that. Get Davies to help, and a few spunky people, and let us put crackers under their chairs, and a few bent pins under their bottoms. It could be done quite cheap, and without any pretensions—and we can have *noqms de plume*—a bit of fun!"

In Bavaria the Lawrences settled into a little house beside the inn at Rottach-am-Tegernsee, near Max Mohr's farm-home, *Wulfgrube*. On August 30 Lawrence told Orioli:^u "Here we are up among the moun-

tains again. It is quite beautiful, and very peaceful, cows and haymaking and apples on tall old apple-trees, dropping so suddenly. We eat in the little inn—such a smell of cows—and it's quite nice." But he still thought of returning to Italy. And he mentioned Frederick Carter: "I am writing to a man I used to know in the past, about a book of his, *The Dragon of the Apocalypse*[.] in my opinion very interesting. I think you might publish it one day." Carter wrote back to explain that the "Dragon" book Lawrence had heard of was not the study of the Apocalypse whose manuscript Lawrence had read, but *The Dragon of the Alchemists*, a collection of designs originally made for the other book, with some notes. Lawrence wrote Carter on August 30: "Mistrustful of your second version, coming a few steps down the ladder, to more comprehensible levels," though he believed "we could put the Dragon across—500 or even 1000 copies at two guineas"; they would "make Stephensen or Random House print it—if not, we'd do it with Orioli in Florence"; and there was a suggestion of collaboration: "If you like, I'll add what I can to the notes—or even take yours over and write them up." He hoped Carter's designs would not be "too gnashingly baroque. You are more sincere when writing than when drawing, I believe."

The resumption of that correspondence was important, for it led to Lawrence's writing of his own last book, *Apocalypse*, on the French coast in the next winter. Meanwhile, at Rottach, he wrote one of his most important polemics, *Pornography and Obscenity*, and returned to lyrical poetry. And he tried a health cure, about which he wrote Orioli in a letter which also mentioned Dorothy Warren and her husband (the Trotters), who had continued exhibiting those paintings of his which the police had not seized:"

Here are the proofs of the Notes [for Lasca], and now for the moment addio! a Anton Francesco, and may heaven smile on him.

Glad you have the gramophone. Does it play loudly and scratchily, or soft and smooth? I don't really like them.

I have been doing my cure—first taking arsenic and phosphorous twice a day. This made me feel I was *really* being poisoned, so I gave it up. Now I am only doing the diet—no salt, and much raw fruit and vegetables, and porridge in place of bread. I must say I don't feel much better—in fact I have been rather worse these last two weeks. Perhaps it is the altitude doesn't suit me. The place itself is very nice, and everybody charming, but I feel rather rotten. I know I shall be better when

we come lower down. But that would be foolish while the heat wave lasts. I hear there is a heat wave everywhere—and even here it is close and rather heavy, but not hot. Today has come cloudy, so I expect the weather will soon break. And then no doubt it will turn cold, so we shall want to come down. But we can take a motor-car to Jenbach, which is near Innsbruck, so we shall soon be down in Verona.

And I am still waiting to hear from the Trotters about meeting them in Venice. They are perfect demons to have anything to do with: never answer, never come to the point. The picture-show is still going on. I feel it is all bewitched.—They wanted us to meet them in Venice and stay in Victor Cunard's palazzo. I don't know Victor Cunard. Still, if they *are* going to Venice, then we will go too, in order to get hold of them and make some sort of settlement about the pictures. And if we go, then *do* come too. It would be great fun. I shall let you know immediately I hear from the Trotters, where we are to meet them.

No, the Squanci villa doesn't sound much good. I don't want to share with a padrone or a padrona, and the thought of a common kitchen makes me shudder. No! no!—have you spoken with the fattore of the Mirenda yet? I believe he would really know something. And we might ask the estate agents just across the Anno there—I forget their name.—Otherwise we might, when we come, try Lerici, on the Golfo di Spezia. We once spent a winter there, and liked it. How difficult it seems—and I haven't the energy of a mouse, just now.

I suppose Frieda told you her foot is better—she limps a little out of habit, nothing else. The bone-setter came from a neighbouring village—just a well-to-do contadino. He felt with his thumb, said: Yes, it's out!—gave a shove, and it was done, in less than a minute. The bone was resting on the side of the socket, and couldn't slip back into place. And the socket was filling in, in a couple of months she would have been lame for life. And I paid 12 guineas to the specialist in Park Lane, and there is a bill in Baden Baden. So much for doctors! a great fraud.

Well, dear Pino, I shall be glad to come south and to see you. Let's hope I shall revive a bit, for there's not much use for me here.
[P.S.] Remember me to Douglas—and Reggie.

That arsenic-vegetation "cure" had been prescribed by a doctor Mohr brought out from Munich. One day at Rottach, Lawrence had been so ill that Frieda feared he was dying. But the sudden appearance, at her behest, of Mohr brought him out of bed. That evening at *Wulfsgarbe*, when Lawrence was playing with the Mohrs' child, Frieda

quietly asked the parents whether they were not worried lest Lawrence infect the little girl. But Mohr denied the possibility, for how could anyone "believe that any harm can come from Lorenzo? . . . from his person, from his work, from his sickness, from his troubles, from his sharp criticism of our times. Behind everything there stood and stands forever the powerful and saving magic of his life." But Lawrence did consent to try the treatment of Mohr's friend, an ex-priest who now conducted a clinic in Munich and believed in the special diet. Perhaps Anthony West was right in his book on Lawrence when he said that Lawrence fell into the clutches of "a Bavarian dietetic quack," who with his assistant "might as well have beaten him and had done with it; when he went south for the winter to Bandol, he was near death."

Before leaving Rottach, Lawrence wrote "Glory of Darkness," the first of his death poems and one of the finest of all his poems; it later became "Bavarian Gentians": "Not every man has gentians in his house / in soft September, at slow, sad Michaelmas"—the gentians that darkened "the day-time torch-like with the smoking blueness of Pluto's gloom" and were "black lamps from the halls of Dis." The mine-haunted poet invoked the resurrection-vegetation myth:

Reach me a gentian, give me a torch
 let me guide myself with the blue, forked torch of
 this flower
 down the darker and darker stairs, where blue is
 darkened on blueness.
 Even where Persephone goes, just now, from the
 frosted September
 To the sightless realm where darkness is awake upon
 the dark
 and Persephone herself is but a voice
 or a darkness invisible enfolded in the deeper dark
 of the arms Plutonic, and pierced with the passion
 of dense gloom,
 among the splendour of torches of darkness, shedding
 darkness on the lost bride and her groom.

V

Lawrence's proposed journey to Venice did not materialize. As he wrote Orioli from Rottach on September 11:¹¹ "There was a telegram from the Trotters last night—they are in Würzburg, about five hours from here, and are on their way to that place in Hungary where they buy that beastly jade—and they say they are writing and sending a cheque. Which means of course that they don't want to see me, because

they don't want to answer my questions. So they are slipping past." The doctors had warned him not to go to Florence at that time, though he felt he and Frieda must return there to get the trunks she had left behind on her last visit. By the 23rd the Lawrences were at Bandol again, at the Beau Rivage, and within a week they had taken the six-room Beau Soleil, about which Lawrence wrote Enid Hilton on October 5:¹¹ "We are here in this bungalow villa—not bad, right on the sea—and a nice woman to cook . . . It has been sunny as usual here, but this morning heavy rain . . . Now the sea is blue again, and the terrace full of light, so I'll get up—having written a newspaper article—and it's nearly noon."

He told Enid Hilton, the Brewsters, and Else Jaffe, in letters at this time, that he had not been able to breathe in Germany: the "north was full of death." On October 4 he wrote to Else, "Now it has killed Stresemann—whom will it not kill?—everybody except the Hindenburgs and the old women in the Stifts." The South was better: "I still love the Mediterranean, it still seems as young as Odysseus, in the morning." Under the spell of that sea, he was writing the verses of *Last Poems*:

Little islands out at sea, on the horizon
keep suddenly showing a whiteness, a flash and a furl, a hail
of something coming, ships a-sail from over the rim of the sea . . .
(from "The Greeks Are Coming!")

Now the sea is the Argonauts' sea, and in the dawn
Odysseus calls the commands, as he steers past the foamy islands
wait, wait don't bring the coffee yet, nor the *pain grillé*.
The dawn is not off the sea, and Odysseus' ships
have not yet passed the islands. I must watch them still.
(from "The Argonauts")

In a letter to Maria Huxley, Lawrence described that coast and said, "Here, to me, it is something like Sicily, Greek, or pre-Roman." And the mythology of his poems of the time is Greek. One of the most striking of them, "Middle of the World," is a return to the *symboliste* mode, and, without being didactic it conveys much of the Lawrencean philosophy. Here is the poem:

This sea will never die, neither will it ever grow old
nor cease to be blue, nor in the dawn
cease to lift up its hills
and let the slim black ship of Dionysus come sailing in
with grape-vines up the mast, and dolphins leaping.
What do I care if the smoking ships

of the P. & O. and the Orient Line and all the other stinkers
cross like clock-work the Minoan distance!
They only cross, the distance never changes.

And now that the moon who gives me glistening bodies
is in her exaltation, and can look down on the sun
I see descending from the ships at dawn
slim naked men from Cnossos, smiling the archaic smile
of those that will without fail come back again,
and kindling little fires upon the shores
and crouching, and speaking the music of lost languages.

And the Minoan Gods, and the Gods of Tiryns
are heard softly laughing and chatting, as ever;
and Dionysus, young, and a stranger
leans listening at the gate, in all respect.

Max Mohr came to visit the Lawrences and stayed at the Goëlands Hotel from late in September till the beginning of the third week in October. Lawrence told Maria Huxley on September 29 that Mohr was "like a bewildered seal rolling around." The Brewsters, whose daughter was now at school in England, arrived before Mohr left, and began looking for a house in Bandol. They puzzled Mme. Douillet of the Beau Rivage, who asked Lawrence: "Pourquoi, Monsieur, pourquoi mangent-ils comme ça? C'est manger sans vouloir manger, n'est-ce pas?" Lawrence told her solemnly, "Voyez-vous, ils sont Bouddhistes, les dévotés du dieu Bouddha, de l'Inde." The Brewsters eventually rented a villa, the Château Brun, about five miles away from the Lawrences' place. They met Carter at the train when he came down for a visit—Lawrence was not well enough—and took him to the Beau Soleil, where Carter saw, after six years, how "the sharp-shouldered figure was exaggerated now to the extreme of fragility." The bright color had gone from his hair and beard, whose redness had darkened, and the voice had become weary, but the eyes remained bright.

That autumn, Lawrence was happy over the success of *Pornography and Obscenity* in England. Published by T. S. Eliot's firm, Faber and Faber, in the same pamphlet series as Lord Brentford's (Jix's) apologia for censorship, Lawrence's essay was a far greater seller; by December 9, he could report to Orioli that it was selling 12,000 copies a week. Lawrence in *Pornography and Obscenity* mocked at Jix's pronouncements, though for the most part the essay is a discussion of the "shock" words Lawrence thought preferable to the "rubbing of the dirty little secret" by smoking-room stories and the "half-way" literature that Law-

rence the puritan disliked. Ultimately, he hoped, "even the general public will desire to look the thing in the face, and see for itself the difference between the sneaking masturbation pornography of the press, the film, and present-day popular literature, and then the creative portrayals of the sexual impulse that we have in Boccaccio or the Greek vase-paintings or some Pompeiian art, and which are necessary for the fulfillment of our consciousness." It was perhaps the popular success of this pamphlet that encouraged Lawrence to expand his "Jolly Roger" introduction to the Paris *Lady Chatterley* by five times its original length. The result, *A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which the Mandrake Press published in June, was the finest of all his pronouncements on the subject of sex, literature, and censorship, striking once again the great Lawrencean chord: "Life is only bearable when the mind and the body are in harmony, and there is a natural balance between them, and each has a natural respect for the other."

These essays are grand statements on a grandly important subject. The meaner side of Lawrence kept trying to express itself in his proposed *Squib*, about which he continued to write Lahr: "K. [Koteliansky] thinks the Squib is a bad idea—perhaps it is. Perhaps one would collect only a little bunch of not very nice people." (from Rottach.)

And: "No, I don't want to fill a Squib all with myself. I *don't* want to figure prominently." (From Bandol, October 7.) And: "I feel the Squib is not going to go off. There *must* be more than me to it." (From Bandol, October 11.) As with *Pansies*, which Lawrence used in the double sense of the flowers and of thoughts (with a suggestion, too, of wounds), he thought of his *Squib* not only in the sense of fire-cracker but also of lampoon. In the unpublished letter of October 7, Lawrence told Lahr, "I mentioned the subject to Aldous Huxley, but he is both cautious and timid." Yet in *Vanity Fair* for November, Huxley made an uncautious and untimid defense of Lawrence's paintings and other work (Rebecca West had similarly spoken out for him in another American magazine, the *Bookman*, two months earlier); Huxley saw Lawrence as the "crusader of . . . the reuniting of animal and thinker"; since "our reflexes have been wrongly conditioned," Huxley said, we should "get used to being shocked, until the conditioning is undone." Public voices raised in Lawrence's behalf were extremely scarce then, yet in his December 18 letter to Orioli, Lawrence complained of Huxley: "I shall never ask him for anything, neither for myself nor anybody else, any more. He takes not the slightest notice. He annoys me.—I doubt if you will ever get anything out of him." But this

was only a temporary lapse into petulance, for within five days Lawrence wrote to thank Huxley for a volume of reproductions by Maillol, who had "a certain tender charm." And Huxley and Lawrence remained good friends, to the last. As for the *Squib*, its only explosion was a tiny one, in a four-page pamphlet Lahr printed in a private, limited edition containing Lawrence's mocking "biography" of "Murry (born 1889), with reference to his book on Jesus: "John Middleton was born in the year of the Lord 1891? It happened also to be the most lying year of the most lying century since time began, but what is that to an innocent babel" Or, one might sadly ask, to a dying man?

In his unpublished December 18 letter to Orioli, Lawrence had asked whether Orioli had heard of the suicide the week before, in a New York hotel, of Harry Crosby, who had shot a young woman companion before killing himself: "Very horrible—the last sort of cocktail excitement. The wife is on her way back to Paris already with the ashes (his only) in a silver jar.—He had always been *too* rich and spoilt: nothing to do but commit suicide. It depressed me very much." The letter Lawrence wrote Caresse Crosby the following month was full of tenderness ("Don't you try to recover yourself too soon—it is much better to be stunned and blind for a little time longer"); he said Harry Crosby "had a real poetic gift—if only he hadn't tried to disintegrate himself so! This disintegrating spirit, and the tangled sound of it, makes my soul weary to death." He said his own chest had let him down, but that his nerves were "so healthy," whereas Harry Crosby, with his healthy body had sick nerves: "So there we are. Life and death in all of us!" In October he had written Mabel Luhan that when people got angry at one another, it was not their true selves functioning, but a mysterious imposition from the outside: "I think these violent antipathies between people are in themselves a sign of nervous imbalance." In January he wrote Mrs. Luhan to say further, "For my own part, though I am perhaps *more* irascible, being more easily irritable, not being well, still, I think I am more inwardly tolerant and companionable. Anyhow, people's little oddities don't frighten me any more: even their badnesses." Earl Brewster who, during those last months of Lawrence's life, used to massage him with coconut oil, has said that "during this time he gained a great tranquility." And his poem, "The Ship of Death," written on that coast in those months, reflects that tranquility:

. . . The grim frost is at hand, when the apples will fall
thick, almost thunderous, on the hardened earth.
And death is on the air like a smell of ashes!

Oh build your ship of death. Oh build it!
for you will need it.
For the voyage of oblivion awaits you.

There was one more book to be written: *Apocalypse*, Lawrence's last hymn to the sun. It is a vital book—though it seemed a miracle, to those who had seen Lawrence in those last years, that he was able to write at all. But, despite pain, and the definite symptoms that his disease was consuming him, he spoke and wrote, to the last day of his life, as if he would go on living.

His interest in the Apocalypse was almost life-long, from the days of his childhood in the miners' bethel. The theosophy he had learned from reading James Pryse and Mme. Blavatsky provided him with materials for a re-examination of Christianity, and the correspondence with Carter, begun in New Mexico in 1922, increased his interest in Apocalyptic symbols. After Lawrence revived this correspondence in the summer of 1925, he wrote a number of letters which, published in full along with the earlier ones to the same correspondent, would make an excellent preface to a reprint of *Apocalypse*. Excerpts from some of

the letters will show how thorough Lawrence's interest in the subject was:¹¹

(October 1) We will make a joint book. I want very much to put into the world again the big old pagan vision, before the *idea* and the concept of personality made everything so small and tight as it is now. . . . (October 10) Let the damned dead fuddled scholars be scholastic—what we want is the magic of the deep world . . . I do hate John's Jewish nasal sort of style—so uglily moral, condemning other people—prefer the way Osiris rises, or Adonis or Dionysus—not as Messiahs giving "heaven" to the "good"—but life-bringers for the good and bad alike—like the falling rain—on the just and unjust—who gives a damn—like the sun . . . (October 29) Personally, I don't care much about the bloody Revelations, and whether they have any order or not. But they are a very useful start for other excursions. I love the pre-Christian heavens—the planets that became such a prison of the consciousness—and the usual year of the Zodiac. But I like the heavens best *pre-Orphic*, before there was any "fall" of the soul . . . (November 7) I rather wish you would do a bit of purely astronomical and astrological explanation—the planets, their signs, metals, qualities etc.—the zodiac, and its signs: the meaning of the Houses—and the exaltation and fall—and the ecliptic, and the inclination of the ecliptic to the horizon: those simple things which ordinary people *don't know*, even the people who are going to read this book . . .

Near the end of the year, Lawrence reported that he had "roughly" completed the introduction to Carter's book, and provided Carter with current news of Bandol:"

Thanks for Enoch, who came yesterday. I have read a good deal of him, and some parts are rather nice.

I have roughly finished my introduction, and am going over it, working it a bit into shape. I'm hoping I can get Brewster's daughter to type it—she comes this week.—God knows what anybody will think of it. When you have done your chapter, send me a copy.—I'll send Enoch back.

We've had the most beautiful weather lately—brilliant sunny days, and warm. This morning is another calm and lovely morning.—The Brewsters are still in the hotel—had no money to go to their house with—not a sou even to pay the hotel: but thank goodness, some has come at last—or almost come—so are a little nearer. Today the grand piano is being sent up from Toulon, and they are going to welcome it. It will be the first piece of furniture in the *chateau!*—all alone.—We are quite a party—Mr and Mrs di Chiara, from Capri, are in the hotel—also Mrs Eastman, from New Mexico. They all troop along to tea, so the Beau Soleil resounds with voices, and the cat goes away in disgust.

We are fairly well—a little better.—I was sorry to hear from Charlie Lahr of his motor-accident. What a world!

In the week before Christmas, the villa had a tempest in a fishbowl. The yellow "marmelade" cat who had adopted Lawrence ("I never knew a French cat before—*sang-froid*, will of his own, *aimable*, but wasting no emotion") got at the two goldfish Mme. Douillet of the Beau Rivage had presented "pour amuser Monsieur." The cat, Mickey Beausoleil, killed one fish and wounded the other. Lawrence's report to Max Mohr on December 19 showed how he could still touch animals to life with a penstroke: "I spanked M. Beausoleil well, and he twisted round at me like a Chinese dragon, so I spanked him some more. Now he wants to *kosen*, but I refuse. He is in disgrace!"

Harwood Brewster, now seventeen, arrived from England on that same day with hampers of food from Lawrence's sisters. She typed out his introduction to Carter's *Dragon* book, but it proved to be too long, and Lawrence put it aside. He then wrote a shorter one which, however, did not appear in Carter's *Dragon of the Apocalypse*. But this "introduction" did turn up, under that name, in the London *Mercury* a

few months after Lawrence's death . This is a fine essay on Apocalypse, with some important remarks on symbols, whose power, Lawrence felt, "is to arouse the deep emotional self, and the dynamic self, beyond comprehension. Many ages of accumulated experience still throb within a symbol. And we throb in response."

Lawrence apparently never turned again to the "abandoned" introduction, which Orioli was the first to publish as *Apocalypse*. Lawrence in this found Christianity to be a religion for "aristocrats of the spirit," with a dualistic conflict between its strong commands and its counsels of meekness. To him, Revelation was the great cry of the weak against the strong, consequently still popular among the lowly: he remembered the colliers and their wives in chapel seeing whorish Babylon as the wicked modern cities they wanted to devastate in terms of the grandiloquent images of destruction provided by Revelation—then the destroyers, the "saved," could from a splendid heaven gloat over the fallen. This attitude disgusted Lawrence, for it had helped to make the gospel of love into the gospel of hate. His conclusion was that man cannot exist in separateness, for he is part of nature and of the human community. At the point where he stopped writing *Apocalypse*, he wrote one of the most important passages in all his work, showing how everything he had ever written came from a deep sense of the unity of all life—the passage that begins, "What man wants most passionately is his living wholeness and his living unison, not his own isolate salvation of his 'soul,'" and that ends, "What we want to destroy is our false, inorganic connections, especially those related to money, and re-establish the living organic connections, with the cosmos, the sun and earth, with mankind and nation and family. Start with the sun, and the rest will slowly, slowly happen."

Lawrence wrote Carter for the last time on February 4, just before he left Bandol. On a postcard that had on its front side the snarling picture of a tiger's head, Lawrence said he was returning Carter's manuscript; he was in bed and "probably going this week into a sanatorium. No luck. Have not finished my longer essay on Revelation—and am abandoning it. Perhaps you'd do better if you offered a shorter MS. Best of luck."

Achsa Brewster has reported that Lawrence enjoyed himself at a New Year's luncheon given by the di Chiaras, old friends from Capri (like Nan del Torre in *Aaron's Rod*, Anna di Chiari was American). Lawrence, at their luncheon at Bandol, "lingered overlong, and

walked to the village to sit down in a cutting wind. From that time on he steadily lost flesh."

At the end of January, learning that Orioli was also ill, Lawrence wrote him:"

Douglas said you were ill, but he didn't say how or what. I do hope it isn't bad. I expect you got yourself thoroughly upset Christmassing at Nice and Menton. When you were here I knew from your voice that you were knocking yourself up. Why are you so silly? Why do you think you want to razzle and drink like Douglas? It doesn't agree with you—and you are only miserable. Remember that by family you are born moral, and so you'll always be miserable when you go off the hooks. You'll merely kill yourself if you try to live up to Douglas' festive standards. You're not made that way.

There's a preach!—and all the time, here I'm in bed too. The doctor says I must stay in bed for two months['] absolute rest—no work—no seeing people—then perhaps go to the ranch.—Frieda's daughter Barbara is here—her sister has just gone away. My sisters come in about a fortnight.

The Huxleys are in England, as *Point Counter Point* is being made into a play—first night tomorrow—and Aldous seems to be enjoying himself, figuring among the actors and actresses, and being *It*.

Ask Carletto to send me a line to say how you are.

Lawrence dreaded that proposed visit of his sisters, with again the reminders of the Midlands and all the provincial shackles. Even the faithful Ada—Catherine Carswell noted that Lawrence "did not truly want to see Ada then"—without Emily would be too much; she had to be put off, in a letter of February 3 announcing that he was planning to go into a sanatorium at Vence: "But you won't want to come here when I'm in Vence, and they will let me have visitors only twice a week. So wait a bit, till I'm walking about, and then come to Vence—they say it's nice there."

The sanatorium had been recommended by Dr. Morland. Before Dr. Morland went to the Côte d'Azur on a vacation trip with his wife, he had received warnings from Gertler and other friends of Lawrence's who had arranged the meeting, that Lawrence was hostile to the idea of medical treatment and that he not only might brusquely refuse such treatment but that in any event prescriptions must be precise and simple. Lawrence, his friends explained, often ignored the accompany-

ing directions, accepting only the parts that appealed to him and neglecting the rest.

But Dr. Morland found Lawrence pleasant and friendly as they took tea together at the Beau Soleil. "He lost no time in making us warmly welcome," Dr. Morland has recalled. "While his wife prepared tea he made the toast himself, treating the operation as though it were a serious matter and at the same time great fun." Lawrence and the doctor sat talking, and although Lawrence was "altogether charming and gently witty," the doctor soon realized that his host was tiring. The Morlands left, and the doctor arranged to return the next morning for a professional visit. Dr. Morland has recorded the result:

I found that although Lawrence had obviously been suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis for a very long time—probably ten or fifteen years—he had either never been properly advised about treatment or, much more likely, he had chosen to ignore most of the advice given while remembering a few unimportant details. I found him extremely emaciated, obviously very ill and needing bed rest of many months if he were to have a chance to arrest the disease. All he seemed to know about the treatment of tuberculosis was what he had learned from his friend Mark Gertler who had fully regained his health after some months in a sanatorium; the only lesson he could remember was that he should walk three or four miles every mornin~ and that he should drink a lot of milk. Lawrence had tried with pathetic determination to do these walks but recently they had been beyond his strength and he had taken to driving instead. He admitted to getting tired very quickly particularly when visited by admiring strangers from across the Atlantic.

Although the severity of his illness was clear I did not feel altogether hopeless as he had never given proper treatment a chance and his resistance to the disease must have been remarkable to enable him to survive so long while doing all the wrong things. My difficulty was how to arrange for him to have the medical supervision and surroundings he needed. His own idea was to get back to New Mexico but, quite apart from the immigration difficulties, he was so ill that I did not think he could survive the journey. He was strongly averse to treatment in either Switzerland or England and the only possibility seemed to lie in finding some reasonably suitable place not too far away. The Mediterranean Coast itself has a bad reputation for this type of case and the exposed situation of Bandol aggravated his bronchitis. I therefore recommended that he should move to a small sanatorium at Vence which is a well

situated resort about 1000 feet above sea level and some miles inland. Lawrence would have never tolerated a strict sanatorium but this one was more like a private hotel but with medical and nursing facilities available.

Dr. Morland had gone up to Vence and had written from there about the Ad Astra sanatorium. Lawrence in his answer still tried to evade the treatment and still called his affliction by the name of bronchitis:^a

Had your letter from Vence—many thanks—I don't much want to go *ad astra*. I lie still in bed—I don't do any work—see no-one, for there is no one to see, except my wife's daughter, who is staying with us; and by yesterday the bronchitis had subsided a lot—but it's come back a bit today again, probably the North Wind. If I make good progress as I am, I shan't go to Vence: if I don't I shall.

We are both very grateful to you for your advice, which I can see is sound. I should like to give you a signed copy of the first edition of *Lady Chatterley*—if you'd care for it. I can get a copy from Florence. But where shall I send it? to Mrs. Morland? What is her address in Mentone?

Shall report progress again next week.

But there was no progress to report. Brewster—who recalled that toward the end of his life, Lawrence no longer objected to the word *God* and said "I intend to find God: I wish to realize my relation with Him"—remembered that in one of their last conversations, Lawrence told him, "The hatred which my books have aroused comes back at me and gets me here"—(tapping his chest). "It seems there is an evil spirit in my body; if I get the better of it in one place it goes to another."

Frieda has written that "Lawrence always thought with horror of a sanatorium, we both thought with loathing of it. Freedom that he cherished so much!" She had never let him feel like an invalid, "Never should he feel like a poor sick thing as long as I was there and his spirit! Now we had to give in."

As they prepared to leave, Lawrence "with a set face" told Frieda to bring him all his papers; she brought them to his bed, and he tore up most of them, then "made everything tidy and neat and helped to pack

his own trunks, and I never cried." On the morning before he left, Lawrence sat up in bed correcting the proofs of *Nettles* while Mickey scratched unhappily outside the closed door. Lawrence looked up when Achsah Brewster came in: he said he would soon be back, to visit their pine grove, and she believed him.

The Lawrences left Beau Soleil in a car with Earl Brewster, whose wife remained in Bandol. She had taken Mickey the cat, and she saw the party off on that morning of February 6, loading their car with almond blossoms.

It was a five-hours' hard journey to Vence. They had to go by train between Toulon and Antibes, and Frieda has recalled that at the station in Toulon Lawrence "had to walk up and down stairs, wasting strength he could ill afford to waste." The train was so crowded that she had to arrange for a private compartment to Antibes, and in it she and Brewster stayed quietly, with the pale sick man in the shaking train. Brewster recalled that, in spite of depression and fatigue, Lawrence tried to keep the conversation lively on that day of intermittent sunlight. At Antibes they were met by a friend of Barbara Weekley's—Blair Hughes-Stanton—who took Lawrence and his party the rest of the way in a car.

On the drive up to Vence, "he talked and seemed very much himself," Brewster remembered. At last they came, high in the jagged mountains, to the flat little stone and plaster town among the vineyards, its one square tower rising above the redtile roofs.

A poet of eight centuries before, Peire Vidal of Toulouse, had written, in praise of the land most of which Lawrence had gone over on that day,

Qu'om no sap ton dous repaire
Com de Rozer tro qu'a Vensa . . .
(No journey is more beautiful
Than from the Rhône to Vence . . .)

Lawrence went to the Ad Astra sanatorium—To The Stars. But it was more like a hotel, Lawrence wrote Maria Huxley, "an hotel where a nurse takes your temperature and two doctors look at you once a week." The X-ray showed, he said, that "the lung has moved very little since Mexico, in five years." He still blamed everything on "the broncs," which were "awful": they had "inflamed my lower man, the ventre and the liver."

Dr. Morland, now back in London, received X-rays and reports. The

change at first "seemed to do a little good; in any case Lawrence wrote to me that he found the air better and that Frieda, his wife, was relieved at having him under proper care."

Lawrence's room was painted in what Brewster called "a deep overpowering blue," and Lawrence was grateful when Brewster "brought masses of orange-colored flowers to his room, counteracting those awful blue walls and making them recede somewhat." Lawrence liked the view, however, from his little balcony: he could see Cagnes in the distance, and the gleaming coastline, and the Mediterranean.

Frieda stayed at the Nouvel Hôtel in Vence and came up to the Ad Astra daily; but in the middle of February she returned to the Beau Soleil at Bandol, where Barbara had been staying, to pack everything and turn in the key of the villa. She and Barbara moved to the house the di Chiaras had just given up at Cagnes, less than half an hour by bus from Vence.

Lawrence had begun to feel "more chirpy" and hoped to get on his feet soon, though the sanatorium itself he found dull, "only French people convalescing and nothing in my line." He went down to lunch every day, two steep flights of stairs, but otherwise had to lie in bed, hoping he could soon "practice walking again." The French physicians, in opposition to Dr. Morland, believed that Lawrence should move about somewhat, not rest all the time; and Lawrence agreed with his new doctors: "A certain amount of movement is better." He wrote a postcard to Orioli, telling him: "Glad to hear you are better—*take care*, don't get really knocked up, like me.—The doctors think they can make me better fairly soon—I hope so, am so tired of this."

Yet he could still enjoy the colors of the southern spring, and the smell of the flowering plants; he told Maria Huxley, "The mimosa is all out, in clouds, like Australia, and the almond blossom very lovely." On good days he could sit in the garden, and he wrote Maria Huxley, "Perhaps we might have a few jolly days, if you come down—just jolly, like Diablerets."

The Huxleys were in London for the opening of *This Way to Paradise*, as Campbell Dixon, who dramatized it, called *Point Counter Point*. Lawrence hoped the play would be a money-making success, but it was not. Rebecca West, in her "Elegy" on Lawrence, has explained why the characters, so living in the novel, did not spring into life on the stage, though she felt that Mark Rampion did, and she reflected, "Even Aldous Huxley, who is so far above the rest of us, feels that he has to look up to Lawrence." After the fall of the curtain she suggested this to her companion, who said, "You know, Lawrence is dangerously

ill": Rebecca West answered at once, "Oh, I don't believe that, it's quite impossible"—for the world without Lawrence would be like Huxley's play without Rampion, "the best thing would then be gone."

Confined to bed, Lawrence did a good deal of reading. Brewster, who was surprised that Lawrence had not brought some books with him, looked for readable items in the sanatorium library and found some French translations of Scott. In regard to current items, Lawrence wrote to thank Laurence Pollinger for "*Mamba and the Chinese book*," on which he made no comment; his statement, "the girl at sea is a feeble fake," shows that Lawrence at once saw through one of the literary hoaxes of the time, Joan Lowell's purported sea adventures in *Cradle of the Deep*. And could his comment on a book by a man—"I'm sick of self-conscious young Americans posing before their own cameras"—refer to *Look Homeward, Angel*?

Lawrence also thanked Maria Huxley for other volumes sent from London: *Coréine*, on which he did not comment, and for "the Browning book," probably Osbert Burdett's *The Brownings* (1829), which he found "somewhat humiliating—bourgeois. The bourgeois at its highest level makes one squirm a bit."

At this time Brewster had to leave Vence to return to Bandol; he left reluctantly, expecting to return for another sojourn before going again to India. But Lawrence continued to have visitors in those last weeks. Ida Rauh had come on from Bandol to stay with Frieda and Barbara, and on February 27 the Aga Khan appeared, with his wife: "I liked him," Lawrence wrote Brewster, "—a bit of real religion." The Aga Khan again spoke of showing Lawrence's paintings at a private gallery in Paris; Lawrence telegraphed Dorothy Warren to hold the paintings, which the police had restored to her, rather than ship them to Vence.

H. G. Wells had visited Lawrence on February 24 and had told him that he had enjoyed sitting for the American sculptor Jo Davidson, and that Lawrence should let Davidson "do" his head. Wells, entertaining Davidson at his villa in Grasse, suggested that he go to Vence immediately to sculpt Lawrence: "I am not doing this for you but for him. You will surely do him good. I am sure he is not as ill as they think he is. You can cheer him up."

The hearty, bearded Davidson—a kind of minor league Augustus John—went with his wife the next morning to Vence instead of carrying out his original plan of leaving for Paris. Frieda welcomed the Davidsons and sent Jo Davidson upstairs, where he found Lawrence having lunch on a sunny balcony. He chatted with Davidson, who at

last reached for his clay and began to work. He asked Lawrence if he had ever modeled, and Lawrence said that he had tried plasticine, but that he had hated the touch and smell of the material. Davidson handed him some of the clay he was using, and Lawrence sat holding it, liking its coolness and cleanness. Davidson promised to send him some, for Lawrence said he hoped he could model some little animals.

After an hour, Lawrence sent Davidson down to get some lunch while he took a nap. Later, Davidson finished the work, with Lawrence sitting up in bed in his blue dressing gown. A few days later, in Paris, Davidson told Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney of the severity of Lawrence's illness, and she said, "Can't you call up Mrs. Lawrence or someone and tell them not to spare any expense?"—she would take care of that. Davidson telephoned to Wells, at Grasse, but by that time not even the money of a kind-hearted admirer could help Lawrence.

He had, after seeming to be better, sunk into illness again. He had come to dislike the sanatorium, and by the 20th of February felt he had "been rather worse here—think I have a bit of 'flu'—pain too. There's nothing in this place—I was better in Beau Soleil." And the next day he said, "I am rather worse here—such bad nights, and cough, and heart, and pain decidedly worse here—and miserable. Seems to me like gripe, but they say not. It's not a good place—shan't stay long—I'm better in a house—I'm miserable." Apparently on the same day, "Friday" [February 21], he wrote Orioli for the last time:"

Glad to hear you are better. I am not—rather worse. This place doesn't suit me—shan't stay long, perhaps another week. Feel wretched. Perhaps we shall take a house here for a short while.

Will you send me a copy of the first edition of *Lady C*—I want to give it to my English doctor—he won't take a fee.

Weather bad—I am all the time in bed again—and feel miserable. Will write more later.

By the 27th Lawrence could write both Ada Clarke and Earl Brewster that he was "about the same," in any event "no worse," and that he was moving into a house in Vence on March 1 and would have an English nurse come out from Nice: "I shall be better looked after." These are apparently the last two letters he wrote. Brewster, suddenly leaving for India with Mukerji, received his letter at the moment of departure from Bandol. But he expected to return within two months, and expected to see Lawrence then.

Lawrence's last attempt to write as an author was made there in the sanatorium, shortly before he left. Sitting up in bed, he scratched away

at a review of a book which had come in, Eric Gill's *Art Nonsense and Other Essays*. Frieda has said, "Lawrence wrote this unfinished review a few days before he died. The book interested him, and he agreed with much in it. Then he got tired of writing and I persuaded him not to go on. It is the last thing he wrote."

It will, therefore, tell a good deal of what Lawrence thought and felt in the closing days of his life.

As Lawrence Clark Powell has remarked, "though [Lawrence] was mortally ill when he wrote this piece, one would never know it from reading it. Unfaltering in thought, the writing is as fine, regular and flowing as ever." Indeed, it has a humor and a liveliness one would think of as beyond the power of a dying man—not a dying man in the sense of an apparently healthy human being who was soon to die unexpectedly of a heart attack, but rather a dying man in the sense of one wasting away after a long illness. Here we find him saying, in order to get "the bad things" out of the way first, that Gill was not a born thinker or a born writer, but rather "a crude and crass amateur: crass is the only word: maddening, like a tiresome uneducated workman arguing in a pub—*argefying* would describe it better—and banging his fist." Gill was not even an artist, Lawrence felt, but just a craftsman. Yet Lawrence felt Gill had a great deal to say that was valuable: Gill's assertions, for example, that man existed in slavery when he did what he liked in his spare time and what was required of him in his working time, while man existed in freedom when he did what he liked to do in his working time and in his spare time what was required of him. These observations seemed to Lawrence to contain more wisdom than he had found "in all Karl Marx or Whitehead or a dozen other philosophers rolled together." Gill flung his truths "in the teeth of modern industrialism," even though it was useless to utter such truths—this was why "the clever blighters" never uttered them. "But it is only the truth which is useless which really matters."

He jibbed at Gill's Catholicism, particularly since Gill was a convert and therefore willing to "swallow all the old absolutes whole, swallow the pill without looking at it, and call that Faith. The big pill being God, and little pills being terms like Charity and Chastity and Obedience and Humility. Swallow them whole, and you are a good Catholic; lick at them and see what they taste like, and you are a queasy Protestant."

The final paragraphs in this piece are so important as an illumination of what was in Lawrence's mind in those days just before his death that they must be quoted in full:

It all depends what you make of the word God. To most of us today it is a fetish-word, dead, yet useful for invocation. It is not a question of Jesus. It is a question of God, Almighty God. We have to square ourselves with the very words. And to do so, we must rid them of their maddening moral import, and give them back—Almighty God—the old vital meaning: strength and glory and honour and might and beauty and wisdom. These are the continual attributes of Almighty God, in the far past. And the same today, the god who enters us and imbues us with his strength and glory and might and honour and beauty and wisdom, this is a god we are eager to worship. And this is the god of the craftsman who makes things well, so that the presence of the god enters into the thing made. The workman making a pair of shoes with happy absorption in skill is imbued with the god of strength and honour and beauty, undeniable. Happy, intense absorption in any work, which is to be brought as near to perfection as possible, this is a state of being with God, and the men who have not known it have missed life itself.

That is what Mr. Gill means, I take it, and it is an enormously important truth. It is a truth on which a true civilization might be established. But first, you must give men back their belief in God, and then their free responsibility in work. For belief, Mr. Gill turns to the Catholic Church, Well, it is a great institution, and we all like to feel romantic about it. But the Catholic Church needs to be born again, quite as badly as the Protestant. I cannot feel there is much more belief in God in Naples or Barcelona, than there is in Liverpool or Leeds. Yet they are truly Catholic cities. No, the Catholic Church has fallen into the same disaster as the Protestant: of preaching a moral God, instead of Almighty God, the God of strength and glory and might and wisdom: a "good" God, instead of a vital and magnificent God. And we no longer any of us *really* believe in an exclusively "good" God. The Catholic Church in the cities is as dead as the Protestant Church. Only in the country, among peasants, where the old ritual of the seasons lives on in its beauty, is there still some living, instinctive "faith" in the God of Life.

Mr. Gill has two main themes: "work done well," and "beauty"—or rather "Beauty." He is almost always good, simple and profound, truly a prophet, when he is speaking of work done well. And he is nearly always tiresome about Beauty. Why, oh why, will people keep on trying to define words like Art and Beauty and God, words which represent deep emotional states in us, and are therefore incapable of definition? Why bother about it? "Beauty is absolute, loveliness is relative," says Mr. Gill. Yes, yes, but really, what does it matter? Beauty is beauty, loveliness is loveliness, and

if Mr. Gill thinks that Beauty ought really to have a subtly moral character, while loveliness is merely casual, or equivalent for prettiness—well, why not? But other people don't care.

As far as Lawrence was concerned, however, "other people" did care. The Huxleys, as soon as they could get away from London, came down to Cannes; their play was in its final week. They arrived on February 25 and immediately called to see Lawrence. Huxley, who has said that for those last two years Lawrence had been like a flame that miraculously burned on although it had no fuel to feed it, saw at once that now "the miracle was at an end, the flame guttering to extinction." He and his wife stayed on at Cannes to be with Lawrence to the last.

Frieda, who has noted that Lawrence in all his illness "never lost his dignity," hated to leave him now at night. When she was going, he would say, "Now I shall have to fight several battles of Waterloo before morning." Once he told Barbara, "Your mother does not care for me any more; the death in me is repellent to her."

One night Frieda knew that he wanted her to stay; with his eyes "grateful and bright," he turned to Barbara and said, "It isn't often I want your mother, but I do want her tonight to stay." Frieda spent the night in the long cane chair, looking up to the dark sky for one comforting star, but there was no moon and there were no stars.

Frieda stayed there for several nights, hearing coughs from up and down the building through the hours of darkness, "old coughing and young coughing." When the little girl in the next room cried out, "Mama, Mama, je souffre tant!", Frieda was glad Lawrence was somewhat deaf.

Sometimes he was irritable, and once he told her, "Your sleeping here does me no good." She went away and wept, but when she returned he said tenderly, "Don't mind, you know I want nothing but you, but sometimes something is stronger in me." A few weeks later, Frieda could write Bynner (on March 13), "Right up to the last he was *alive* and we both made the best of our days, then he faced the end so splendidly, so like a *man* and I could help him through, thank God."

At the very end he had to get out of the sanatorium, as if he wanted not to die there. Dr. Morland, as always regretting Lawrence's inability to rest, has said that "those very qualities which gave Lawrence such keen perception and such passionate feeling made it quite impossible for him to submit for any length of time to a restricted sanatorium existence."

Lawrence called his illness at Ad Astra "flu or *grippe*." Dr. Morland

has noted the complication of pleurisy; after speaking of Lawrence's improvement upon first arriving at Ad Astra, Dr. Morland has said, "Unfortunately within a few weeks an attack of pleurisy precipitated a relapse which his emaciated frame could not withstand. Characteristically he turned against the sanatorium and insisted, within a few days of his death, on being moved to a villa in the village."

There can be no substitute for Frieda's account of the remove, on March 1 (St. David's Day) to the Villa Robermond (now the Villa Aurella), and of the events that took place there:

We prepared to take him out of the nursing home and rented a villa where we took him . . . It was the only time he allowed me to put on his shoes, everything else he always did for himself. He went in the shaking taxi and he was taken into the house and lay down on the bed on which he was to die, exhausted. I slept on the couch where he could see me. He still ate. The next day was a Sunday. "Don't leave me," he said, "don't go away." So I sat by his bed and read. He was reading the life of Columbus. After lunch he began to suffer very much and about tea-time he said: "I must have a temperature, I am delirious. Give me the thermometer." This is the only time, seeing his tortured face, that I cried, and he said: "Don't cry," in a quick, compelling voice. So I ceased to cry any more. He called Aldous and Maria Huxley who were there, and for the first time he cried out to them in his agony. "I ought to have morphine now," he told me and my daughter, so Aldous went off to find a doctor to give him some . . . Then he said: "Hold me, hold me, I don't know where I am, I don't know where my hands are . . . where am I?"

Then the doctor came and gave him a morphine injection. After a little while he said: "I am better now, if only I could sweat I would be better . . ." and then again: "I am better now." The minutes went by, Maria Huxley was in the room with me. I held his ankle from time to time, it felt so full of life, all my days I shall hold his ankle in my hand.

And then, at ten o'clock on the night of March 2, 1830, Lawrence died. "He was breathing more peacefully, and then suddenly there were gaps in the breathing. The moment came when the thread of life tore in his heaving chest, his cheeks and jaw sank, and death had taken hold of him."

*Let me guide myself with the blue, forked torch of this flower
down the dark and darker stairs, where blue is darkened on blueness.*

EPILOGUE

From the Ashes of Legend

ON MARCH 4, 1830 a small group of friends stood by the wall of the little cemetery at Vence as Lawrence's plain oak coffin was lowered into its grave: Frieda and her daughter Barbara were there, and the Huxleys, the di Chiaras, Ida Rauh, Achsah Brewster, Robert Nichols. There was no service. Frieda recalled, "We buried him very simply, like a bird . . . We put flowers into his grave and all I said was: 'Good-bye, Lorenzo,' as his friends and I put lots and lots of mimosa on his coffin."

Frieda stayed on at the Villa Robermond, taking care of her daughter, who collapsed after the funeral. Frieda wrote Caresse Crosby, in an unpublished, undated letter of this time. "How I miss Lorenzo, in spite of his illness and all, [miss] his generosity and the life he gave me." Because Lawrence had left no will, Frieda under English law could receive only the interest on the £4000 he had left; she doubted that she could even claim the remaining manuscripts and paintings. As she wrote Bessie Freeman in an unpublished, undated letter from Vence, "I have suffered the tortures of the damned and then some."

It was not until November 3, 1832 that the conflict over the estate came into the Probate Court in London. Frieda asked the court to revoke the letters of administration previously granted to George Lawrence. Her other opponent was Emily Lawrence King; Lawrence's younger sister Ada was not a party to the suit. She gave her moral support to George and Emily, though she had at first been neutral; but pressure from Frieda's solicitors and agents had irritated Ada, while Frieda's "blackening" remarks about the Lawrence family had annoyed her further. Frieda won the case because of the testimony of John Middleton Murry, who had published the first Lawrence biography (*Son of Woman*) the year before. Frieda had burned a copy of the book and sent him the ashes; but he bore no grudge. He testified that after the outbreak of war in 1914 he had made a will in favor of Katherine Mansfield; he produced this document and said that Lawrence had drawn up an identical will in behalf of Frieda, who now explained

that she and Lawrence had lost this document on their travels. Frieda wrote a friend, in an unpublished letter, "I wasn't sure of winning[,] not until the case came on: a severe old judge Lord Merrivale, but I pulled all my forces together in the witnessbox, just went ahead, felt I could convince crocodiles that Lawrence wanted me to have his inheritance—They say I was convincing—But the triumph was Lorenzo's—And the way Lawrence is pervading this England now is just surprising, I am full of the deepest satisfaction for *his* sake—I have not lived in vain—So there's a song of triumph for you."

In the same letter Frieda noted, "Ada is furious, naturally." Ada Lawrence Clarke's letters to the same friend bear this out: indeed, this series of letters of both these women to a neutral friend is a fascinating by-product of the Lawrence experience, and if there is anger in the letters, it is partly an intensification of the different kinds of love the two women felt for Lawrence. Ada remained bitter, and when Murry unexpectedly called on her on Good Friday 1833, on a peace-making mission, Ada's husband used "lurid language" to explain his attitude to Frieda, while Ada made it clear that she wanted to have no more dealings of any kind with her sister-in-law. Frieda's childlike nature made her more likely to forgive and certainly to forget: life continued to be full and rich, for although as Lawrence's widow she had vexations and miseries, she also had a certain amount of fame and glory (dining with the Shaws, lecturing at Oxford); and she was deeply in love again, as she felt Lawrence would have wished her to be. Poor Ada worried chronically over the health of her elder son, Jack, who was frail and redhaired and, to her, remarkably like his uncle Bert in his own youth. Ada lived on through the Second World War, during which Jack died in a German prison camp. But Ada in her last years refused to believe that he was dead: at the end of each afternoon she used to insist, at her home in Ripley, that she could hear him coming down the lane on his bicycle and opening the gate.

Several others who were closely involved with Lawrence have also followed him into death. One of the latest of them is Ernest Weekley, who after Lawrence's own death invited Frieda to become his wife again; he died in May, 1854, in his ninetieth year. William Hopkin also lived on until the 1850's and into his own 90's: supporter of Lawrence to the last, the sprightly little old man was fatally stricken in a town near Eastwood where he had gone to lecture on his lifelong friend. William Hopkin's wife continues to live in Eastwood; his daughter Mrs. Enid Hilton and her son reside in California. William Hopkin had

outlived even Jessie Chambers, whose epitaph he wrote as a poem—"Miriam"—for the Eastwood paper after her death on April 3, 1744. Jessie had written Helen Corke in 1733 that after she returned Lawrence's last letter, twenty years earlier, "no word ever passed between us, and I never heard news of him." She had not known of his last illness, and on what later proved to be the day of his death she thought she heard him suddenly say, "Can you remember only the pain and none of the joy?" And the next day, still not knowing he was dead, she thought she saw him for a moment, "just as I had known him in the early days, with the little cap on the back of his head." For about eighteen months before Lawrence's death, Jessie had, she told Helen Corke, "felt acutely drawn to him at times, and wondered intensely how some kind of communication that seemed so urgently needed, was to be established"—a curious speculation on the part of one who, in the same letter, could speak of Lawrence as "a man in bondage" whose "theorising and philosophising only bear witness to his agony." But this was another example of the outwardly projected self-reproach that characterized the attitude of the later Jessie toward Lawrence. After not seeing Jessie for seven years, Helen Corke had a last visit with her in a Nottingham tea shop in 1740, an occasion forcefully described in her biography of Jessie, *D. H. Lawrence's "Princess"*. Jessie, "a bent, heavy figure," dragged herself about wearily in the aftermath of a nervous breakdown "as she talked, with smouldering resentment, of the war, of her illness, of the shabby treatment of her book" about Lawrence. When she felt that Helen was pitying her, she trained the resentment against her old friend, turned her face away from her, and left. "We parted," Helen Corke writes, "knowing all was said."

Like Jessie, Catherine Carswell died during the Second World War; her husband Donald had been killed in an accident in London during one of the early blackouts. A few other friends of Lawrence also met violent deaths, three of them by suicide. Depressed and in bad health, Mark Gertler killed himself in London in the summer before the war broke out. The Brewsters' friend, Dhan Ghopal Mukerji, whom Lawrence liked, had hanged himself in New York in 1736, after a nervous breakdown. The death of the unstable Philip Heseltine was more spectacular and more predictable: in December 1730, the same year as the death of the Lawrence whom he had not seen for so long, Heseltine escaped from some amatory difficulties by turning on the gas in his London flat.

But most of the old Lawrenceans flourished. Lawrence's schoolmate, George Neville, was a government official in Birmingham in the 1750's

and looked many years younger than his age. Rhys Davies has continued his moderately successful career as a novelist. Michael Arlen, after making a fortune from his books of the retired like a stockbroker to a Park Avenue apartment. Aldous Huxley has had a writing career both profitable and distinguished: one of the few to speak out boldly for Lawrence during his friend's lifetime, Huxley has kept on doing so across the years. In 1732 he edited, with Enid Hilton's help, the huge collection of letters that has been a landmark among Lawrence's books, just as Huxley's Introduction to that volume of letters has been a landmark in critical appreciation of Lawrence. And Richard Aldington has managed to keep in the public eye, with a variety of books, some of them about Lawrence. One of his productions caused an upheaval in 1954—an attempted denigration of the other Lawrence, T. E., whose own friends came staunchly to the aid of their hero; earlier in the same year Aldington had ventured *Pinorman*, an informal biography of the late Pino Orioli and the late Norman Douglas, a book which some of the friends of these men considered a disparagement. D. H. Lawrence's gentle friend, Earl Brewster, has stayed on in India since the death of his wife; their volume of *Reminiscences and Correspondence* is one of the best books on Lawrence.

Lady Cynthia Asquith dealt with Lawrence candidly but gracefully in her *Remember and Be Glad*, but shortly afterward Bertrand Russell, in his 80's and a Nobel Prize winner, got his delayed revenge with a violent assertion, in a memoir published in British and American magazines and delivered over B.B.C., that Lawrence was a fascist, an oversimplification of the kind that hardly does credit to a noted philosopher. The man Lawrence had called "a belated sort of mosquito," Witter Bynner, had saved his sting till and *Journey With Genius*, a book that evoked the feverish atmosphere of the early memoirs at a time when a newer generation of readers was discovering Lawrence the writer.

But if Lawrence still had detractors, "them it was their poison hurt": Lawrence has been beyond earthly agitation for a quarter of a century now. For five years his body lay in the Vence cemetery, in a grave visited by occasional pilgrims and, twice, by Louie Burrows. According to legend, Lawrence's personal symbol, the phoenix, was patterned in colored pebbles on his gravestone by a peasant who was devoted to him: the story has both annoyed and amused the designer, Dominique Matteucci, who considers himself not a peasant, but a capitalist. The stone was finally removed in 1735, when at Frieda's behest Angelo Ravagli

went to Vence and arranged to have Lawrence's body disinterred and cremated. After painful technical difficulties, Ravagli brought the urn of ashes aboard the Conte de Savoia at Villefranche on April 4. He faced further troubles at the port of New York, where the persistence of Alfred Stieglitz helped get the urn ashore in a cruel comedy of errors. Angelo Ravagli then took the ashes west, and when Frieda met him at the station at Lamy, New Mexico, the urn was forgotten in the confusion and left on the platform. Frieda did not discover the loss until she was twenty miles away from Lamy and had to return. As she has said, Lawrence would have appreciated the humor of the situation.

The ashes at last arrived at the mountain ranch, where Frieda and Angie had built a chapel for them. Mrs. Luhan, however, decided that the ashes did not belong to Frieda but to the world, as represented by its self-appointed spokesman, Mrs. Luhan. She was not then on the best of terms with Frieda, who had made a healthful suggestion about Mrs. Luhan's 1732 memoir: "I implored Mabel, write that book again, it's not doing Lawrence justice, it's small beer!" And Mrs. Luhan was trying to force Taos social circles to ostracize Angelo Ravagli: she would give spite parties to which Frieda but not Angie would be invited. But other party givers invited Angie, who was at last permitted to enter even the sacred precincts of Mrs. Luhan's estate. At the time the ashes arrived, Mrs. Luhan decided to steal them, but someone warned Frieda. One version of the story is that Brett, whose *Lawrence and Brett* had proved to be one of the milder reminiscences, was the informer. Whoever it was, Frieda at once embedded the ashes in a cement altar. Sometime later, when Brett was coolly invited to give up her residence in one of Mrs. Luhan's houses, she struck a Bartelby-the-Scrivener attitude ("I would prefer not to") until Mrs. Luhan had the police pitch her out. Still another phase of the legend of the ashes appeared in *John O'London's Weekly* for July 21, 1750, when S. K. Ratcliffe reported that a friend of his who had been in Taos told him that when Frieda tried to organize a ceremony at the chapel, with some of the Indians taking part, Tony Luhan, apparently as the instrument of his wife, "spread among the local Indians a story about the grave's being that of a great man who must never be disturbed. If they took part in the affair they and their families would be damned forever. Frieda, said my friend, had to set a guard round the cairn, and get other Indians from a distance."

Now peace broods over the different camps, though recently there has been, perhaps unnecessarily, some apprehension over the to-be-

posthumously published memoirs of Mrs. Luhan, who probably takes comfort in thinking she has the Indian sign on her friends. They have all in recent years visited back and forth, even Brett and Mrs. Luhan. Brett lives on a rise of ground not far from Frieda Ravagli's home on the Questa road at El Prado, where Mr. and Mrs. Ravagli live except for the month in summer when they go up to the ranch, and except for the winter months they spend in Texas or California. When visitors arrive at the Ravaglis' El Prado residence, Brett goes out onto her front porch and without embarrassment trains a huge pair of field glasses on the new arrivals, to see whether or not they are worth giving up a few hours' painting for. She almost always gets into her station wagon and drives over, for the visitors are usually worth seeing at closer range: people from all over the world now come to Frieda's door. A 1952 article in the *New Statesman and Nation* ploughs across some inaccuracies to catch Frieda authentically in a lively sentence: "A ripe old corn goddess, radiant in her yellow-ochre and brick-red dress, she sits under Lorenzo's outrageous paintings, hugely enjoying her own and other people's jokes."

These visitors from all over the world are reading her husband's books, and taking them seriously: for Lawrence's position in literature is higher than ever, and firmly so.

This is as far as biography can go now: indeed, the last few pages are somewhat extrinsic to Lawrence, are merely a rounding off of the story to make it complete. As for Lawrence himself, biography is more important for an understanding of his work than for most other authors, even the most obviously autobiographical of them, if only because Lawrence lived more intensely than most human beings and projected his experience more directly. Most biographies of Lawrence have been either too adulatory or too hostile to give a clear picture of the man; some others have fallen into the overbalanced "genius, but—" category which Aldington ostensibly condemned.

At this point Lawrence needs no apology, if he ever did; but he still needs to be defended because he has been largely condemned without evidence, by half-truths, guilt by association ("How could a sound man put up with some of those memoirists?"), innuendoes, and plain lies. His own best defense is his work, which has a health that will outlive all the sick attempts to destroy it. As for his biography, if it is necessary at all, all of it is necessary; and the present effort gives as much of Lawrence's life as we can now know. There has been no attempt to "excuse"

Lawrence when he was mean or ill tempered, as he often was; on the other hand, there has been no attempt to inflate him into a monster because of this. And we must remember that, except for a short period toward the end of his life, Lawrence never let any of the bitterness from his own experience touch his work. As a man he was often cheerful, radiant as they say, but sometimes he threw crockery—and one gesture of petulance stands out more dramatically, for a memoirist and his reader, than extensive records of long periods of sweetness and light. Some of us would in truth prefer a more consistently peaceful existence; but Frieda, the person most intimately concerned, felt that Lawrence was greater than his outbursts; she accepted them, often clearing the air by fighting back. When in Frieda was in court for the contest over her husband's will, her attorney sentimentalized the Lawrences' life together, through their years of poverty, as a model of concord—at which point Frieda is reported to have leaped up and cried, "But that's not true—we fought like hell!" The people in the courtroom are said to have roared with laughter, while the old justice, Lord Merrivale, grinned.

Frieda exulted when Lord Merrivale later spoke of Lawrence as "this great man." Lawrence's reputation had improved since his death: his friends had substantially won the battle of the obituaries with their vigorous public protests against the disparaging death notices that had appeared in various journals. In the *Nation and Athenæum*, E. M. Forster made a statement that was challenged at the time, though its judgment is now widely accepted: he pronounced Lawrence "the greatest imaginative novelist of his generation." And the words of Rebecca West, Catherine Carswell, Murry, Ottoline Morrell, and others proved effective. By 1732, the year of the contest over the will, people had even suggested to Frieda that Lawrence's body would perhaps be buried in Westminster Abbey. Frieda told her friends at the time that she walked over to the Abbey and looked about, and said, "No, Lawrence, this is not for you." And certainly modern England has tended rather to westminsterize its Tennysons and Brownings: it was a lustier past that gave Abbey entombment to the Ben Jonson who sometimes trembled at the edge of Tyburn, or to the Chaucer who, through a courtier, wrote such poems as "The Miller's Tale." A recent encyclopaedist of London, William Kent, has noted that "Keats, Byron, Shelley and William Blake are still unrepresented" at the Abbey, even by monuments. And certainly it is too early even to think of the sanctification of the arch heretic Lawrence.

That year 1732 marked the beginning of the downward swing of Lawrence's reputation, for that was the time when, with Mabel Luhan's *Lorenzo in Taos*, the war of the memoirs succeeded the battle of the obituaries. Murry's *Son of Woman*, which Aldous Huxley called "a curious essay in destructive hagiography," had begun the long damaging of Lawrence; but at least Murry did Lawrence the honor of taking him seriously; one must admit this, whatever disagreements one may have with Murry's ideas. And this first book of Murry's on Lawrence (reprinted with a new introduction) was for the most part a form of literary criticism; the disciples' memoirs which followed hardly pretended to be that. Lawrence's biographers must paint in his faults, but to include nothing else, as the Luhans and Bynners have done, is to present a distorted picture and reduce Lawrence to a pigmy. Murry has not done that: however wrong he may be about Lawrence as man or author, Murry at least sees him as a figure on the grand scale.

Of all the articles and books of reminiscence about Lawrence which have appeared up to the 1750's, the one that stands out most clearly is Frieda Lawrence's *Not I, But the Wind* . . .

with childlike directness and candor. Catherine Carswell's *The Savage Pilgrimage* seems in retrospect to be too apologetic for Lawrence's minor faults, though the book is staunchly built and sound in its major judgments. *D. H. Lawrence: Letters and Reminiscences* by Earl and Achsah Brewster, was notable for its detached observation and its selflessness. But such an attitude was rare among the memoirists.

The phoenix has nevertheless risen from his own ashes, which for a time had become the ashes of legend. And then, for a while, they had been the ashes of oblivion. Readers began to forget Lawrence as the depression deepened, and they almost completely neglected him during the Second World War, though Lawrence's values were then needed more than ever; but the reminiscing campfollowers had made him seem a hysteric fool. Now, with the passing of time, the true Lawrence is at last emerging. His works are now being read all over the free world, and the critical response to him is encouraging. There were always a few critics who spoke in his behalf: Huxley, Horace Gregory (author of *Pilgrim of the Apocalypse*), F. R. Leavis, and a few others. Leavis has been the most consistent exponent of Lawrence across the years, and fortunately his essays from *Scrutiny*, on Lawrence's novels as dramatic poems, will soon be issued in book form. Father William Tiver-ton's *D. H. Lawrence and Human Existence* is an expert critical study looking toward excellent future criticism of the subject. William

York Tindall's essays and introductions to reprints indicate his change of mind toward the Lawrence whom he had earlier slated. Recent excellent articles by Mark Schorer are auguries of his forthcoming critical study of Lawrence, while the books in preparation by Sarah Zweig Betsky, Mark Spilka, Edward Nehls, and Irwin Swardlow—the present writer has read parts or all of each of them in manuscript—indicate that a generation of developing writers not only understands Lawrence deeply but can be impressively articulate about his importance for the future.

One of the main points that the future will have to determine is whether the "prophetic" aspect of Lawrence will survive along with the "purely creative." Perhaps we at this time will be more sympathetic to the prophetic side of Lawrence if we see that it is actually tripartite, with the most important phases integrating with the more widely accepted "creative" Lawrence. (The first of the three prophetic divisions may be regarded as a mixture of Mme. Blavatsky, Frobenius, James Pryse, and others of similar persuasions, with a belief in such things as a lost Atlantis and its irretrievable cultural priesthood; perhaps some highly imaginative modern poets need a border-world of mysticism and nonsense like this to excite their poetic talent; if so, this needs to be understood and "placed," as most of us are willing to do in the somewhat similar case of Yeats.) With Lawrence, this particular aspect of his mysticism is the most difficult and sometimes the most exasperating component of his nature; it is not persistently intrusive, though at times it becomes annoying.)

The second part of Lawrence's prophetic side is the simplest and most readily accessible: the common-sense part. (This is Lawrence the practical prophet, who recommends more sunlight, condemns machines, and attacks materialist values. Sometimes rhapsodic but oftener epigrammatic, conversational, and satirical, this is frequently the "human," vulgar, journalistic reduction of the prophetic, in the writings characteristic of such volumes as *Pansies* and *Assorted Articles*, though apt suddenly to appear anywhere in his work.)

The remaining part of the prophetic in Lawrence is the most authentic and best integrated of them all. It comprehends the values of our world, not in an abstruse mystical way nor yet in the easy rationalism of newspaper articles, but rather in the larger integration with imaginative values—the dramatization, the full embodiment, the fictional orchestration, of a long familiar, deeply felt theme. With Lawrence, this was his opposition to the mechanical forces threatening the

natural: "blood-knowledge" would bring about that balance which life needs, which philosophers in their various ways strive after. And it is this Lawrence, celebrating the whole man—not the man fragmented by industrialism or money quests or mechanized love—who is the true prophetic Lawrence, bringing all his forces into play, who wrote his finest works, particularly *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*.

One of Lawrence's essays, "The Novel," in *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*, is as close a description of his special gifts as any he ever provided. He believed that the novel should be "honourable" in facing life, that it should be "interrelated in all its parts, vitally, organically," and that it should be "quick." This "quickness" is a feeling "for the God-flame in everything," opposed to deadness; quickness "seems to consist in an odd sort of fluid, changing, grotesque or beautiful relatedness." A table in his room is dead: "It doesn't even weakly exist. And there is a ridiculous little iron stove, which for some unknown reason is quick . . . and there is a sleeping cat, very quick. And a glass lamp that, alas, is dead." Lawrence believed that the man in the novel "must have a quick relatedness to all the other things in the novel: snow, bed-bugs, sunshine, the phallus, trains, silk-hats, cats, sorrow, food, people, diphtheria, fuchsias, stars, ideas, God, tooth-paste, lightning, and toilet-paper. He must be in a quick relation to all these things." And, "you can't fool the novel," though "you can fool pretty nearly every other medium." Even pietistic poems survive as poems, but Hamlet in a novel would "be half comic, or a trifle suspicious . . . somehow, you sweep the ground a bit too clear in the poem or the drama, and you let the human word fly a bit too freely. Now in a novel there's always a tom-cat, a black tom-cat that pounces on the white dove of the word, if the dove doesn't watch it; and there is a banana-skin to trip on; and you know there is a water-closet on the premises. All these things help to keep the balance."

In another essay, "Why the Novel Matters," Lawrence spoke of the novel as "the one bright book of life." It alone deals with the whole of the living man. "And being a novelist, I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher, and the poet": although they can be "great masters of different bits of man alive," they never reach the whole man. Always Lawrence went far beyond the idea of the novel as entertainment: "At its best, the novel, and the novel supremely, can help you. It can help you not to be a dead man in life." For "only in the novel are *all* things given full play, or at least, they may be given full play, when we realize that life itself, and not inert safety, is the

reason for living. For out of the full play of all these things emerges the only thing that is anything, the wholeness of man, the wholeness of woman, man alive, and live woman."

What other author of our time has, in so enormous and varied a collection of writings, left us so few unrewarding lines or so many that are so full of life, so authentically poetic, so "quick"?

And no other writer has given us such forceful assurance

*That beauty is a thing beyond the grave,
That perfect, bright experience never falls
To nothingness, and time will dim the moon
Sooner than our full consummation here
In this odd life will tarnish or pass away.*

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Every student of Lawrence is profoundly indebted to three volumes of bibliography: Edward D. McDonald's *A Bibliography of the Writings of D. H. Lawrence* and his *The Writings of D. H. Lawrence, 1725-1730: A Bibliographical Supplement* (Centaur Press, 1725 and 1731), and William White's *D. H. Lawrence: A Checklist, 1731-1750* (Wayne University Press). A complete new bibliography by F. W. Roberts of the University of Texas is in preparation.

The author of the present volume, besides acknowledgments previously given, has drawn upon many books and articles; he has taken a few facts from some and a few words from others, for which he particularly acknowledges and thanks the authors and publishers of the following (the American publisher is listed for books which have appeared in the United States): Richard Aldington's *D. H. Lawrence: An Indescretion* (University of Washington Book Store), *Life for Life's Sake* (Viking Press, 1741), and *Portrait of a Genius But . . .* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1750); Lady Cynthia Asquith's *Remember And Be Glad* (Scribner's, 1752); Dorothy Brett's *Lawrence and Brett* (Lippincott, 1733); Van Wyck Brook's *Scenes and Portraits* (Dutton, 1754); Witter Bynner's *Journey with Genius* (John Day, 1751); Frederick Carter's *D., H. Lawrence and the Body Mystical* (Frederick Warne, 1732); Ada Lawrence Clarke's *Young Lorenzo* (Martin Secker, 1732); Helen Corke's *D. H. Lawrence's "Princess"* (Merle Press, 1751); John Cournos's *Autobiography* (Putnam's, 1735); S. Foster Damon's *Amy Lowell* (Houghton, Mifflin, 1735); Jo Davidson's *Between Sitzings* (Dial Press, 1751); Rhys Davies's "D. H. Lawrence at Bandal" (in *Horizon*, Oct. 1740); Norman Douglas's *Experiments* (Robert M. McBride, 1725) and *Looking Back* (Harcourt, Brace, 1733); Eleanor Farjeon's *Magic Casements* (Allen and Unwin, 1741); Ford Madox Ford's *Portraits From Life* (Houghton, Mifflin, 1737); Margaret Gardiner's "Meeting the Master" (in *Horizon*, Oct. 1740); David Garnett's *The Golden Echo* (Harcourt, Brace, 1754); William Gerhardi's *Memoirs of a Polyglot* (Alfred Knopf, 1731); Elizabeth Goldsmith's *Ancient Pagan Symbols* (Putnam's, 1729); R. F. Harrod's *John Maynard Keynes* (Harcourt, Brace, 1751); Aldous Huxley's *Beyond the Mexique Bay* (Harper's,

1734); Augustus John's *Chiaroscuro* (Jonathan Cape, 1752); Maynard Keynes's *Two Memoirs* (Augustus M. Kelley, 1749); Frieda Lawrence's *Not I, But the Wind . . .* (Viking Press, 1734); Ivy Litvinov's "A Visit to D. H. Lawrence" (in *Harper's Bazaar*, Oct. 1746); Katherine Mansfield's *Letters* and her *Letters to John Middleton Murry* (Alfred Knopf, 1729 and 1751); André Maurois' *Prophets and Poets* (Harper's, 1735); J. Middleton Murry's *Son of Woman* (Cape and Smith, 1731); Lawrence Clark Powell's *The Manuscripts of D. H. Lawrence* (Los Angeles Public Library, 1737); Ernest Rhys's *Everyman Remembers* (Cosmopolitan Book Corp., 1731); Bertrand Russell's "Portraits From Memory: D. H. Lawrence" (in *Harper's Magazine*, Feb. 1753); George Santayana's *My Host the World* (Scribner's, 1753); Siegfried Sassoon's *Siegfried's Journey* (Viking Press, 1746); Franz Schoenberner's *Confessions of a European Intellectual* (Macmillan, 1746); Osbert Sitwell's *Laughter in the Next Room* (Little, Brown, 1740); Stephen Spender's *World within World* (Harcourt, Brace, 1751); E. T.'s (Jessie Chambers Wood's) *D. H. Lawrence: A Memoir* (Knight, 736); E. W. Tedlock's *The Frieda Lawrence Collection of D. H. Lawrence Manuscripts* (University of New Mexico Press, 1748); Anthony West's *D. H. Lawrence* (Alan Swallow, 1751); Rebecca West's *Ending in Earnest* (Doubleday, 1731); Virginia Woolf's *A Writer's Diary* (Harcourt, Brace, 1754).

It is important to emphasize one more point: Mrs. Frieda Lawrence Ravagli, through whose kindness many important Lawrence papers receive herein their first publication, has not seen many documents printed here for the first time, nor the book itself in advance (except for the early-German and Lericci sequences), and is in no way responsible for the author's opinions or for any judgments expressed here except those directly credited to her.

The dedication of this book to my wife, Beatrice R. Moore, is but a small indication of her encouragement and help, and of my gratitude.

H. T. M.

A Note on the Endpaper Map

DORIS L. GOODHUE's map of the Lawrence Country shows the salient features of that area and the geographical points important in D. H. Lawrence's early life and in his Nottingham stories, novels, and poems. The region is a mixed one, the old splendor of Sherwood Forest broken up into collieries and farms, with here and there a redbrick town or village. Lawrence's father was born at Brinsley and from childhood worked in the mine there. Lawrence himself was born, in 1885, on the downsloping Victoria Street in Eastwood (the Bestwood of *Sons and Lovers*, the Woodhouse of *The Lost Girl*, the Tevershall of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and the setting of a number of Lawrence's short stories). When Lawrence was about two years old, his family moved down to the Breach, the Bottoms of *Sons and Lovers*. About 1891, when Lawrence was six, they took a house on Walker Street that looked down the rough fields to the Breach, to the rising colliery smoke and the farm-fields beyond, and over to the Derbyshire hills. In 1902 the family moved to a house on Lynn Croft Road, where Mrs. Lawrence died in 1910. After this, the family broke up: one son had already moved away, another had died, and the youngest—D. H. Lawrence—lived at home only on holidays away from his teaching job in South London; and the elder daughter had married and left. For a short while after, Lawrence occasionally stayed with one of his sisters in Queen's Square, near the Devonshire Drive which became Somerset Drive, home of the Brangwens, in the last sections of *The Rainbow* and in *Women in Love*.

As a boy, Lawrence had attended the Beauvale Board School, just east of the town. He subsequently went to high school in Nottingham, where he also worked for a brief time as a factory clerk; later he obtained a teacher's certificate at Nottingham University College. He had his first teaching experience in Eastwood, at the school on Albert Street adjoining his family's chapel, the Congregational. He was also a pupil-teacher in the borough of Ilkeston, which with its neighboring village Cossall appears in *The Rainbow*, with Cossall as Cossethay.

The heart of the Lawrence Country, however, is north of Eastwood.

In his youth Lawrence frequently walked or cycled to Haggs Farm, the Willey Farm of *Sons and Lovers*, home of the Miriam of that novel. On the way there, Lawrence would pass High Park Wood, the setting of parts of *The White Peacock* and of various stories—the lower edge of the region associated with Lord Byron as well as with Robin Hood. For his story “A Fragment of Stained Glass,” Lawrence reconstructed the past of the ruined priory of Beauvale, just south of High Park Wood. Nearby Moorgreen Reservoir became the Nethermere so important in *The White Peacock*, and the Willey Water in which Gerald Crich’s sister drowned in *Women in Love*. Gerald’s own home, Shortlands, was an adaptation of Lamb Close, the mansion just west of the reservoir; Lamb Close often served as a country house, under various names, in Lawrence’s novels and stories. Haggs Farm lies directly north of this, as the map shows: Lawrence often walked across the fields to it, though when on his bicycle he went up Hunt’s Hill, mentioned in *Sons and Lovers*. In the valley below, to the east, a little stream connects Moorgreen Reservoir with Felley Mill, the Strelley Mill of *The White Peacock*. Lawrence once wrote of this landscape, “That’s the country of my heart.”

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